



STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

by
FRENCH & KIRKPATRICK



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Standard Canadian Reciter

A Book of the Best Readings and Recitations
from Canadian Literature

Compiled and Edited by

Standard Canadian Reciter

With which is included

Hints on the Oral Interpretation
of Literature

By

Frank Henry Knapton

Principal, Toronto Commercial School of Business



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A Book of the Best Readings and Recitations
from Canadian Literature

Compiled and Edited by

Donald Graham French

President, Canadian Literature Club of Toronto

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Hints on the Oral Interpretation of Literature

By

Frank Home Kirkpatrick

Principal, Toronto Conservatory School of Expression



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITOR'S FOREWORD	xiii
HINTS ON THE ORAL INTERPRETATION OF	
LITERATURE—Frank Home Kirkpatrick..	xv-lxvi
Correct Viewpoint of Expression.....	xv
Search for a Standard.....	xvii
Conversation the Standard.....	xviii
Analysis of Method	xx
Concentration and Transition	xx
Association of Imagination and Reason.....	xx
Sensory Image	xxi
Perceptual Image	xxii
Conceptual Image	xxiii
Imaginative Interpretation of Literature.....	xxiv
Fancy	xxiv
Mental Activity the Basis of Expression.....	xxv
Rhythm of Thinking.....	xxv
Sequence of Ideas Manifested in Succession of	
Thought, Image, or Conception Words.....	xxvi
"Centrally Initiated" Conceptions in Interpreta-	
tive Reading	xxviii
Emphasis	xxx
Speech Form	xxxi
Pause	xxxii
Change of Pitch.....	xxxii
Inflection	xxxii
Movement	xxxii

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

	PAGE
Tone-Color	xxxiii
Mental Attitude in Expression.....	xxxiii
Audience Represents Collective Mind.....	xxxiv
How to Secure and Maintain Attention of the Audience	xxxv
Force and Loudness	xxxvi
Elimination of Force and Loudness.....	xxxvi
Degrees of Directness	xxxviii
Impersonation	xxxix
Impersonation is Creative, not Imitative.....	xl
Vocal and Physical Co-ordination.....	xl
Mannerisms	xli
Necessity for Training	xliii
Appreciation of Literary Art Forms.....	xliii
Interpretation of the Lyric.....	xliii
Interpretation of the Narrative	xlv
The Interpretation of the Dramatic	l
Voice Culture	liv
Physical Responsiveness	lix
Exercises for Establishing the Vital Centre of the Body	lxi
Exercises for Relaxation	lxii

POETICAL SELECTIONS

HUMOROUS—

He Was Scotch and So Was She..	Jean Blewett	6
Higher Education.....	Nina Moore Jamieson	275
Old Time Memories.....	James A. Ross	285
The Farmer's Daughter Cherry.....		
.....	Isabella Valancy Crawford	178
There Was a Young Man....	Thomas H. Litster	297
The Tale of a Shirt.....	R. K. Kernighan	330

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

	PAGE
The Freckled Boy at School...Thomas O'Hagan	318
<i>(See also under "Dramatic" for humorous monologues, and under "Juvenile.")</i>	

PATRIOTIC—

Canada First.....James A. Ross	286
Canadians on the Nile.....William Wye Smith	102
Grey Knitting.....Katherine Hale	111
Here's to the Land (A Toast).....	
.....William Wye Smith	104
In Flanders' Fields.....John McCrae	57
Jacques Cartier.....Thomas D'Arcy McGee	308
Men of the Northern Zone...R. K. Kernighan	105
The Anxious Dead.....John McCrae	58
The Blood-Red Cross.....Norah Sheppard	347
The Canadian Abroad.....E. W. Thomson	298
The Fighting Men of Canada.....	
.....Douglas L. Durkin	108
The Rose of a Nation's Thanks.....	
.....Isabella Valancy Crawford	54
To the Canadian Pioneers....Mabel Burkholder	214

IMPERIALISTIC—

Britain.....Wilfred Campbell	231
The Reckoning...Theodore Goodridge Roberts	25
The Way of the British.....Lilian Leveridge	112
Canada to Britain.....John Boyd	346

INTERNATIONAL—

I Take Off My Hat To Albert.....	
.....Thomas O'Hagan	288
The Hand Clasp.....Lillie A. Brooks	78

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

	PAGE
SHORT ENCORE PIECES—	
A Christmas Fantasy.....	
.....Bernard Freeman Trotter	250
A Kiss (Humorous)	S. C. Cain 224
A Little Philosophy.....	Douglas L. Durkin 107
Her Little Way (Humorous).....	Jean Blewett 215
Not in Palaces.....	Albert D. Watson 150
War	J. M. Langstaff 13
March	Bernard Freeman Trotter 289
The Songs We Need..	Bernard Freeman Trotter 72
Christmas	Albert D. Watson 162
The Sparrow.....	Albert D. Watson 261
Magic	Robert Norwood 239
The Violet to the Aster.....	Robert Norwood 329
Living.....	Clare Shipman 317
DRAMATIC—	
A Mother in Egypt...Marjorie L. C. Pickthall	166
A Southern Lullaby (<i>Humorous Monologue</i>)	
.....Virna Sheard	14
At the Cedars (<i>Monologue</i>).....	
.....Duncan Campbell Scott	163
Jack (<i>Monologue</i>)	Jean Blewett 156
(<i>Serious, juvenile, suitable for boy.</i>)	
Roses in Madrid...Isabella Valancy Crawford	181
(<i>Monologue for flower girl in costume.</i>)	
The Cremation of Sam McGee.....	
.....Robert W. Service	232
(<i>Mock-serious Monologue.</i>)	
The Funeral of Napoleon I..Sir J. H. Hagarty	335
The Half-Breed Girl...Duncan Campbell Scott	151
The Parson at the Hockey Match.....	
.....W. M. MacKeracher	8
(<i>Humorous Monologue.</i>)	
The Railway Station.....Archibald Lampman	155

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

	PAGE
The Road to Tartary. Bernard Freeman Trotter	138
The Violin (<i>Monologue</i>).... Wilfred Campbell	251

NATURE—

Heat	Archibald Lampman	153
Off to the Fishing Ground..	L. M. Montgomery	149
The Flight of the Geese..	Charles G. D. Roberts	334
The Indigo Bird.....	Ethelwyn Wetherald	332
The Lure of Little Voices..	Robert W. Service	203
The Sailing of the Fleets.....	Bliss Carman	22
The Sower.....	Charles G. D. Roberts	333
The Swallow Song....	Marjorie L. C. Pickthall	184
Vapor and Blue.....	Wilfred Campbell	89

DIALECT (*French-Canadian*)—

Leetle Bateese.....	W. H. Drummond	66
When Albani Sang.....	W. H. Drummond	82

DIALECT (*Irish*)—

The Dublin Fusilier.....	W. H. Drummond	68
--------------------------	----------------	----

SENTIMENT—

A Lover's Quarrel.....	Mabel Burkholder	260
I'll Niver Go Home Again...	Arthur Stringer	345
Music in the Bush.....	Robert W. Service	237
My Inn (<i>inspirational</i>).....		
.....	Bernard Freeman Trotter	135
Ould Kilkinny.....	James B. Dollard	39
Our Marjory.....	Thomas H. Litster	205
She Just Keeps House For Me...	Jean Blewett	98
St. Andrew's Day (<i>a Toast</i>)....	Jean Blewett	53

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

	PAGE
The Easter Winds.....Lilian Leveridge	292
The Irish-Canadian.....Lillie A. Brooks	79
The Second Concession of Deer.....	
.....William Wye Smith	100
The Ships of YuleBliss Carman	23
The Song of the Little Villages.....	
.....James B. Dollard	37
Unrenowned (<i>inspirational</i>)..Albert D. Watson	161
What is Religion?.....R. W. Norwood	134

JUVENILE—

A Riddle.....Donald A. Fraser	27
A Youthful Affair (<i>Humorous</i>).....	
.....Amy E. Campbell	216
Daddy's Home Coming (<i>Sentiment</i>)...	
.....Amy E. Campbell	30
Did You Ever? (<i>Humorous</i>)..Donald A. Fraser	29
I Do, Don't You?....Isabel Ecclestone Mackay	192
I Wouldn't Like to be as Black as You	
(<i>Humorous</i>).....Robert Todd	42
Me An' Billy (<i>Humorous</i>)..Ernest H. A. Home	276
Mr. Wise-Man (<i>Humorous</i>).....	
.....William Wye Smith	148
Pups and Teddy Bears (<i>Humorous</i>)....	
.....Amy E. Campbell	81
Secrets.....Isabel Ecclestone Mackay	193
The Sandman.....Edith Lelean Groves	240
(<i>A dialogue for seven little boys.</i>)	
The Tell-Tale.....Isabel Ecclestone Mackay	194
Two Boys (<i>Humorous</i>).....Donald A. Fraser	276

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

PAGE

PROSE SELECTIONS

HUMOROUS—

A Father for the Baby.....	Norman Duncan	31
Bill's Bluff.....	Ralph Connor	141
Canadian Patriotic Society.....	Marian Keith	90
Christmas Shopping.....	Peter Donovan	207
Food for Thought.....	R. E. Knowles	185
Friday, Bargain Day.....	Jessie Alexander	244
Lighting the Fire.....	Peter McArthur	300
Miss Cornelia Makes a Call.....	L. M. Montgomery	115
<i>(Suggestions for Dramatization of "Miss Cornelia,"</i>		
<i>page 127.)</i>		
Miss Cornelia's Startling Announcement.....		
.....	L. M. Montgomery	128
My Financial Career.....	Stephen Leacock	1
My Unknown Friend.....	Stephen Leacock	196
Next Door Neighbors....	Kate Westlake Yeigh	254
The Clockmaker's Soft Sawder.....		
.....	Judge Haliburton	73
The Peace Maker.....	James E. Le Rossignol	169
The Pink Lady.....	Nellie L. McClung	320
The Privilege of the Limits....	E. W. Thomson	59
The Runaway Grandmother.....	Nellie L. McClung	44
Toban's Pup.....	George G. Nasmith	290
Village Diversions.....	Janey Canuck	311

SHORT ENCORE PIECES—

A Disappointment.....	L. M. Montgomery	41
Captain Jim's Enjoyment....	L. M. Montgomery	259

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

	PAGE
DRAMATIC AND MISCELLANEOUS—	
An Anchor in a Grave Yard...C. H. J. Snider	262
A Woman's Captive.....Arthur Stringer	278
Bushel for Bushel.....Peter McArthur	339
Gwen's Canyon.....Ralph Connor	16
The Barn-Raising.....Peter McArthur	218
The Bird With the Golden Wings (<i>Nature</i>).	
.....Anison North	225
The Spirit of Spring (<i>Nature</i>)....S. T. Wood	294

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

LITERATURE is life or it is not genuine literature; just in so far as it is living, does it appeal to us. We enjoy and revere the works of the old masters not because the writers are dead, not because they wrote of dead issues, but because their work is ever alive—and it is alive just in so far as it reaches to the inmost chords of our present being.

How important it is, then, that a goodly part of the literature presented to us in the form of readings and recitations from the public platform—in our schools, in our churches, in our literary clubs, in our concert halls—should reflect the life, the thought, the sentiment, the atmosphere of Canada. And who can better interpret for us the life of Canada than the Canadian writers who have lived it? Who can better voice its sentiment than those who have felt it? Who can better convey its atmosphere than those who have breathed it?

Therefore, this book is presented as an exemplification of the fact that Canadian literature contains an

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

abundance of material not merely suitable for use upon the public platform but which ought to, in the interest of our national life, find public expression. Every selection contained in this Reciter is by a Canadian writer, and the task of the Editor has not been to find material but to choose judiciously from the abundance at his disposal.

The Editor desires to acknowledge here his indebtedness to the authors and the publishers whose kindness has made it possible to present so representative a collection of Canadian selections. The absence of a few well known names from the table of contents may be regretted, but certain conditions and requirements of publication make it an impossibility to include in a work of this kind everything that the compiler or the reader might wish.

DONALD G. FRENCH.

TORONTO, 1918.

HINTS FOR THE VOCAL INTER- PRETATION OF LITERATURE

FRANK HOME KIRKPATRICK

THE purpose of this short treatise is to suggest a method for literary interpretation, which, if pursued, will result in a natural, simple, animated, suggestive, intelligible, and effective communication of an author's images, thoughts, and emotions.

**Correct
View Point
of Expression** The criticism of elocution, pretty generally urged, and as it is practised, too often deserved, is that it is unnatural, stilted, artificial, and unreal. It may, at the hands of a skilled craftsman, possess aptness and entertainment. Artificial things may be frequently attractive, but this does not endow them with reality. The elocutionist should, as some one has said, "borrow some seed" from the author whose work he is endeavoring to interpret, and allow it to function into flowers, rather than spend his time manufacturing artificial flowers. Manufactured flowers may bear a striking resemblance to real flowers, but the life, the divine energy, the spirit, the fragrance, are lacking. Nobody is deceived. Imitative elocution is a made thing, a result of the manipulation and conscious adjustment of unreal tones and artificial gestures to a

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

predetermined expressional form. Its process is the application of more or less ingeniously contrived rules and arbitrary restrictions. The result is the neutralizing of the native tendency and impulse to free, animated, spontaneous, natural expression.

To amplify a comparison already suggested, the process in elocution may be likened to the evolution of a plant from a flower seed. In some mysterious way the life force contained in the germ, unfolds and expresses itself in a plant form. So, in elocution or expression each germ, *i.e.*, each image, conception, or emotional impulse, should reveal itself spontaneously in an adequate and suggestive expressional form. True expressional form can no more be exactly predetermined than can the form of the plant. As the development and the perfection of the plant depend to a very great extent upon the cultivation of the earth, the medium through which the germ finds expression, so the degree of the perfection of the expressional form in elocution depends to a large extent upon the culture of the voice and body, the means for the revelation of the idea. Elocution or expression, thus conceived, is the spontaneous revelation of the images, conceptions, thoughts, emotions, experiences, suggested in the selection that is being interpreted, through the instruments of expression—voice and body. Elocution, then, is creative and

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

not imitative. Upon this basis, it is distinguished by spontaneity, simplicity, suggestiveness, sincerity and naturalness.

The remainder of this essay will be devoted to outlining a method for public reading, which, if applied, will result in the desirable expressional characteristics.

Before endeavoring to outline a method, it might be well to examine the different phases of vocal expression, or the oral communication of ideas, to discover, if possible, a criterion or standard, which, *as*

practised, embodies the qualifications of natural and effective speech. Are these qualifications to be found in elocution as

**Search for
a Standard** it is commonly practised? No! it is too stilted, conscious, unreal, and artificial. Are they to be found in public speaking? No! it is too declamatory, dogmatic, pedantic. Are they to be found in acting? No! there is too great consciousness of, and striving for, effect. Should they be found in these different phases of speaking? Yes! but on account of prevailing wrong ideals, they rarely are. Then, where may the standard be found? We are so apt to go star-gazing and step on a glow worm. The children in Maeterlinck's "The Bluebird" returned from a long journey, in a fruitless search for the bluebird, the source of happiness, only to find it in their own home. Better fortune might

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

attend a search nearer home, as it were. When, in giving expression to thoughts, are there ease, freedom, naturalness, impressiveness, and an absence of consciousness of the expressional form? In intimate conversation. The standard for expression, then, is cultured, dignified, intimate conversation.

As has been inferred, by conversation is not meant, the slothful, indifferent, badly enunciated and poorly articulated emission of flaccid sounds, that is too frequently heard, but rather the natural, animated, purposive, intimate, and dignified communication of ideas. Granting, however, the effectiveness of conversation as the means of intercourse between two, or among a few individuals, it may still be urged that it is ineffective in addressing people collectively, or audiences. The objection is not well taken, as will be shown later in this article. Suffice it to say, at this point, that in the case of reading, reciting, or speaking to audiences, it is a matter of the accentuation of the processes and conditions of conversation. Nor, as will be shown, need this accentuation interfere in the slightest degree with the spontaneity and naturalness, characteristic of the conversational basis of such delivery. In each of the different speech arts, the exponent of conversational naturalness, is, other things being equal, invariably the most effective. The most

**Conversation
the
Standard**

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

interesting, entertaining, or impressive public reader is he who expresses himself naturally. The most convincing public speaker is he who is so simple and direct, that in listening to him, each member of the audience feels he is being spoken to personally. The most compelling preacher is he who speaks intimately to his people, and seems to have a personal message for each individual. The best actors are not those who "mouth" their speeches, but speak them, as in conversation, "trippingly upon the tongue."

Spontaneous, natural, intimate, cultured, and dignified conversation then, is the standard for elocutionary expression. The method for the development of this type of public reading must be based upon the processes and attitude of the mind in a conversation, during the progress of which there is no self-consciousness. The result of the application of this method to public reading or speaking will be an accentuated and extended conversationalism. Such a standard and such a method have the approval of common sense, and common sense is a sane and safe guide.

The standard has been found, and the basis of the method suggested. The next step must necessarily be to develop the details of the method.

In the act of conversing, one is definitely conscious of the ideas which he is communicating, and aware of

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

the person or persons to whom he is communicating these ideas. In developing a method in expression, it is necessary to consider the mental processes in connection with the evolution of ideas in conversation, and the mental attitude of the speaker, or the relationship of the speaker's mind to the minds of those with whom he is conversing.

Analysis of Method

The primary action of the mind in thinking, and consequently during the process of conversation, public reading, or any other phase of vocal expression, is that of concentration and transition. A reading represents

Concentration and Transition

a succession of conceptions which are evolved in a succession of corresponding mental concentrations. It is consequently necessary at this point, as it is in any serious study of literary interpretation, to consider, in an elementary and cursory fashion at least, the nature of a concept.

Literature is a product of the imagination. This does not imply that it is never the expression of a process of reasoning. The mind always functions as a whole. It follows, therefore, that the imagination and the reason are indissolubly associated.

Association of Imagination and Reason

The imagination is the process of image-making. The tendency in a process of reasoning is to think in the concrete, that is, in images. Thus there is

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

an inevitable association between the imaginative and the reasoning processes. A good example of this is Macaulay's analysis of the reason for the popularity of Charles I. with posterity,—“We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him. We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.”

All knowledge of the world is based upon the impressions received through the senses. These impressions may be called sensory images. The word image is not used in its usual restricted significance, as an impression received through the sense of sight only, but with the meaning that includes the impressions received through any of the senses. Thus, in the case of an apple, the impression received through the sense of taste would be known

**Sensory
Image**

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

as a sensory image, as well as that received through the sense of sight. The response in feeling that accompanies a sense impression is also included in the sensory image, *e.g.*, the feeling of satisfaction or dissatisfaction that is associated with the tasting of the apple.

The spontaneous relating or combining in the mind of all the sensory impressions or images of some real object, or scene, or event, and the included responses in feeling, result in a percept or perceptual image or picture of that particular object, scene, or event. The

Perceptual Image experience in connection with any actual object, scene, or event is the related sensory images received from that object and the accompanying emotional responses. These related impressions or images are retained in the mind, and when an appeal is made to one of them, the percept or perceptual image is recalled. For instance, the sound of the clatter of hoofs on the pavement will stimulate other remembered and related sense impressions, and an image of a horse is the result; or the roar of the cannon will recall to the soldier the memory of some battlefield. The perceptual image is of actual experiences that have come into the consciousness of the individual. The recalling of the images of real experiences is an act of memory. Memory, then, is a reproduction in the mind of actual objects or of events and

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

incidents that really took place, or of scenes that existed in fact. Thus, memory is the recalling of the *images* of actual objects, scenes, and incidents, and as such is a phase of the imagination,

The mind reveals a tendency to create types. For example, as a result of a number of perceptual images received, of real apples, the mind will create a type apple, one that never existed in reality. The mind does this by combining the sensory **Conceptual Image** images, received from real apples, in a new relationship. An ideal apple is created. This type or ideal image, this image of an apple that never existed in reality, that is not present to sense, which is like the images stimulated by real apples and which is a perfectly normal image of a real apple, is a conceptual image or a concept. There is, of course, in the case of the conceptual image, as there is in connection with the perceptual image, an accompanying and included emotional response. No doubt there are also called into association with these images, the profounder experiences of the intuitional life. Thus the mind can and does create images of objects, scenes, and events, by uniting in new relationships, the impressions derived from actual experiences. This is creative image-making or imagination.

To repeat a statement previously made, literature is the product of the imagination. It should, conse-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

quently, be interpreted imaginatively. Then, as far as the reader or interpreter is concerned, it is, except in rare cases, a matter of the application of the creative imagination. Should, however, a literary selection make an appeal to exact experience existing in the memory of the reader, the basis of the resultant expression would be reproduction rather than creation.

**Imaginative
Interpretation
of Literature**

It may be well, at this point, to direct attention to fancy. It, like memory and imagination, is a process of image-making and therefore a phase of the imagination. It, however, differs from the other kinds of imagination in that, although it, like them, is based upon experiences derived from reality, it, unlike them, finds expression in a freakish or capricious combination of these experiences, with a result that is surprising, playful, ridiculous, whimsical, or abnormal. In dramatic literature, good examples of fancy may be found in the ridiculous and amusing situations and trivialities of the farce; or in the jesting, scoffing, and raillery of the burlesque; or in the whimsical figures and scenes, and fantastical actions of many of the characters in an English Christmas pantomime. An example of the abnormal creation, or more correctly aggregation, of fancy is "The men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," of

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

whom Othello speaks. Fancy, too, is the source of much of the humorous.

Returning to the main thought, it is apparent from what has been said above, that the basis of expression is mental activity. Expression is, for the most part, the communication of the reproduction, or the recombination of the results and experiences of former mental activities, through the agencies of the voice and body, or in vocal and pantomimic expression. Thus each subsequent concept that is expressed, reproduces or recombines, or both, experiences spontaneously selected from those derived from past mental activities.

One of the essential characteristics of mental activity and therefore of expression, is movement. It is a rhythmic, rather than a monotonously flowing movement. That is, it is from centre to centre.

Rhythm of Thinking To illustrate, this mental movement does not resemble the continuously regular flowing of the water in a river with comparatively straight banks, but rather the movement of the water in a tortuous river. In the latter case, there is a continuous and irregular flowing, centring, and dissolving of the water, as it runs to the succession of centres. It will be observed, that at no time is the water static. So it is in the mental process. The mind in expression, as else-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

where, is never static, but continuously and rhythmically progresses from centre to centre. In the interpretation of literature, each centre represents a concentration upon a conception "centrally initiated." This mental activity or mental process, which is the basis of expression, is one of rhythmic movement, of concentration and transition.

The manifestation of a succession of mental concentrations is very evident in the spontaneous succession of central or emphatic words in the expressional form of conversation. Thus, each

**Sequence of Ideas
Manifested in
Succession of
Thought, Image, or
Conception Words**

mental centre finds definite expression in a vocal centre. These central words may be designated image, or thought, or conception words. There are also associated

with, or related to, or grouped with, each central word, other and less important words necessary to the complete expression of each thought. These related words are of varying degrees of importance. The degree of the importance of each word in the thought group is subtly and unconsciously expressed. Nor are the central words of equal importance. In a passage, the central or image or conception or thought words will be spontaneously related to the most important central word, that central word in which the theme of the passage is definitely expressed. Thus vocal expression

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

should be logical as well as imaginative. There are, of course, many other spontaneous manifestations of the results of mental concentration in conversational form. These will be referred to later. The following is offered as an illustration:—

“(*Speak* the speech) (I *pray* you) (as I *pronounced* it to you) (*trippingly* on the tongue) (but if you *mouth* it) (as *many* of our players do) (I had as lief the *town-crier* spoke my lines) (nor do not *saw* the air too much with your hand) (*thus*) (but use all *gently*) (for in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your *passion*) (you must acquire and beget a *temperance*) (that may give it *smoothness*.) (O, it *offends* me to the soul) (to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to *tatters*) (to very *rags*) (to split the ears of the *groundlings*) (who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb *shows*) (and *noise*.) (I would have such a fellow *whipped*) (for o’er doing *Termagant*.) (It *out-herods* Herod.) (Pray you) (*avoid* it.)”

It must not be inferred from this diagram, as it were, of groups and thought centres, that in the preparation of a selection for reading, the reader would go over the selection, dividing the words into groups, marking the emphatic words, and then, at the time of reading, consciously modulate his voice, according to this scheme. That would result in the elimination

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

from reading of that spontaneity so earnestly urged. In preparing a selection, the reader must study it carefully, assimilate it as a whole and in detail, so that the delivery will be the spontaneous expression of the sequence of related conceptions.

Then, interpretative reading is the spontaneous expression of conceptions that are suggested to the reader in, and conveyed by him primarily through, the image or conception words. Upon the basis of previous experiences, these image, conception, or idea words—according as we think of the sense content or the significance of the idea—“centrally initiate” the conception. A conception, “centrally initiated,” is a conception stimulated upon the basis of previous and remembered experience, rather than upon that of an immediate external stimulus. Thus, literary interpretation is the expression of centrally aroused conceptions, suggested by the image or conception words.

In illustration, consider the following stanza from Burns’ “Afton Water” :—

“How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below!
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.”

Here the poet has given expression to either externally stimulated or centrally initiated images, pic-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

tures, or conceptions. These images are definitely expressed in the words: banks, valleys, woodland, primroses, evening, birk, Mary, me. The other words associated with each central word are necessary to convey the poet's complete conception. Since the images and experiences of this stanza are almost common property, the image words are quite universally suggestive. However, the images they suggest to the mind of the interpreter will not be exactly the same as those of the poet. That could not possibly be, since the experiences, impressions, or apperceptions of no two minds can be alike. This is the source of individuality in expression, which imitative methods tend to eliminate. Each one can create only from his own previous experiences. It is well to keep in mind that the conceptions created include the emotional responses also. The reader must be careful to avoid consciousness of the process at the time of interpretation, or the result will be artificial and consequently insincere.

To return to the stanza used in illustration, the image word "banks" may appeal to the sense of sight primarily, and thus arouse the other sensory images and responses derived from the same stimulus, or immediately to the sense of feeling, and through this medium arouse other associated experiences. The mind is stimulated to creation by an appeal to any of the senses. In "valleys" the original appeal may be to

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

the sense of sight, in "woodlands" to the sense of sight, in "primroses" to the sense of sight or smell, in "evening" to the sense of sight or feeling, in "birk" to the sense of sight or smell, in "Mary and me" to the higher spiritual conception of love. Of course the analysis of the possible, primary, sense appeals of the image words of this stanza is only suggestive. No one person can say with certainty, regarding another, what will be the original sense appeal of a given stimulus. The following is a suggestion of the succession of central or image words, and the associated words or groupings:—

"(How pleasant thy *banks*) (and green *valleys* below!)
(Where wild in the *woodland*) (the *primroses* blow;)
(There oft as mild *evening*) (weeps over the *lea*,)
(The sweet-scented *birk*) (shades my *Mary*) (and *me*.)"

As the poet expressed each image or conception through an image, or conception word and the related words, so the interpretative or creative reader will express each of his images or conceptions through the same image and related words.

The image word, which is the index to the conception expressed in the group of words, of which it is the centre, as it were, is commonly known as the emphatic word. There is, consequently, an emphatic word in each thought group of words. It follows then that emphasis in reading is, as in conversation, the communication of the conception

Emphasis

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

through a key word, spontaneously selected from the thought group of words, and expressed in an involuntary, subtly accurate, and individual combination of vocal modulations. It is the principal factor in intelligibility in vocal expression. It is the chief element in natural speech form, or speech form as it is expressed in good conversation.

The other elements of speech form are Pause, Change of Pitch, Inflection, Movement, and Tone-color. Each of these vocal modulations is, roughly speaking, a manifestation of mental concentration and each is, like emphasis, entirely unconscious, involuntary, and individual, **Speech Form** Under no circumstances, in reading, must there be any consciousness of "how it is being done." The variety, animation, color, vitality, and attractiveness, with which conversation is endowed, and with which reading or elocution should be endowed, are the result of these modulations, unconsciously stimulated and spontaneously combined.

The following is a very brief suggestion of the nature of each of the vocal modulations of natural speech form:—

1. Pause is that period of time required in mental concentration, for the development of a conception. Therefore a pause precedes each group of words. The

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Pause length of each pause depends upon the nature of the conception. If, for example, the conception should be profound or novel, the pause will be longer; if superficial or familiar the pause will be shorter. There are also subtle pauses of varying lengths within the group of words, for example, after the image word.

Change of Pitch 2. Change of Pitch is a spontaneous leap of the voice corresponding to the leap of the mind from conception to conception in its process of concentration and transition. Also, in conversation, as should be the case in reading, no two words are upon the same pitch.

Inflection 3. Inflection is "a bending of the voice or a continuous change of pitch on the vowel of a word." It expresses the attitude towards the conception that is being expressed. It is a spontaneous manifestation of this attitude, since from the discussion of a conception, it will be inferred that, inherent in each conception, is the attitude towards it.

Movement 4. Movement, in expression, refers to the comparative slowness or rapidity with which the words of the thought phrases are uttered. The rate of movement in the utterance of the phrases is a direct manifestation of the degree of the importance of the conception, or the degree of the intensity of the thinking.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

5. Tone-Color is the modulation of the voice that manifests the emotion of the speaker. From the emotional modulation of tone-color, the listener can readily appreciate the emotion of the speaker, or by the variety in tone-color, the succession of emotions generated by the conceptions, or the degrees of the intensity of the emotions. To endeavor consciously to manipulate the voice to imitate an emotion, or, in other words, to fake an emotion, is only to make the reader ridiculous and insincere.

The mental processes and their expressional manifestations in conversation and literary interpretation having been discussed, it is necessary to consider the mental attitude of the individual toward those with whom he is conversing, in order to suggest how this attitude may be assumed and adapted to an audience in public reading, or, for that matter, in any other phase of public expressional work. It is quite as essential for effective expression to consider the reader's environment, that is, his audience and his relation to his environment, as it is to give attention to the principles of his art.

The attitude in conversation is one of ease, directness, and intimacy—not familiarity. The attitude in

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

public reading should be the same as that in conversation. True, the speaker, in conversation, speaks to individual minds, but in public reading or speaking, although he may address individuals in the audience, he is really talking or reciting to the collective mind. This fact, while very important, since it stimulates

**Audience
Represents
Collective Mind**

an accentuation of the mental, vocal, and pantomimic processes at the time of speaking, does not eliminate nor really interfere with naturalness.

Through the mental attitude of conversation, a relationship is established between the mind of the speaker and the mind of him with whom he is conversing. This mental relationship and the consequent mental reciprocation are brought about by the tendency of the person speaking to focus the minds of those, with whom he is conversing, upon his sequence of thoughts. Thus, not only relationship and reciprocation are established between mind and mind, but attention is secured and an impression made. Conversation is, in the communication of ideas, almost invariably effective.

To preserve naturalness, in every particular, when reciting or speaking to an audience or the collective mind, it is necessary to establish the same intimate relationship as when conversing with an individual. This relationship or reciprocation with an audience

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

How to Secure and Maintain the Attention of an Audience

can be secured in the same way as it is with the individual mind in conversation, that is by focusing the collective mind upon the sequence of images or conceptions. Thus the

attention of the audience is secured and maintained, an impression is made, and the reciting or speaking is effective. This is the secret of audience-control. This is the sure way, by which the speaker can make an audience think with him, and if he can lead an audience to think or create with him, he has solved the problem of gaining and holding its attention.

It may be urged that the diction, phrasing, etc., of literature will not permit the same informality, as it were, that is characteristic of conversation. No doubt they will modify the expression somewhat, but it is absolutely unnecessary that they should make the expression formal, stilted, artificial, and unnatural. If the reader will create and assimilate the conceptions, and establish the conversational attitude towards his audience, the expression will, must be, natural, with a slight modification of the complete informality of conversation, due to the diction or phrasing. Should the reader establish the conditions of natural expression, and should the expression be stilted and unnatural, the fault must be with the literature he is interpreting.

Among the most common and objectionable faults

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

of elocution and public speaking are force and loudness. They eliminate the subtleties, grace, expressiveness, animation, variety, and intelligibility of conversational or true speech form, and substitute for it rant, mouthing, or declamation. The **Force and Loudness** loud, ranting, or declamatory reader or speaker becomes monotonous and distracting. He is invariably ineffective. He seeks to become impressive by his manner of delivery. Any consciousness of the manner of delivery must interfere with naturalness, and result in mannerisms, faults, and ineffectiveness. Another cause of his failure, which is implied in the reasons given for his lack of success, is, that he adopts a wrong attitude towards his audience. He does this because he erroneously supposes that it is necessary to shout, and to emphasize by means of crude, physical strokes, in order that his voice and thoughts may carry.

If the speaker will create the sequence of conceptions at the time of speaking, or, in other words, establish the mental processes, and if he will also assume the conversational attitude towards his audience, the vividness of his conceptions, the elements of speech form, *i.e.*, pause, emphasis, change of pitch, etc., the amount of voice, and the expression in every particular, will be involuntarily adjusted to the requirements

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

of his hearers. The undesirable and ill-advised "loudness" would then be eliminated, and the great desideratum obtained, in that each member of the audience would feel that the reader is speaking personally to him.

It is obvious that there are certain cases of literary interpretation in which the mind of the reader will not be so definitely and directly related to the minds of his audience. This, however, neither disproves nor contradicts anything already suggested in the matter of audience relationship. The attitude in literary inter-

Degrees of Directness	pretation varies from the definite and intimate directness of didactic, narrative, descriptive, and oratoric literature, to the vague "awareness" of the audience in the more intensely personal, passionate, and absorbing lyrics, or in the soliloquy. It may be objected, that, in the reading in public of the more rhapsodical lyrics and the soliloquy, the reader is oblivious of his audience. This is not the case. The reader realizes he is reciting it for an audience, and because he is aware of the audience, he involuntarily holds out each conception for the consideration of his hearers. In the interpretation of such examples of literature, he certainly does not speak definitely to his hearers. His rendition is not characterized by the intimate directness spoken of, as in the reading of the narrative, the didactic, or the
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STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

oratoric. Nevertheless he is aware, more or less clearly, or more or less vaguely, if you will, of his audience. The most successful and effective artists are those who, other things being equal, establish a condition of reciprocity between their audiences and themselves. What is this reciprocity but the conversational relationship so frequently referred to? But it may be objected again, and the objection is strongly sustained by some, that in the portrayal of a drama, while the actors speak directly to one another in the dramatic situations, they are entirely unaware of their audience on the other side of the footlights. Certainly they do not, and should not, speak directly to the audience. Nevertheless they are very much aware of it. Else, why would they unconsciously adjust their voices and accentuate their reading and pantomime to their hearers, and more or less consciously seek their approval. The same holds in the interpretation of dramatic literature by the individual reader or impersonator. In their parts the actors speak naturally and directly to one another, with a spontaneous accentuation of the elements of speech form, induced by their "awareness" of the audience. Taking part in dramatics is an excellent way to develop conversational naturalness in reciting, reading, or speaking in public.

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This discussion of dramatic reading suggests the

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

matter of character portrayal or impersonation in the interpretation of dramatic literature. It is the same process of the development of conceptions, as in any other phase of literary interpretation. Every human

Impersonation being has received and retains in his subconscious life, multitudinous and varied impressions of the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual natures of himself and others. These experiences have been derived from all manner of individuals—the physically normal or abnormal; the intellectually brilliant or stupid; the morally healthy or perverted; the spiritually conscious or unawakened. The description of a character in literature leads to an involuntary selection from these previous experiences, and the unconscious recombination of the selected impressions into an image of the personality described.

It is obvious that, from the same description of a character, the images created by any two persons will not be exactly alike. Consequently, there is individuality in impersonation. In actual character portrayal, the impersonator or actor must abandon himself completely to his conception or image of the character. He must forget himself and remember only his character. Then, he will unconsciously take on the personality, individuality, idiosyncrasies, and mannerisms of the character. He himself is impersonalized. When impersonating a character, he lives and moves,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

another being than himself. He experiences all the character's thoughts, intentions, aspirations, desires, moods, and emotions. Character portrayal is not a matter, as it is too often regarded, of imitation, of grotesque physical manipulation and contortion.

Impersonation is Creative, not Imitative Clearly, impersonation in elocution, literary interpretation, or acting is not aggregation, but creation. It is a very high form of art.

The degree of adequacy in the communication of images and conceptions in expression, depends, also, upon the degree of the freedom, control, and responsiveness of the agents of expression—voice and body.

Vocal and Physical Co-ordination These agents should be so sensitively responsive, that they will reveal, in expression, all the subtleties of the mental processes. These are conveyed, in expression, through the vocal modulations of the speech form, *i.e.*, pause, change of pitch, etc., and physically, through pantomime. The co-ordination of the mind, voice, and body should be so perfect, that each rhythmic impulse of the mind, in thinking, will stimulate a corresponding vocal or pantomimic response. The tendency to this co-ordination is very characteristic of conversation, where definitely intelligible vocal and pantomimic expressiveness and anima-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

tion are due, in a great measure, to the responses of voice and body. In conversation, vocal and physical co-ordinations and responses are entirely spontaneous: in elocution they should be.

The error in the elocutionary training, that prescribes artificial tones, and affected and imitative gestures, must be apparent. The results are unreal and unnatural, and therefore untrue. There may be

Mannerisms mannerisms in conversation or expression, even where the conditions that produce naturalness obtain. Mannerisms, in any phase of expression, are bad habits, due very often to constrictions and imperfect responsiveness of the voice and body. Of course, there are mannerisms in expression due to faults in the mental processes, as, for example, hesitation. Mannerisms must not be regarded as a manifestation of the speaker's individuality or personality. Rather, they tend to neutralize the revelation of individuality or personality, and the lucidity of the expression; they also, from repetition and the tendency, from lack of responsiveness, to give all conceptions a uniform expression, are conducive to monotony. Exercises that will, if properly practised, remove vocal and physical constrictions, and develop control, freedom, responsiveness, and co-ordination among the agents of expression, will be given later in this article. It is quite as necessary to develop a

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

physical and vocal technique for expression, as it is to develop a vocal technique for singing.

Then, if elocution or expression consists in the spontaneous and natural communication, or manifestation of the conceptions created during the process of reading, and with which the reader has identified

himself, and since such is characteristic of conversation, wherein lies the necessity for instruction and training? It

Necessity for Training

would be very difficult, indeed, to find anyone who has not developed unconsciously, expressional faults. These faults may arise from imperfect mental processes, or from vocal or physical constrictions, or from all three causes. The work of training is to correct faults in the mental processes, to remove constrictions of voice and body, and to secure normality in the functioning in each case. Further, it is the duty of the instructor to lead the student, while maintaining naturalness, to accentuate and co-ordinate processes, and to adjust them to audience conditions. He must see that the mental, vocal, and physical processes function as a unity. Then will the reader "suit the action to the word, and the word to the action," and each will spontaneously suggest the conception. Training in expression does not consist in prescribing rules, but it does consist, among other things, in developing and accentuating the right, and therefore the normal, pro-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

cesses and conditions of the agents of expression.

It is necessary that the exponent of the art of literary interpretation must have, not only a thorough knowledge and experience in the application of the principles of expression, but also an appreciation of the art forms of literature, and the ability to apply the principles of expression to them. The following studies in the principal literary art forms, the lyric, the narrative, and the dramatic, are only suggestive.

Interpretation of the Lyric

A lyric is the simple, spontaneous, and immediate poetic expression of instant emotion, inspired by some theme, that has an intensely personal relationship to the artist. At least, this is the essential spirit of the lyric.

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row
And monie a hill between,
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flower—
I see her sweet and fair.
I hear her in the tunefu' birds—
I hear her charm the air.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

—Burns.

"Of A' the Airts" was composed by Burns, out of compliment to Mrs. Burns (née Jean Armour), during their honeymoon. It is always desirable, in fact necessary, to an accurate interpretation of a poem, that the historical background be known.

The theme of this lyric is Jean Armour. The conception of Jean pervades the poem. Every other conception is associated with that of Jean, thus giving unity to the poem. Not only this, but the passion inspired by the theme provides an enveloping emotion, the poet's love for Jean, and thus gives atmosphere or tone. If, however, the lyric were read upon the basis of the appreciation of the theme, and the general emotion only, the result would be a cadence, and the reading would become monotonous.

The next step, in preparation, and one that will relieve this monotony, is to recreate each individual image or conception and each accompanying emotional response, in relation to the theme and the enveloping emotion. For example, in the first stanza, the wind, the west, the woods, and the river are associated with Jean, and instinct with the poet's love for her. Thus, the interpretation will possess, not only artistic unity,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

but also, as is implied in unity, conceptual and emotional variety. In this way, monotony, a very prevalent fault in lyric reading, may be avoided.

The results of the suggested preparation must be thoroughly assimilated, and to these assimilated results, the interpreter must completely abandon himself.

In the interpretation of the lyric, the reader, from the fact that he sets out to read it for others, is conscious of his audience. However, in the intense abandon demanded in lyrical interpretation, he becomes only vaguely aware of his audience, and loses the intimate directness inherent in some other kinds of literature. The degree of the directness or "awareness" in the interpretation of the lyric will be determined by the nature of the poem. This matter has already been discussed.

The narrative bears the same relation to literature as the fresco to painting. It represents a sequence of events portrayed in dramatic situations. In storytelling, these dramatic situations rhythmically succeed

one another. The narrative is not so purely personal as the lyric. The personality of the narrator manifests a tendency to lose itself among the

**Interpretation
of the
Narrative**

events, actions, characters, and dramatic situations of the narrative. In fact, at those points in the narrative

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

where the dramatic spirit breaks out into dramatic form, the personality of the story-teller becomes impersonalized, as it is "othered" into the impersonations created in his imagination. The reader must not only convey the events, situations, and characters, but should, which, psychologically, he can scarcely help doing, reveal the effects they produce upon him.

FROM "THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST"

ALFRED NOYES

I tell you a tale to-night
Which a seaman told to me,
With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light
And a voice as low as the sea.

A bare foot pattered on deck;
Ropes creaked; then—all grew still,
And he pointed his finger straight in my face
And growled, as a sea-dog will.

"Do'ee know who Nelson was?
That pore little shrivelled form
With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve
And a soul like a North Sea storm?

"You've heard of sperrits, no doubt;
Well, there's more in the matter than that!
But he wasn't the patch and he wasn't the sleeve,
And he wasn't the laced cocked-hat.

"Nelson was just—a Ghost!
You may laugh! But the Devonshire men
They knew that he'd come when England called,
And they know that he'll come again.

"I'll tell you the way it was
(For none of the landsmen know),
And to tell it you right, you must go a-starn
Two hundred years or so.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"The waves were lapping and slapping
The same as they are to-day;
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
In Nombre Dios Bay.

" 'What shall I do,' he says,
 'When the guns begin to roar,
 An' England wants me, and me not there
 To shatter 'er foes once more?'

" 'You must take my drum,' he says,
 'To the old sea-wall at home;
 And if ever you strike that drum,' he says,
 'Why, strike me blind, I'll come!'

"That's what he said; and he died;
 An' his pirates, listenin' roun',
 With their crimson doublets and jewelled swords
 That flashed as the sun went down,

"They lowered him down in the deep,
 And there in the sunset light
 They boomed a broadside over his grave,
 As meanin' to say 'Good-night.'

"They sailed away in the dark
 To the dear little isle they knew;
 And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall
 The same as he told them to.

"Two hundred years went by,
 And the guns began to roar,
 And England was fighting hard for her life,
 As ever she fought of yore.

" 'It's only my dead that count,'
 She said, as she says to-day;
 'It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns
 'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay.'

"The foe was creepin' close,
 In the dark, to our white-cliffed isle;
 They were ready to leap at England's throat,
 When—Oh, you may smile, you may smile;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"But—ask of the Devonshire men;
For they heard in the dead of night
The roll of a drum, and they saw him pass
On a ship all shining white.

"Nelson—was Francis Drake!
O, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,
If your soul's like a North Sea storm?"

—From "*Collected Poems*," by Alfred Noyes.
(*Wm. Blackwood & Sons.*)

As an illustration of the narrative we may refer to Alfred Noyes' poem "The Admiral's Ghost," the complete text of which will be found in his "Collected Poems."

"The Admiral's Ghost" is founded upon a tradition among British seamen, that every great British Admiral is a re-incarnation of Sir Francis Drake. In addition to the knowledge of this fact as a background, it would be well to create the environment of the narrator, as suggested in the poem, to picture the low-voiced, superstitious seaman, as he tells his story amid slapping waves, moaning winds, and creaking ropes.

The next step would be to read the poem for the theme, which is "Nelson was Francis Drake." The realization of the theme, not only gives coherence to the individual conceptions, but unity to the events and dramatic situations.

Next, recreate the sequence of dramatic situations. they represent:—

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

1. The scene, incidents, and character of the introduction.
2. The two incidents related by the seaman.
 - (a) The scene and incidents of the death of Sir Francis Drake.
 - (b) Certain incidents of the battle of Trafalgar.

Then, re-create each individual conception, in relation to the theme, the events, the characters, and the dramatic situations.

The material is now developed and organized for the interpretation, which, in this case, would be the communication, by the reader, of the theme, the events, the dramatic situations, the characters, and the individual images, as well as the impressions made upon him by them.

The attitude towards the audience in narrative reading, varies from direct intimacy to the "awareness" of acting. At the beginning of "The Admiral's Ghost" the reader would be direct and intimate. Later, when the exact words of the seaman are used, "Do you guess who Nelson was," etc., he should abandon himself to the dramatic situation. Then, his attitude towards his audience would change from directness to "awareness."

In dramatic form, the artist surrenders his own personality, and assumes that of the character re-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

created in his imagination. From his knowledge of the reputation, motives, and consciousness of a character, he recreates a conception of that character. Thus a personality is re-created in, and reproduced from, the imagination. With this recreated personality, this image of the character to be impersonated, in its immediate relation to others, the artist identifies himself; to it he abandons himself; and in it he loses himself. His own personality is forgotten. Is the drama the highest form of the creative function of the imagination?

To illustrate the interpretation of a dramatic selection, the reader is referred to Shakespeare's play:

HAMLET—ACT V, SCENE 1.—FROM THE
ENTRY OF HAMLET AND HORATIO TO THE
ENTRY OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The steps in the preparation of a scene from a play, for interpretation as a public reading are:—

1. Read the whole play. Study the text carefully. Consult all available literature on the play.
2. Analyze the character and motives of each person of the play, particularly those of the scene to be interpreted.
3. 1 and 2 provide the background for the interpretation of the scene.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

4. Analyze each speech of the scene, to be interpreted, in the light of the background developed by the study of the play, and in relation to the character, attitude, and motives of the person speaking.
5. Read the description of the scene carefully. From this description and the characters of the scene, the interpreter creates his dramatic environment. That he shall create this environment is very essential. Life is a response to environment. The drama is a representation of life. Therefore, to portray life as represented in the drama, he must from his imagination, provide for himself an environment. The contact of the artist, in his impersonated character, in a dramatic scene, with the dramatic environment, generates the impulse to expression.
6. Analysis is completed; synthesis begins. The imagination seizes on the results of the analysis as material for recreation; relates the background, purpose, characters, and environment into one coherent whole, into a harmonious unity, and breathes into it the breath of life. The scene takes on the vitality of real life.

In the preparation of the excerpt from Act V, Scene 1, of Hamlet, it is necessary, in the first place, then, to study the text of the play, and very carefully

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

that of the portion to be interpreted. The results of this study will provide the general background for the interpretation. The reader is also enabled to create the characters of the scene: the restlessly speculative, reflective, imaginative, philosophical, melancholy, enigmatic, tempestuous, princely Hamlet, with his feigned madness; the grave and silent Horatio, worthy to be the congenial friend and intimate of Hamlet, who said of him, "Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man, as e'er my conversation coped withal"; the garrulous, whimsical, old gravedigger, with his penchant for riddles, his prodigious enjoyment of his own "smartness" and his lack of "feeling of his business."

The reader should now image the dramatic environment. The shades of evening are falling. Hamlet and Horatio enter a graveyard. It is a gloomy place. The gloom is enhanced by the gathering darkness. They discover a gravedigger digging a grave, and singing a comic song as he works. The incongruity of singing a comic song while engaged in the gruesome task of gravedigging, and the contemplation of the unearthed bones and skulls, lead Hamlet to indulge his passion for reflection and philosophy. However, he interrupts his meditations to ask the gravedigger "Whose grave's this, sirrah?" Then follows a humorous and bantering exchange of wit, until the old man speaks "Of that very day that young Hamlet

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

was born, he that is mad and sent into England." This arouses Hamlet, and he sets out to discover how the general public of Denmark interprets certain events that had transpired at the court. Not realizing that Hamlet is really serious in his desire to secure information, the gravedigger continues to indulge his "smartness." Seeing that he is not going to get the desired information, Hamlet, somewhat irritatedly, changes the subject by asking, "How long will a man lie i' the earth e'er he rot?" This leads to Hamlet's well known reflection suggested by the skull of Yorick. The excerpt culminates in the following imaginative picture of its theme, the vanity of human life:

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

The sombre background, the gloomy environment, Hamlet's ceaseless questioning about the meaning of existence, and his bitterness of spirit give a grimness to the levity, the incongruities, and the whimsicalities of this scene.

These are suggestions for the preparation of this scene for interpretation in expression.

It is difficult to properly develop a voice, without the personal supervision of a specialist in voice culture. The chief reason for this is, no matter how minute the instructions accompanying prescribed exer-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

cises, anyone attempting to train his own voice, lacks the sensation or consciousness of the proper functioning of the agents, and of the right conditions of voice production, necessary to his guidance. The most common faults of voice are throatiness, harshness, hoarseness, breathiness, hardness, lack of resonance, unresponsiveness, inflexibility, and poor carrying power. These defects arise from faulty conditions of voice production. The aim in voice culture, is to substitute the correct conditions of voice production, and thus, by removing the cause, eliminate the defects. Then, for the faults enumerated, will be substituted control, freedom, resonance, flexibility, good carrying power, and responsiveness to, and co-ordination with, the mental processes. Voice Culture is designed, as someone has said, "To make poor voices good, and good voices better."

In voice training, exercises should be practised carefully and regularly, and, upon the occasion of reciting or speaking, forgotten. Then, the improved conditions of voice production will reveal themselves spontaneously, and to the degree of their development.

The following exercises are offered with the hope, that anyone, who may attempt to improve his voice by practising them, will derive some benefit:

I. —Exercises for Breathing:—

- (a) 1. Place one hand on the diaphragm, or across

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

the body, just below the breast bone. Inhale and let the breath focus at the hand.

2. Endeavor, by the repetition of 1 to so establish diaphragmatic placing and control of breath, that the process will be involuntary. Under all circumstances, whether in life breathing or breathing for vocalization, the inhalation should focus at the diaphragm.
3. Strengthen the diaphragm and develop tone support.
 - (a) Breathe in and out slowly.
 - (b) Inhale slowly during six counts, hold the breath during two counts, exhale during six counts.
 - (c) Increase the length of time of inhalation and exhalation.
 - (d) Inhale a large breath and hold it as long as possible at the diaphragm.
4. Take the exercises given under 2 and 3, with the throat muscles relaxed. In other words, co-ordinate activity at the diaphragm, with passivity at the throat. The breath must be controlled at the diaphragm, and not by constricting the muscles at the throat.
5. Rhythm of Breathing.

The object in developing rhythmic breathing is to render the breathing, in expression, respon-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

sive to the mental processes, so that each mental impulse to expression will stimulate a breath. Consequently, for expression, frequent breaths should be taken. In fact, in perfect breathing for speaking, a breath should be taken spontaneously, for the expression of each conception.

- (a) Breathe in and out slowly and regularly.
- (b) Breathe in and out regularly, but with different degrees of rapidity.
- (c) Inhale during two counts, hold for two counts, exhale during two counts. Vary this exercise by varying the number of counts.
- (d) Divide a stanza into its thought phrases. Read it by creating the conceptions, and allowing each conception to generate a breath for its expression. Thus the co-ordination of the mental and vocal processes may be stimulated. Vary this exercise by using, not only different stanzas, but also prose excerpts.

II. Exercises for Vocalization:—

A clear and definite conception of the tone or the combination of tones, or in other words, of the exercise, must, in every case, precede the production. Practice, to be effective, must be intelligent. An absolute essential of good tone

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

is good support, that is a sufficient quantity of breath, well controlled at the diaphragm. Hence the necessity of the development to be secured from the exercises for breathing. Relax the muscles of the jaw, and carefully avoid throat constriction in taking the different exercises.

(a) Support of tone.

1. With good breath conditions, sing the vowel ä as in father, firmly and evenly during five counts.
2. Practise 1 varying the length and strength of the tone.

(b) Resonance of tone.

1. Sing ä .
2. Sing ō ä .
3. Sing $\overline{\text{oo}} \text{ō ä}$.
4. Sing ē ä .

Each of these exercises should be taken on different notes of the scale.

(c) Flexibility of tone.

1. Practise the exercises given under Resonance of tone.
2. Sing the scale, using lä .
3. Divide a stanza into its thought phrases. Sing each thought phrase in a different note. Then speak each phrase on a differ-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

ent note. Do not, in any case, go beyond the singing or speaking range. However, it is well to seek to increase the range, but this must be done with the careful avoidance of throat constriction.

(d) Tone Color.

1. Repeat aloud lyrics that make a strong appeal. It is necessary, to appreciably affect the voice, that the reader shall read the lyrics interpretatively and identify himself with, and abandon himself to, the experiences and emotions. Thus, will he not only develop tone color but stimulate responsiveness in the voice.

(e) Carrying-power of voice.

Good carrying power of voice depends upon:

- (a) Correct conditions of tone production.
- (b) Conversational attitude towards the audience.

Thus, no matter how large a space the audience may occupy, if these mental and vocal conditions prevail, the voice will reach each individual and, at the same time, retain its conversational naturalness.

1. Sitting, and speaking conversationally, repeat a stanza or paragraph to some imaginary person, whom you imagine

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

seated near you.

2. Place him further away and repeat 1. Of course the expression should be spontaneously accentuated.
3. Repeat in increasing distances.
4. Practise 1, 2, and 3 standing. Be careful to retain the conversational tone.

It was not the intention to outline a comprehensive course in voice culture, either in process or exercise, but rather to suggest a few exercises, that anyone interested in improving his voice, and without the opportunity of expert supervision, might practise with benefit.

The body is an agent of expression. Physical expression is termed pantomime. It is revealed in gesture, attitudes of the body, facial expression, etc. In conversation, the succession of conceptions dominates a continuously varying and suggestively expressive pantomime. Therefore, pantomime is a natural, spontaneous, and necessary form of expression, and must not be restrained.

Physical Responsiveness

Nor, on the occasion of reciting, should the reader consciously insert gestures, etc. The pantomime must be a response to an inner impulse. The proper condition for spontaneous and expressive pantomime is that condition of ease, freedom, and lack

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

of self-consciousness, that is experienced in intimate conversation.

Since anyone can, and everyone does, experience this condition to a greater or less degree, why are any suggestions in physical training necessary? Unfortunately there are very few, who have retained their normality physically, and who are not affected by muscular constrictions and self-consciousness. There are very few who "feel natural" in public reading or speaking. Consequently, training is necessary, that will develop the free and natural functioning of the agents of expression, individually, and as a unity, and the co-ordination of this unity with the action of the mind in thinking. The vital centre of the physical unity is the chest. As in the case of the suggestions for vocal training, it is not the intention to outline a comprehensive course in physical training, but rather to prescribe a few simple exercises, which will tend, if practised intelligently, to develop desirable physical conditions for expression.

The object of physical training for expression, then, is to induce a condition of responsiveness. Where there are muscular constrictions, there can not be responsiveness. It is necessary, therefore, to give exercises for the liberation of the muscles of the body. But for anyone to stand with all the muscles relaxed would suggest devitalization. The vital centre must

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

be established. Then with the centre established and the parts moving freely in relation to that centre, freedom, control, and ease are secured. These are the physical conditions of naturalness, and when they prevail, the reader can and should forget all about gestures, attitudes, etc. Then, the body will respond normally, animatedly, and suggestively. The resulting pantomime will be an unobtrusive and harmonious part of the expressional unity.

EXERCISES FOR ESTABLISHING THE VITAL CENTER OF THE BODY:

1. Place one hand upon the centre of the chest, and the other across the back and directly opposite it. Separate the hands by muscular expansion, not by breath expansion. In doing this, do not grip the throat muscles.
2. Place the tips of the fingers on the points of the shoulders. With the arms in this position, stretch them as far as possible, and move them with a circular motion, expanding the chest.
3. Raise the arms to a vertical position. Clench the hands. Draw them down, as if pulling a weight, and expand the chest. Do not grip the throat muscles.
4. Raise the arms forward and to a horizontal position. Clench the hands. Draw back quickly and abruptly, expanding the chest.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

5. Stand at arm's length from the wall. Place hands against the wall. Touch wall with chest. Do not bend knees.

EXERCISES FOR RELAXATION :

1. *Neck*: Stand or sit erect. Let the head fall forward on the chest. Relax the jaw. With this condition of relaxation, move the head to side, back and front, describing a circle. Describe this circle, with the head moving first to the right and then to the left.
2. *Shoulders*: (a) Stand erect. Raise the shoulders with the arms relaxed. Drop them.
(b) With relaxed arms, shake, or sway the chest rapidly from side to side.
(c) Relax the arms. Swing them in a circle, first forward and then backward, with the shoulder as the centre.
3. *Arms*:
(a) Stand erect. Raise and extend the arms until they are on a level with the shoulders. Let them drop inertly. Do this in every direction possible.
(b) Raise and extend the arms until they are on a level with the shoulders. Then relax the arm in sections, *i.e.*, fingers, wrists, elbows and shoulders.
(c) Raise and extend the arms over the head by

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

successively energizing the muscles of the upper arm, lower arm, wrist and fingers. Then drop the arm by relaxing the parts in the reverse order, *i.e.* fingers, wrists, lower arm, upper arm.

- (d) Raise and extend the arms on a level with shoulders, in every direction possible, by energizing the parts successively as in (c). Also, relax the parts successively as in (c).
- (e) Repeat the energizing and relaxing of the parts of the arm until they blend. Then the arm will gesture naturally, gracefully, and vigorously.

4. *Fingers:*

- (a) Relax the fingers of the right hand. Grasp the left hand with the right by placing the thumb of the right hand on the palm of the left and the fingers on the back. Shake the left hand until the fingers feel limp and heavy. Reverse the hands and repeat the exercise.

5. *Legs:*

Stand well balanced or poised, with the weight of the body on the right foot. Raise the left leg from the hip. Relax the muscles from the knee down. Drop the leg allowing it to fall by its own weight. Change the weight and repeat the exer-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

cise.

6. *Back:*

Sit erect and square. Let the head fall forward as in 1. Relax the shoulders and arms. Then relax the muscles of the back, and let the torso drop forward of its own weight. Take the original position in the reverse order, *i.e.*, by energizing first the back and then the neck. Repeat this exercise to either side.

Exercises for Poise:

- (a) Stand erect with weight on both feet. Relax the whole body. Then assert or energize the vital centre, the chest.
- (b) Place the entire weight on the right foot, and repeat the exercise.
- (c) Place the entire weight on the left foot, and repeat the exercise.

Thus the centre of the body is asserted, to which the parts are related in their proper relationship, and about which they function naturally. Control and responsiveness are established. The natural dignity, ease, and freedom of the body are restored. These are the physical conditions for public reading. They are the conditions for all other occasions. By developing and establishing these physical conditions, through the prescribed exercises, and then forgetting all about them when appearing before an audience, naturalness in

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

pantomimic expression, unmodified by physical constrictions, will be substituted for conscious posturing and affected gesturing.

The writer wishes, at this point, to gratefully acknowledge his debt to his teachers in voice and physical training. However, he does not wish to hold them responsible for either the methods or exercises, since both have been modified in his own teaching experience.

This essay is not a comprehensive treatment of the subject of elocution. It is rather an outline. The writer has always held to the psychological basis of the subject. To those who persist in regarding elocution as an aggregation of externally applied rules, and a manipulation of the agents of expression, this article will not appeal. To those who regard it as an art, as a spontaneous and natural expression of the mental processes and conditions and the consciousness of the reader, it may prove helpful. The writer believes, also, that the suggestions offered, will lead, if intelligently and sympathetically applied, to worthy and artistic interpretations of the selections from Canadian literature, so discerningly chosen, and judiciously abridged and arranged by Mr. French.

The selections compiled for this book, have been chosen from the wealth of Canadian literature of dis-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

tion. An examination of them will reveal, in the literature of Canada, a prolific source of suitable material for public reading. To draw the attention of public readers to this source of desirable readings is the *raison d'être* of this book.

Further, the poems and prose excerpts, selected for this volume, have been taken from the literature that gives expression to the life of Canada. The serious Canadian reader is an exponent of that life. Therefore, the collected selections should furnish such a one with very adequate material for the application of his talent for interpretation.

Also, this volume may fall into the hands of those who are not familiar with the literature of Canada. In such cases it is hoped that a perusal of the readings may direct attention to Canadian literature in general, and thus lead to the appreciation that its merit deserves.

Standard Canadian Reciter



MY FINANCIAL CAREER

STEPHEN LEACOCK

WHEN I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank and attempt to transact business there, I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked, "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Are you the manager?" I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you," I asked, "alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said; "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at each other. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton's," I said, seeming to imply that I came from a rival agency.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now and fifty dollars a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account, he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick convulsive movement as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and give it to another clerk.

He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked in a hollow, vibrating

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a cheque."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Some one gave me a cheque-book through a wicket and someone else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain things. All the clerks had stopped, writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh"—I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think—"in fifties."

He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave it me and I rushed out.

As the big door swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.

—From "*Literary Lapses*," by Stephen Leacock." (S. B. Gundy.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

FOR HE WAS SCOTCH, AND SO WAS
SHE

JEAN BLEWETT

THEY were a couple well content
With what they earned and what they spent,
Cared not a whit for style's decree—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

And oh, they loved to talk of Burns—
Dear blithesome, tender Bobby Burns!
They never wearied of his song,
He never sang a note too strong.
One little fault could neither see—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

They loved to read of men who stood
And gave for country life and blood,
Who held their faith so grand a thing
They scorned to yield it to a king.
Ah, proud of such they well might be—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

From neighbors' broils they kept away;
No liking for such things had they,
And oh, each had a canny mind,
And could be deaf, and dumb and blind.
With words or pence was neither free—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I would not have you think this pair
Went on in weather always fair,
For well you know, in married life
Will come, sometimes, the jar and strife;
They couldn't always just agree—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

But near of heart they ever kept,
Until at close of life they slept;
Just this to say when all was past,
They loved each other to the last.
They're loving yet, in heaven, maybe—
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

—From "*The Cornflower and Other Poems*," by Jean Blewett.
(Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE PARSON AT THE HOCKEY MATCH

W. M. MACKERACHER

IT'S very disagreeable to sit here in the cold,
And a sinful waste of time—ah, well, it's too late
now to scold;
I'll think about my sermon and my prayers for Sunday
next,
And the young folks may be happy—let me see—what
was my text?
But what a throng of people—an immortal soul in
each;
With such an audience this would be a splendid place
to preach.
I'd have the pulpit half way down—what ice! without
a smirch!
Here are the men—I wonder if they ever go to
church.
“The teams?” Ah, yes “the forwards, point, and
coverpoint and goal”;
Thank you, my dear, I understand—is that a lump of
coal?
“Rubber?” Ah, yes, “The puck?” just so! One's hold-
ing it, I see—
That fellow with his clothes all on—ah, that's the
referee.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

What was he whistling for—his dog? Why, they've begun to play.

Well, well, that's rough; I really think we're doing wrong to stay.

It's sickening, deafening, dear! I wish this uproar could be stilled.

I do sincerely trust there'll not be anybody killed.

It's a wondrous exhibition of alertness, speed and strength.

I suppose there's not much danger—there's a fellow at full length.

He's up again; that's plucky. Well, the little lad has pluck—

And now he's master of the ice, possessor of the puck.

He dodges two opponents, but collides with one at last,

A Philistine Goliath—David baffles him and fast
Darts onward o'er the whitening sheet, while from each crowded row

The crazed spectators cheer him on—Look!—has he lost it? No!

He's clear again. Played, played, my boy. I'd like to see him score;—

(I'll have no voice for Sunday if I shout like this much more)—

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

But there his ruthless enemies o'erwhelm him in a
shoal—

Well played my hero, safely passed. Now for a shot
on goal.

Shoot, shoot, you duffer; shoot, you goose, you **ass**,
you great galoot,

You addle-pated idiot,—you nincompoop, you—shoot!
You've lost it! Never mind—well tried—that other
dash was grand.

Why do they stop? "Off side," you say? I don't
quite understand.

That's puzzling. I suppose it's right. I wish they'd
not delay.

This is a most provoking interruption to the play.

"Cold?" Nothing of the sort. I was—I'm heated **with**
the game.

I'm really enjoying it; indeed, I'm glad I came.

I'd like to see both ends at once; I can't from where **we**
sit.

They've scored one yonder—What's the row? A
player has been hit?

Such things are bound to happen in a rapid game like
this;

They'll soon resume the play, my dear; there's nothing
much amiss,—

Some trifling accident received in a rough body check,
A shoulder dislocated or a fracture of the neck.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Oh no, it's nothing serious—the game begins again.
They're here, a writhing, struggling mass of half a
dozen men

Battling and groaning with the strife, and breathing
hard and fast,

Swayed back and forth and stooping low like elms
before the blast,

Changing their places like a fleet of vessels tempest-
driven

That blindly meet within the waves and part with
timbers riven,

Waving their sticks with frantic zeal—But isn't this
a sight?

My goodness! I could sit and watch a game like this
all night.

There, dirty trousers, there's your chance. Muffed it!
Why weren't you quick?

This is a sight to make the sad rejoice, to heal the
sick,

To rouse the drones and give them life to last them
half a year—

Hit him again!—I wish I had my congregation here.

My stars! and this is hockey. Hockey's the king of
sports.

This is the thing to come to when you're feeling out
of sorts.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

**This is the greatest holiday I've had for many weeks.
This helps one to appreciate the feelings of the Greeks.
I understand my Homer now—O Hercules! behold.
Yon Trojan giant, he that's cast in an Olympian mould,
Ye gods, he more than doubled up that other stalwart
cove—**

**Here comes swift-footed Mercury, the messenger of
Jove.**

**Adown the blue, outstripping all, he speeds. Oh, what
a spurt!**

**His shoulders have no wings, but see, he has them on
his shirt.**

**He's broken through the forward line, baffled the
coverpoint,**

**Thrown down the other man and knocked their game
all out of joint.**

**And now he rushes on the goal—this makes the senses
reel—**

**Goal! goal! hurrah! hurrah! well done, men of the
winged wheel!**

**At last—how soon! the game is done; I've scarcely
drawn a breath.**

**This getting out is difficult; I'm almost crushed to
death.**

**The cars are packed; how we'll get home I'm sure I
do not know.**

**Here's room for you; get up, my dears; I'll walk;
away you go.**

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

My sermon's gone, but as I walk I cannot help but
think

That, after all, perhaps I've found a sermon in the
rink.

—From "*Canada, My Land*," by W. M. Mackeracher. (Wm. Briggs.)

WAR!

MAJOR J. MILES LANGSTAFF

I NEVER thought that strange, romantic War
Would shape my life and plan my destiny;
Though in my childhood's dreams I've seen his
car

And grisly steeds flash grimly 'thwart the sky.
Yet now behold a vaster, mightier strife
Than echoed on the plains of sounding Troy,
Defeats and triumphs, death, wounds, laughter, life.
All mingled in a strange complex alloy.
I view the panorama in a trance
Of awe, yet colored with a secret joy,
For I have breathed in epic and romance,
Have lived the dreams that thrilled me as a boy!
How sound the ancient saying is, forsooth!
How weak is Fancy's gloss of Fact's stern truth."

—By permission.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

A SOUTHERN LULLABY

VIRNA SHEARD

LITTLE honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight;—
(Shadow-man is comin' from de moon!)—
You's as sweet as roses if dey is so pink an white;
(Shadow-man'll get here mighty soon.)

Little honey baby, keep yo' footses still!—
(Rocky-bye, oh, rocky, rocky-bye)
Hush yo' now, an listen to dat lonesome whip-po'-
well;
Don't yo' fix yo' lip an start to cry.

Little honey baby, stop dat winkin' quick!
(Hear de hoot-owl in de cotton-wood!)
Yess—I sees yo' eyes adoin' dat dere triflin' trick—
(He gets chillun if dey isn't good.)

Little honey baby, what yo' think yo' see?—
(Sister keep on climbin' to de sky—)
Dat's a June bug—it ain't got no stinger, lak a bee—
(Reach de glory city by an' by.)

Little honey baby, what yo' skeery at?—
(Go down, Moses—down to Phar-e-oh,)
No—dat isn't nuffin' but a furry fly-round bat;—
(Say, he'd betta let dose people go.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Little honey baby, yo' is all ma own,—
Deed yo' is.—Yes,—dat's a fia-fly;—
If I didn't hab yo'—reckon I'd be all alone;
(Rocky-bye-oh, rocky, rocky-bye.)

Little honey baby, shet yo' eyes up tight;—
(Shadow man is comin' from de moon,)
You's as sweet as roses, if dey is so pink and white;
(Shadow-man'll get here mighty soon.)

NOTE.—The lines in brackets are supposed to be sung or chanted. The Southern "mammy" seldom sang a song through, but interlarded it with comments.—V.S.

—From "*The Miracle and Other Poems*," by *Virna Sheard*.
(*J. M. Dent & Sons*.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

GWEN'S CANYON

RALPH CONNOR

Gwen, the heroine of "The Sky Pilot" was a daring rider and an ardent lover of outdoor life. She had been severely injured in a stampede in which she had risked her own life to save the Indian boy, Joe. Unable to leave her bed, she grew, at times rebellious, and it took all the tact of her friend the Missionary to soothe her and reconcile her to her condition.

"**W**AS it God let me fall?" she asked abruptly one day, and The Pilot knew the fight was on; but he only answered, looking fearlessly into her eyes:

"Yes, Gwen, dear."

"Why did He let me fall?" and her voice was very deliberate.

"I don't know, Gwen, dear," said The Pilot steadily. "He knows."

"And does He know I shall never ride again? Does He know how long the days are, and the nights when I can't sleep? Does He know?"

"Yes, Gwen, dear," said The Pilot, and the tears were standing in his eyes, though his voice was still steady enough.

"Are you sure He knows?" The voice was painfully intense.

"Listen to me, Gwen," began The Pilot, in great distress, but she cut him short.

"Are you quite sure He knows?" "Answer me!" she cried, with her old imperiousness.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Yes, Gwen, He knows all about you."

"Then what do you think of him, just because He's big and strong, treating a little girl that way?" Then she added, viciously: "I hate Him! I don't care! I hate Him!"

"Gwen," said The Pilot, as if changing the subject, "did it hurt to put on the plaster jacket?"

"You just bet!" said Gwen, lapsing in her English, as The Duke was not present; "it was worse than anything—awful! They had to straighten me out, you know," and she shuddered at the memory of that pain.

"What a pity your father or The Duke was not here!" said The Pilot, earnestly.

"Why, they were both here!"

"What a cruel shame! burst out The Pilot. "Don't they care for you any more?"

"Of course they do," said Gwen indignantly.

"Why didn't they stop the doctors from hurting you so cruelly?"

"Why, they let the doctors. It is going to help me to sit up and perhaps to walk about a little," answered Gwen, with blue-gray eyes open wide.

"Oh," said The Pilot, "it was very mean to stand by and see you hurt like that."

"Why, you silly," replied Gwen, impatiently, "they want my back to get straight and strong."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Oh, then they didn't do it just for fun or for nothing?" said The Pilot, innocently.

"Gwen gazed at him in amazed and speechless wrath, and he went on:

"I mean they love you, though they let you be hurt; or rather they let the doctors hurt you because they loved you and wanted to make you better."

Gwen kept her eyes fixed with curious earnestness upon his face till the light began to dawn.

"Do you mean," she began slowly, "that though God let me fall, He loves me?"

The Pilot nodded; he could not trust his voice.

"I wonder if that can be true," she said, as if to herself; and soon we said good-by and came away—The Pilot, limp and voiceless but I triumphant, for I began to see a little light for Gwen.

The Autumn days brought back all Gwen's old restlessness, and the day of the Autumn round-up was particularly trying to her. Why should she have to stay when all went after the cattle? But The Pilot came in fresh and bright waving a bunch of wild flowers in his hand. He started to tell her of the splendor of the canyon in its autumn dress, when she burst out impatiently.

"Oh, I am sick of all this! I want to ride! I want to see the cattle and the men and—and—and all the things outside." The Pilot was cowboy enough to

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

know the longing that tugged at her heart for one wild race after the calves or steers, but he could not say:

"Wait, Gwen. Try to be patient."

"I am patient; at least I have been patient for two whole months, and it's no use, and I don't believe God cares one bit!"

"Yes, he does, Gwen, more than any of us," replied The Pilot, earnestly.

"No, He does not care," she answered, with angry emphasis, and The Pilot made no reply.

"Perhaps," she went on, hesitatingly, "He's angry because I said I didn't care for Him, you remember? That was very wicked. But don't you think I'm punished nearly enough now? You made me very angry, and I didn't really mean it."

After talking to her for some time of the sympathy of Jesus and his sacrifice, The Pilot began the story of the canyon:

"At first there were no canyons, but only the broad, open prairie. One day the Master of the Prairie, walking out over his great lawns, where were only grasses, asked the Prairie, 'Where are your flowers?' and the Prairie said 'Master, I have no seeds.' Then he spoke to the birds, and they carried seeds of every kind of flower and strewed them far and wide, and soon the Prairie bloomed with crocuses and roses and

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

buffalo beans and the yellow crowfoot and the wild sunflowers and the red lilies all the summer long. Then the Master came and was well pleased; but he missed the flowers he loved best of all, and he said to the Prairie: 'Where are the clematis and the columbine, the sweet violets and wind flowers, and all the ferns and flowering shrubs?' And again he spoke to the birds, and again they carried all the seeds and strewed them far and wide. But, again, when the Master came, he could not find the flowers he loved best of all, and he said 'Where are those, my sweetest flowers?' and the Prairie cried sorrowfully: 'Oh, Master I cannot keep the flowers, for the winds sweep fiercely, and the sun beats upon my breast, and they wither up and fly away.' Then the Master spoke to the Lightning, and with one swift blow the Lightning cleft the Prairie to the heart. And the Prairie rocked and groaned in agony, and for many a day moaned bitterly over its black, jagged, gaping wound. But the Little Swan poured its waters through the cleft, and carried down deep black mould, and once more the birds carried seeds and strewed them in the canyon. And after a long time the rough rocks were decked out with soft mosses and trailing vines, and all the nooks were hung with clematis and columbine, and great elms lifted their huge tops high up into the sunlight, and down about their feet clustered the low

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

cedars and balsams, and everywhere the violets and wind flower and maiden-hair grew and bloomed, till the canyon became the Master's place for rest and peace and joy."

The quaint tale was ended, and Gwen lay quiet for some moments, then said gently:

"Yes! The canyon flowers are much the best. Tell me what it means."

Then The Pilot read to her: "The fruits—I'll read 'flowers'—of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self control, and some of these grow only in the canyon."

"Which are the canyon flowers?" asked Gwen softly, and The Pilot answered:

"Gentleness, meekness, self-control; but though the others, love, joy, peace, bloom in the open, yet never with so rich a bloom and so sweet a perfume as in the canyon."

For a long time Gwen lay quite still, and then said wistfully, while her lips trembled:

"There are no flowers in my canyon, but only ragged rocks."

"Some day they will bloom, Gwen dear; He will find them, and we, too, shall see them."

But as the days shortened outside they brightened inside; and every day, and more and more Gwen's room became the brightest spot in all the house.

—Adapted from "The Sky Pilot," by Ralph Connor.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE SAILING OF THE FLEETS

BLISS CARMAN

NOW the spring is in the town,
Now the wind is in the tree,
And the wintered keels go down
To the calling of the sea.

Out from mooring, dock, and slip,
Through the harbor buoys they glide,
Drawing seaward till they dip
To the swirling of the tide.

One by one and two by two,
Down the channel turns they go,
Steering for the open blue
Where the salty great airs blow;

Craft of many a build and trim,
Every stitch of sail unfurled,
Till they hang upon the rim
Of the azure ocean world.

Who was ever, man or boy,
Seen the sea all flecked with gold,
And not longed to go with joy
Forth upon adventures bold?

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Who could bear to stay indoor,
Now the wind is in the street,
For the creaking of the oar
And the tugging of the sheet!

Now the spring is in the town,
Who would not a rover be,
When the wintered keels go down
To the calling of the sea?

—From *"Echoes From Vagabondia."* (Small, Maynard & Co.)

THE SHIPS OF YULE

BLISS CARMAN

WHEN I was just a little boy,
Before I went to school,
I had a fleet of forty sail
I called the Ships of Yule;

Of every rig, from rakish brig
And gallant barkentine,
To little Fundy fishing-boats
With gunwales painted green.

They used to go on trading trips
Around the world for me,
For though I had to stay on shore
My heart was on the sea.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

They stopped at every port of call
From Babylon to Rome,
To load with all the lovely things
We never had at home;

With elephants and ivory
Bought from the King of Tyre,
And shells and silk and sandal-wood
That sailor men admire;

With figs and dates from Samarcand,
And squatty ginger-jars,
And scented silver amulets
From Indian bazaars;

With sugar-cane from Port of Spain,
And monkeys from Ceylon,
And paper lanterns from Pekin
With painted dragons on;

With cocoanuts from Zanzibar,
And pines from Singapore;
And when they had unloaded these
They could go back for more.

And even after I was big
And had to go to school,
My mind was often for away
Aboard the Ships of Yule.

—From "*Echoes From Vagabondia.*" (Small, Maynard & Co.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE RECKONING

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

YE who reckon with England—
Ye who sweep the seas
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft
And Nelson flung to the breeze—
Count well your ships and your men,
Count well your horse and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would challenge England—
Ye who would break the might
Of the little isle in the foggy sea
And the lion-heart in the fight—
Count well your horse and your swords,
Weigh well your valor and guns,
For they who would ride against England
Must sabre her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warfare
Your hordes of peasants and slaves,
To crush the pride of an empire
And sink her fame in the waves—
Test well your blood and your mettle,
Count well your troops and your guns,
For they who battle with England
Must war with a Mother's sons.

—From "*Canadian Poets*," edited by John W. Garvin, B.A.
(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

TWO BOYS

DONALD A. FRASER

ONCE there was a little boy
Who, when he sat at table,
Would stuff, and stuff, and stuff, and stuff,
As much as he was able.

The bread and jam, and cake, and pie,
So quick each other'd follow
That one could not help wondering if
His whole inside were hollow.

But by-and-by he grew so fat
He found it hard to walk;
Yet still he stuffed, and grew, and puffed,
Till he could scarcely talk.

Then what befell this greedy boy
I'm sure you'd like to know;
One day they found him turned into
A great big lump of dough.

And once there was another boy,
Who, when the meal-time came,
Would scarcely eat a single thing—
Now, wasn't that a shame?

He's screw his nose at wholesome food,
Potatoes, bread or meat;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

But sometimes nibbled gingerly
At dishes rich and sweet.

Now, this boy got so very thin
That—how I hate to tell—
The baby took him for the rake,
And dropped him down the well.

Don't you be like those silly boys,
And stuff, or whine at table;
Eat sensibly, and try to grow
As strong as you are able.

—From "Pebbles and Shells," by Donald A. Fraser. (Wm. Briggs.)

A RIDDLE

DONALD A. FRASER

I HAVE a head, a little head
That you could scarcely see;
But I've a mouth much bigger than
My head could ever be.

That seems impossible, you say;
You think 'twould be a bother?
Why, no! My head is at one end,
My mouth's way at the other.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I have no feet yet I can run,
And pretty fast, it's said;
The funny thing about me is,
I run when in my bed.

I've not a cent in all the world,
I seek not Fortune's ranks;
And yet it's true that, though so poor,
I own two splendid banks.

I've lots of "sand," yet run away;
I'm weak, yet "furnish power;"
No arms, yet my embrace would kill
In less than half an hour.

You think I am some fearful thing,
Ah, you begin to shiver!
Pray, don't; for after all, you know,
I'm only just a river.

—From "*Pebbles and Shells*," by Donald A. Fraser. (Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

DID YOU EVER?

DONALD A. FRASER

DID you ever see a wiggler
Walking on a fence?

Did you ever see a jaguar
Jingling dimes and cents?

Did you ever see a porpoise
Poking out his eyes?

Did you ever see a monkey
Making currant pies?

Did you ever see a tiger
Tickling Tommy's nose?

Or a water-wagtail
Wearing out his clothes?

Did you ever?—No, I never,
Nor, indeed, did you;

For we know that all these creatures
Have something else to do.

—From "*Pebbles and Shells*," by Donald A. Fraser. (Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

DADDY'S HOMECOMING

AMY E. CAMPBELL

THE time of day I love the best
Is 'round 'bout six o'clock,
And I skin through the old back gate,
And half way down the block,
To meet my dad, who's coming home—
Coming home for tea,
Mother and I just hug him tight—
He's our "big man," you see.

He washes up so slick and clean,
And combs up in a trice.
Little Mother is poaching eggs,
And coffee smells so nice,—
And Daddy says, "I'm glad I'm here!
How snug we're goin' to be!"
Mother and I just love him so—
He's our "big man," you see.

He tells us stuff to make us laugh,
And Mother's eyes'll shine
Like two big stars, and all the time
Seem saying, "He's all mine!"
And, oh, we love him awful well,
Our dad who's home for tea!
I don't think we could help it,
He's our "big man," you see.

—From "*Heart Forget-Me-Nots*," by Amy E. Campbell
(William Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

A FATHER FOR THE BABY

NORMAN DUNCAN

PATTY BATCH lived alone in a little log cabin at the edge of a great wood. Her father had been lost in the spring drive, and when a foundling child was left to the care of John Fairmeadow, the lumberman's missionary, he brought it to little Patty for the company it might be to her as well as the care she might give it.

When, next morning after the baby's astonishing arrival in the arms of John Fairmeadow, Patty Batch bent in a glow of motherly adoration over the morsel in the basket—

"By ginger!" thinks she, "I'd jutht like t' thee the Prethident o' the United Thateth athk me t' marry him."

The baby, of course, chuckled his approbation: whereupon Pattie Batch ferociously declared—"I'd thquelch him!"

Pattie Batch, having declared her loyalty to the baby, kissed his round cheek so softly that it might very well have been the caress of a dewdrop; and then she lifted him from the basket, where, if you will believe it, he just exactly fitted.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

And—

"Huh!" she snorted, "I reckon I'm not athkin' no odds o' nobody."

Kings and emperors included!

Pattie Batch had the baby, now, a few days after his coming to this new home, in a sunlit patch of wild-flowers at the edge of the woods, which presently, the lumber-jacks from the Bottle River camps, drifting from the dim forest trail to the clearing of Swamp's End for Sunday diversion, went passing. She heard laughter going by. It was no clean boyish glee: it was a blasphemous outburst—by which, however, bred at Swamp's End, Pattie Batch would not have been greatly disturbed, had not the baby, catching ear of it, too, crowed in response.

It was the answering call—Pattie Batch fancied in a flash—of man to man.

"What you laughin' at?" she demanded.

The baby chuckled.

"Th'top it!" said Pattie Batch, severely.

By now the laughter of the men had gone down the trail; but the baby was still chuckling, with a little ear cocked for the vanishing hilarity.

"What you laughin' at?" Pattie whispered.

The baby stared in amused bewilderment.

"Th'top it!" Pattie commanded, scowling in a rage of fear. She caught the baby's dimpled hand—a

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

rough grasp. "Don't laugh like that!" she pleaded.

Of course, the baby was infinitely astonished, and puckered his lips, in protest that whatever it was, he couldn't help it; and he would next instant have surprised the woods—his mouth was opening wide—had not the motherly little thing snatched him to herself.

"Never mind!" she crooned, contritely; "Oh, never mind—never mind!"

She picked the baby up, then, from his bed and throne of flowers, and hugged him tight, and kissed him until he squirmed: whereupon she set him away, and stood off, regarding him in awe and wilful accusation—and at once began to cry again, her heart yielding against her will.

John Fairmeadow came upon Pattie Batch in tears at the edge of the woods. "Why, why, why!" he exclaimed aghast; "what's all this, child?"

"Nothin'," said Pattie Batch.

"Nothing!" John Fairmeadow protested.

"Well," Pattie Batch drawled, with a snuffle, "I'm jutht crying a li'l' bit."

"I should think you were," said John Fairmeadow. "There's a tear on the tip of your nose. But why?"

"Nothin'," Pattie Batch replied, indifferently.

"Nonsense!" John Fairmeadow declared.

"Nothin' much," said Pattie Batch.

John Fairmeadow inquiringly lifted Pattie Batch's

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

little brown hand—whereupon Pattie Batch looked shyly away without very well knowing why—and demanded an explanation.

"It'th the baby," Pattie Batch admitted.

"Preposterous!" said John Fairmeadow, in disgust; "the baby isn't old enough to hurt anybody's feelings."

"The baby," Pattie Batch sighed, "hath got t' grow up."

"Glad of it!" cried John Fairmeadow. "I'm delighted!"

"Ithn't goin' t' be no baby no more!"

"Of course not!" said John Fairmeadow. "Have you nothing better to do than cry over that?"

"Well," Pattie Batch flashed, "I gueth I know my bithneth. I'm a mother," she declared, indignantly.

For the life of him, John Fairmeadow could discover no cause of grief in this prospect of growth. "Good heavens!" said he, "why shouldn't the baby grow up? Hasn't he the right to grow up if he wants to?"

Pattie Batch sat up with a jerk and stared at John Fairmeadow. "What say?" she gasped.

"Hasn't he the right to grow up?"

Pattie Batch pondered this. Presently she sighed and wiped her gray eyes. "Thith here baby dothn't belon g t' me at all," she said, slowly, with the resigna-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

tion inevitable in good mothers when the revelation is complete; "he—belongth—to—himthelf!"

A good thing to have over and done with.

She sat for a long time, heart and mind washed clean of selfishness, dreaming heavily, in the glow, concerning the making of Men. How should one make a Man? What was demanded? What cleverness—what labor—what sacrifices? And the night had not far sped before wise little Pattie Batch came gravely to the momentous conclusion. Only a man, she determined, could make a Man.

John Fairmeadow tapped at the door, and, heartily bidden, entered for a moment from the rainy wind. "Well, well!" said he, "it's high time all little mothers were in bed. Come, come, my good woman! I just dropped in to pack you off."

"Thith here little mother," said Pattie Batch, with a saucy toss, "ith almighty bithy."

"Busy!" cried John Fairmeadow.

"Yep," Pattie Batch declared; "but she'th pretty near through."

John Fairmeadow demanded to know, of course, what the little mother had been bothering her pretty brains with.

"Nothin'," said Pattie Batch.

"None o' that!" John Fairmeadow protested.

"Anyhow," said Pattie Batch, "nothin' much."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Out with it, young woman!"

"I th'pothe," Pattie Batch drawled, "that I got t' get married."

"Nonsense!" John Fairmeadow ejaculated.

"By ginger!" Pattie Batch burst out, with a slap of her knee, "I got t' get thith here baby a father."

"A what?"

"A father for thith here baby."

John Fairmeadow jumped. "Patience Batch," said he promptly, "how would I do?"

"Thertainly not!" said Pattie Batch.

"Why not?" John Fairmeadow wanted to know.

"Becauthe," drawled Pattie Batch.

"I'd be an excellent parent," John Fairmeadow declared. "I'd be an excellent parent for any baby. Why, I'd——"

"John Fairmeadow!" Pattie exclaimed.

"What's the matter with me?" Fairmeadow demanded. "Why wouldn't I do?"

"The idea!" cried Pattie Batch, her gray eyes popping.

John Fairmeadow was forthwith shooed into the night and rainy wind to cool his ardor.

—Adapted from *"The Measure of a Man,"* by Norman Duncan.
(Fleming H. Revell Co.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

SONGS OF THE LITTLE VILLAGES

JAMES B. DOLLARD

THE pleasant little villages that grace the Irish
glynns

Down among the wheat-fields—up amid the
whins,

The little white-walled villages crowding close to-
gether,

Clinging to the Old Sod in spite of wind and weather :

Ballytarsney, Ballymore, Ballyboden, Boyle,

Ballingarry, Ballymagorry, by the Banks of the
Foyle,

Ballylaneen, Ballyporeen, Bansha, Ballysadare,

Ballybrack, Ballinalack, Barna, Ballyclare.

The cosy little villages that shelter from the mist,

Where the great West Walls by ocean-spray are kissed ;

The happy little villages that cuddle in the sun

When blackberries ripen and the harvest work is done.

Corrymeela, CroaghnaKeela, Clogher, Cahirci-
veen,

Cappaharoe, Carrigaloe, Cashel and Coosheen,

Castlefinn and Carrigtohill, Crumlin, Clara, Clane,

Carrigaholt, Carrigaline, CloghJordan and Cool-
rain.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The dreamy little villages, where by the fires at night,
Old Shanachies with ghostly tale the boldest hearts
affright;

The crooning of the wind-blast is the wailing Ban-
shee's cry,

And when the silver hazels stir they say the fairies
sigh.

Kilfenora, Kilfinnane, Kinnity, Killylea,
Kilmoganny, Kiltamagh, Kilroman and Kilrea,
Killashandra, Kilmacow, Killiney, Killashee,
Killenaule, Killmyshall, Killorglin and Killeagh.

Leave the little villages, o'er the black seas go,
Learn the stranger's welcome, learn the exile's woe,
Leave the little villages, but think not to forget
After they'll rise before your eyes to rack your bosoms
yet.

Moneymore, Moneyall, Monivea and Moyne,
Mullinahone, Mullinavatt, Mullagh and Moon-
coin,
Shanagolden, Shanballymore, Stranorlar and
Slane,
Toberaheena, Toomyvara, Tempo and Strabane.

On the Southern Llanos,—north where strange light
gleams,

Many a yearning exile sees them in his dreams;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Dying voices murmur (passed all pain and care),
"Lo the little villages, God has heard our prayer."
Lisdoonvarna, Lissadil, Lisdargan, Lisnaskea,
Portglenone, Portarlinton, Portumna, Port-
magee,
Clondalkin and Clongowan, Cloondara and
Clonae,
God bless the little villages and guard them night
and day!

—From "*Irish Lyrics and Ballads*," by Rev. J. B. Dollard.
(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

OULD KILKINNY

JAMES B. DOLLARD

I'M sick o' New York City an' the roarin' o' the
thrains
That rowl above the blessed roofs an' underneath
the dhraings!
Wid dust an' smoke an' divilmint I'm moidhered head
an' brain!
An' I thinkin' o' the skies of ould Kilkinny!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Bad luck to Owen Morahan that sint the passage-note
'Tis he's the cause, the omadhaun, I ever tuk the boat;
'Tis he's the cause I'm weeping here, a dhrayman on
a float!

When I should be savin' hay in ould Kilkinny!

The sorra bit o' grassy field from morn till night I see,
Nor e'er a lark or linnet—not to mind a weeshy bee!
Och! an' honest Irish mountain now would lift the
heart o' me!

Will I ever see the hills of ould Killkinny?

The rattle on the pavemint-blocks is fit to make you
cry!

A hundhert snortin' carriages like fire an' brimstone
fly!

Tin thousand people tearin' wild, black sthrangers pass
me by!

An' to think I left me frinds in ould Kilkinny!

'Tis well me lovin' parents all are in their coffin-
shrouds,

'Twould break their hearts to see their boy half-
smothered in these crowds,

Wid buildin's all around that high they're berrid in
the clouds!

When the little cot would suit him in Kilkinny!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Bad luck to Owen Morahan, if I'd the passage back,
'Tis shortly I'd be home agin across the ocean thrack!
I'd not delay in Queenstown, an' I'd fly through
Ballyhack,

For to greet the neighbors kind in ould Kilkinny.

—From *"Irish Lyrics and Ballads,"* by Rev. J. B. Dollard.
(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

A DISAPPOINTMENT

L. M. MONTGOMERY

"WELL, there's something to be said for large families," said Miss Cornelia, with a sigh.

"I was an only child for eight years and I did long for a brother and sister. Mother told me to pray for one—and pray I did, believe me. Well, one day Aunt Nellie came to me and said, 'Cornelia, there is a little brother for you upstairs in your ma's room. You can go up and see him.' I was so excited and delighted I just flew upstairs. And old Mrs. Flagg lifted up the baby for me to see. Lord, Anne, dearie, I never was so disappointed in my life. You see, I'd been praying for a brother two years older than myself."

—From *"Anne's House of Dreams."* (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE AS BLACK
AS YOU

ROBERT TODD

WE'VE got a little nigger boy, across the street
from us,

And he's the blackest kid I ever seen.

His eyes are just like alleys, and his hair is full of
curls,

And say, that kid is awful, awful mean.

When we were playing marbles yesterday, he skinned
me out,

And I was feeling very sick and blue.

I asked him for a set-up; he said "No," and then I
yelled,

"I wouldn't like to be as black as you."

I wouldn't like to be as black as you,

I wouldn't like to be as black as you,

You've got wool upon your head,

I've got hair on mine instead;

I wouldn't like to be as black as you,

Now, we were playing hide-and-seek, 'twas just the
other night,

That kid and me was having lots of fun.

We'd sneak into the doorways, or hid behind fat men,

And then like lightning to the home we'd run.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

But I got "it," and then that kid was nowheres to be found.

I searched and searched, but him I could not see.
When I got home, he was there first, and then he laughed out loud,

"I guess you'd like to be as black as me."

Sometimes I know it's awful nice to be a nigger boy,
Because you see it saves a lot of soap;
And mother wouldn't have to say, "Go wash your hands and face,"

It saves a lot of trouble, too, I hope.
The nigger man who brings our coal just looks as clean as me,

And always looks as clean the whole day through;
But when I see that nigger kid I really have to say:
"I wouldn't like to be as black as you."

—By permission of the author.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE RUNAWAY GRANDMOTHER

NELLIE I. M'CLUNG

GEORGE SHAW was a well-to-do young bachelor farmer living near Millford, Manitoba. But he was not happy. Unfortunate experiences with several successive housekeepers had made him decide to do his own cooking. After three days of it every dish in the house was dirty; the teapot was full of leaves, the stove full of ashes, and the floor was slippery.

The busy time was coming on. He would have to hire another man. After some pondering he reversed his former decision. He would not do his own cooking.

As a last hope he decided to advertise. He hunted up his writing-pad and wrote hastily;

"Housekeeper wanted by a farmer; must be sober and steady. Good wages to the right person. Apply to George Shaw, Millford, Man."

He read it over reflectively. "There ought to be someone for me," he said. "I am not hard to please. Any good, steady old lady who will give me a bite to eat, not swear at me or wear my clothes or drink while on duty will answer my purpose."

Two days after his advertisement had appeared in the Brandon Times, "she" arrived.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Shaw saw a smart-looking woman gaily tripping along the road, and his heart failed.

As she drew near, however, he was relieved to find that her hair was snowy white.

"Good evening, Mr. Shaw!" she called to him as soon as she was within speaking distance.

"Good evening, madam," he replied, lifting his hat.

"I just asked along the road until I found you," she said, untying her bonnet strings; "I knew this lonesome little house must be the place. No trees, no flowers, no curtains, no washing on the line—I could tell there was no woman around." She was fixing her hair at his little glass as she spoke. "Now, son, run out and get a few chips for the fire, and we'll have a bite of supper in a few minutes."

Shaw brought the chips.

"Now, what do you say to pancakes for supper?"

Shaw declared that nothing would suit him so well as pancakes.

The fire crackled merrily under the kettle, and soon the two of them were sitting down to an appetizing meal of pancakes and syrup, boiled eggs and tea.

"Land sakes, George, you must have had your own time with those housekeepers of yours! Some of them drank, eh? I could tell that by the piece you put in the paper. But never mind them now; I'll soon have you feeling fine as silk. How's your socks? Toes out,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I'll bet. Well I'll hunt you up a pair, if there's any to be found. If I can't find any you can go to bed when you get your chores done, and I'll wash out them you've on—I can't bear my men folks to have their toes out; a hole in the heel ain't so bad, it's behind you and you can forget it, but a whole in the toe is always in your way no matter which way you're going."

After supper, when Shaw was out doing his chores, he could see her bustling in and out of the house; now she was beating his bedclothes on the line; in another minute she was leaning far out of a bedroom window dusting a pillow.

When he came into the house she reported that her search for stockings, though vigorous, had been vain. He protested a little about having to go to bed when the sun was shining, but she insisted.

"I'm sorry, George," she said, "to have to make you go to bed, but it's the only thing we can do. You'll find your bed feels a lot better since I took the horse collar and the pair of rubber boots out from under the mattress. That's a poor place to keep things. Good-night now—don't read lying down."

Just at daylight the next morning there came a knock at his door.

"Come, George—time to get up!"

When he came in from feeding his horses a splendid breakfast was on the table.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Here's your basin, George; go out and have a good wash. Here's your comb; it's been lost for quite awhile. I put a towel out there for you, too. Hurry up now and get your vittles while they are nice!"

When Shaw came to the table she regarded him with pleasure.

"You're a fine-looking boy, George, when you're slicked up," she said. "Now bow your head until we say grace! There, now pitch in and tell me how you like grandma's cooking."

Shaw ate heartily and praised everything.

A few days afterwards she said, "Now, George, I guess I'll have to ask you to go to town and get some things we need for the house."

Shaw readily agreed, and took out his paper and pencil.

"Soap, starch, ten yards of cheesecloth—that's for curtains," she said. "I'll knit lace for them, and they'll look real dressy; toilet soap, sponge and nailbrush—that's for your bath, George; you haven't been taking them as often as you should, or the hoops wouldn't have come off your tub. You can't cheat Nature, George; she always tells on you. Ten yards flannelette—that's for night-shirts; ten yards sheeting—that's for your bed—and your white shirts are pretty far gone."

"Yes, I know, and the key is in that old cup on the

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

stand, and I know how to unlock a trunk, don't I?" she replied with dignity. "You need new shirts all right, but just get one. I never could abear them boughten shirts, they are so skimpy in the skirt; I'll make you some lovely ones, with blue and pink flossin' down the front."

He looked up alarmed.

"Then about collars," she went on serenely.

"You have three, but they're not in very good shape, though, of course, you couldn't expect anything better of them, kept in that box with the nails—oh, I found them, George, you needn't look so surprised. You see I know something about boys—I have three of my own." A shadow passed over her face and she sighed. "Well, I guess that is all for to-day. Be sure to get your mail and hurry home."

"Shall I tell the postmaster to put your mail in my box?" he asked.

"Oh, no, never mind—I ain't expectin' any," she said, and Shaw drove away wondering.

A few nights after she said, "Well, George, I suppose you are wonderin' now who this old lady is, though I am not to say real old either."

"Indeed you are not old," Shaw declared with considerable gallantry; "you are just in your prime."

She regarded him gratefully. "You're a real nice boy, George," she said, "and there ain't going to be

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

no secrets between us. If you wet your feet, or tear your clothes, don't try to hide it. Don't keep nothing from me and I won't keep nothing from you. Now I'll tell you who I am and all about it. I am Mrs. Peter Harris, of Owen Sound, Ontario, and I have three sons here in the West. They've all done well, far as money goes. I came up to visit them. I came from Bert's here. I couldn't stand the way Bert's folks live. Mind you, they burn their lights all night, and they told me it doesn't cost a cent more. Land o' liberty! They can't fool me. If lights burn, someone pays—and the amount of hired help they keep is something scandalous. Et, that is Bert's wife, is real smart, and they have two hired girls, besides their own two girls, and they get in a woman to wash besides. I wanted them to let the two girls go while I was there, but no, sir! Et says, 'Grandma, you didn't come here to work you must just rest.' They wouldn't let me do a thing, and that brazen hired girl—the housemaid, they call her—one day even made me bed; and, mind you, George, she put the narrow hem on the sheet to the top, and she wasn't a bit ashamed when I told her. She said she hoped it didn't make me feel that I was standin' on my head all night; and the way that woman hung out the clothes was a perfect scandal!" Her voice fell to an awed whisper. "She hangs the underwear in plain sight. I ain't

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

never been used to the like of that! I could not stay. Bert is kind enough, so is Et, and they have one girl, Maud, of course, brought up the way she has been, she is awful ignorant for that age. Mind you, that girl had never turned the heel of a stocking until I got her at it, but Maud can learn. I'd take that girl quick, and bring her up like my own, if Bert would let me. Well, anyway, I could not put up with the way they live, and I just ran away."

"You ran away!" echoed Shaw. "They'll be looking for you!"

"Let 'em look!" said the old lady, grimly. "They won't ever find me here."

"I'll hide you in the haymow, and if they come in here to search for you I'll declare I never knew you—I am prepared to do desperate things," Shaw declared.

"George, if they ever get in here—that is, Et anyway—she'll know who did the fixin' up. There ain't many that know how to do this Rocky Road to Dublin that is on your lounge. Et would know who'd been here."

"That settles it!" declared Shaw, "Et shall not enter. If Et gets in it shall be over my prostrate form, but maybe it would be better for you to take the Rocky Road with you to the hayloft.

When she was with him about a week she announced that he must have a daily bath. "It is easier to wash

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

you than the bed-clothes, that's one reason," she said, "and it's good for you besides. That's what's wrong with lots of young boys; they git careless and dirty, and then they take to smoking and drinking just natcherally. A clean hide, mind you, is next to a clean heart. Now go along upstairs; everything is ready for you."

One evening in late summer Mrs. Harris expressed a desire to see Maud. George feared it might mean the departure of Grandma. Early in Autumn Maud came. Shaw was ploughing in the field in front of the house when Maud came walking briskly up the road just as her grandmother had done three months before.

He raised his hat as she drew near. Maud went right into the subject.

"Have you my grandmother?" she said.

Shaw hesitated—the dreaded moment had come.

"I have your grandmother," he said slowly, "and she is very well and happy."

"Will you give her up?" was Maud's next question.

"Never!" he answered stoutly; and she won't give me up either. Your grandmother and I are very fond of each other, I would like you to know—but come in and see her."

That night after supper, which proved to be a very merry meal in spite of the shadow which had fallen

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

across the little home, Mrs. Harris said almost tearfully; "I can't leave this pore lamb, Maud—there's no knowin' what will happen to him."

Maud prolonged her visit for several days. The evenings passed pleasantly with reading by Shaw from "The Kentucky Cardinal." Let us listen now to George and Maud as they walked along the river bank some days afterward and discussed the situation.

"You see, Mr. Shaw," Maud was saying, "it doesn't look right for grandma to be living with a stranger when she has so many of her own people. I know she is happy with you—happier than she has been with any of us—but what will people think? It looks as if we didn't care for her, and we do. She is the sweetest old lady in the world." Maud was very much in earnest.

Shaw's eyes followed the wild geese until they faded into tiny specks on the horizon. Then he turned and looked straight into her face.

"Maud," he said, with a strange vibration in his voice, "I know a way out of the difficulty; a real good, pleasant way, and by it your grandmother can continue to live with me, and still be with her own folks. Maud, can you guess it?"

The blush that spread over Maud's face indicated that she was a good guesser.

—Adapted from "*The Black Creek Stopping House*," by Nellie L. McClung. (Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

ST. ANDREW'S DAY—A TOAST

JEAN BLEWETT

WHA cares if skies be dull and gray?
Wha heeds November weather?

Let ilka Scot be glad to-day

The whole wide warl' thegither.

We're a' a prood and stubborn lot,

And clannish—sae fowk name us—

Ay, but with sic guid cause none ought

Tae judge us, or tae blame us.

For joys that are we'll pledge to-day

A land baith fair and glowing—

Here's tae the names o' Canada,

Wi' luv and peace o'erflowing!

For joys that were, for auld lang syne,

For tender chords that bind us,

A toast—your hand, auld friend, in mine—

"The land we left behind us!"

Ho, lowlanders! Ho, hielandmen!

We'll toast her a' thegither,

Here's tae each bonnie loch and glen!

Here's tae her hills and heather!

Here's tae the auld hame far away!

While tender mists do blind us,

We'll pledge on this, St. Andrew's day,

"The land we left behind us!"

—From *"The Cornflower and Other Poems,"* by Jean Blewett
(William Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE ROSE OF A NATION'S THANKS

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

A WELCOME? Oh, yes, 'tis a kindly word, but
why will they plan and prate
Of feasting and speeches and such small things,
while the wives and mothers wait?

Plan as ye will, and do as ye will, but think of the
hunger and thirst

In the hearts that wait; **and do as ye will**, but lend us
our laddies first!

Why, what would ye have? There is not a lad that
treads in the gallant ranks

Who does not already bear on his breast the Rose of
a Nation's Thanks!

A welcome? Why, what do you mean by that, when
the very stones must sing

As our men march over them home again; the walls
of the city ring

With the thunder of throats and the tramp and tread
of feet that rush and run?—

I think in my heart that the very trees must shout for
the bold work done!

Why, what would ye have? There is not a lad that
treads in the gallant ranks

Who does not already bear on his breast the Rose of a
Nations Thanks!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

A welcome? There is not a babe at the breast won't
spring at the roll of the drum

That heralds them home—the keen, long cry in the
air of "They come! They come!"

And what of it all if ye bade them wade knee-deep in
a wave of wine,

And tossed tall torches, and arched the town in
garlands of maple and pine?

All dust in the wind of a woman's cry as she snatches
from the ranks

Her boy who bears on his bold young breast the Rose
of a Nation's Thanks."

A welcome? There's a doubt if the lads would stand
like stone in their steady line

When a babe held high on a dear wife's hand or the
stars that swin and shine

In a sweetheart's eyes, or a mother's smile, flashed far
in the welded crowd,

Of a father's proud voice, half-sob and half-cheer,
cried on a son aloud.

O the billows of waiting hearts that swelled would
sweep from the martial ranks

The gallant boys who bear on their breasts the Rose
of a Nation's Thanks!

A welcome? O Joy, can they stay your feet, or
measure the wine of your bliss?

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

O Joy, let them have you alone to-day—a day with a pulse like this!

A welcome? Yes, 'tis a tender thought, a green laurel that laps the sword—

But Joy has the wing of a wild white swan, and the song of a free wild bird!

She must beat the air with her wing at will, at will must her song be driven

From her heaving heart and tremulous throat through the awful arch of heaven.

And what would ye have? There isn't a lad will burst from the shouting ranks

But bears like a star on his faded coat the Rose of a Nation's Thanks!

—From *"The Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford."*
(Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE, OF GUELPH, CANADA

IN Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

—By permission of "Punch."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE

O GUNS fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on.
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
And died not knowing how the day had gone).

O flashing muzzles pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar!
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them and Cæsar that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns! that we have heard their call;
That we have sworn and will not turn aside;
That we will onward till we win or fall;
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient and some day anon
They shall feel earth enrap in silence deep,
Shall greet in wonderment that quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

—By permission of "The Spectator."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE LIMITS

E. W. THOMSON

YES, indeed, my grandfather wass once in jail," said old Mrs. McTavish, of the county of Glangarry, in Ontario, Canada; "but that wass for debt, and he wass a ferry honest man whateffer, and he would not broke his promise—no, not for all the money in Canada. If you will listen to me, I will tell chust exactly the true story about that debt, to show you what an honest man my grandfather wass.

"One time Tougal Stewart, him that wass the poy's grandfather that keeps the same store in Cornwall to this day, sold a plough to my grandfather, and my grandfather said he would pay half the plough in October, and the other half whateffer time he felt able to pay the money. Yes, indeed, that wass the very promise my grandfather gave.

"So he wass at Tougal Stewart's store on the first of October early in the morning pefore the shutters wass taken off, and he paid half chust exactly to keep his word. Then the crop wass ferry pad next year, and the year after that one of his horses wass killed py lightning, and the next year his brother, that wass not rich and had a big family, died, and do you think wass my grandfather to let the family be disgraced without a good funeral? No, indeed. So my grand-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

father paid for the funeral, and there was at it plenty of meat and drink for eferybody, as wass the right Hielan' custom those days; and after the funeral my grandfather did not feel chust exactly able to pay the other half for the plough that year either.

So, then, Tougall Stewart met my grandfather in Cornwall next day after the funeral, and asked him if he had some money to spare.

" 'Wass you in need of help, Mr. Stewart?' says my grandfather, kindly. 'For if it's in any want you are, Tougall,' says my grandfather, 'I will sell the coat off my back, if there is no other way to lend you a loan'; for that wass always the way of my grandfather with all his friends, and a bigger-hearted man there never wass in all Glengarry, or in Stormont, or in Dundas, moreofer.

" 'In want?' says Tougall—'in want, Mr. McTavish!' says he, very high. 'Would you wish to insult a gentleman, and him of the name of Stewart, that's the name of princes of the world?' he said, so he did.

"Seeing Tougall had his temper up, my grandfather spoke softly, being a quiet, peaceable man, and in wonder what he had said to offend Tougall.

" 'Mr. Stewart,' says my grandfather, 'it wass not in my mind to anger you whatefer. Only I thought, from your asking me if I had some money, that you might be looking for a wee bit of a loan, as many a

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

gentleman has to do at times, and no shame to him at all,' said my grandfather.

" 'A loan?' says Tougall, sneering. 'A loan, is it? Where's your memory, Mr. McTavish? Are you not owing me half the price of the plough you've had these three years?'

" 'And wass you asking me for money for the other half of the plough?' says my grandfather, very astonished.

" 'Just that,' says Tougall.

" 'Have you no shame or honor in you?' says my grandfather, firing up. 'How could I feel able to pay that now, and me chust yesterday been giving my poor brother a funeral fit for the McTavish's own grandnephew, that wass as good chentleman's plood as any Stewart in Glengarry. You saw the expense I wass at, for there you wass, and I thank you for the politeness of coming, Mr. Stewart,' says my grandfather, ending mild, for the anger would never stay in him more than a minute, so kind was the nature he had.

" 'If you can spend money on a funeral like that, you can pay me for my plough,' says Stewart; for with buying and selling he wass become a poor creature, and the heart of a Hielan' man wass half gone out of him, for all he wass so proud of his name of monarchs and kings.

"My grandfather had a mind to strike him down on

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

the spot, so he often said; but he thought of the time when he hit Hamish Cochrane in anger, and he minded the penances the priest put on him for breaking the silly man's jaw with the blow, so he smothered the heat that wass in him, and turned away in scorn. With that Tougall Stewart went to court, and sued my grandfather, *puir mean creature.*" . . .

We will ask Mrs. McTavish to excuse us now while we narrate briefly what followed:—

And the Judge ruled that McTavish should pay at once. But with Scottish stubbornness he refused to pay "till he felt able," and with Scottish shrewdness he took the precaution of giving a bill of sale of all his gear to his neighbor Alexander Frazer, so that when Dougald Stewart got out an execution there was nothing the bailiff could lay his hands on.

So McTavish had to go to jail in Cornwall, and Dougald Stewart had to pay his keep there, for all this was law at the time. There were sixteen acres of grounds around the goal, with the limits marked by white cedar posts, and any prisoners who had friends to give bail for their good behavior were allowed "the privilege of the limits," that is they were not confined to the jail building, but they must not go beyond the posts.

McTavish used to bring a chair out and sit beside one of the posts and chat from time to time with

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

neighbors who called. From here he directed the operations on the farm and he amused himself by calculating how much it would cost Dougald Stewart to keep him there providing he lived as long as his father who was hale and hearty at ninety-six.

But bad news came one day—his youngest child was taken ill and seemed likely to die. McTavish neither slept nor rested for three days and three nights—and then suddenly a thought came to him and he went straight to one of the cedar posts and pulled it out of the hole, and started for home holding the post in front of him.

When he was half a mile out of Cornwall two of the turnkeys came after him.

"Stop, Mr. McTavish," said the turnkeys.

"What for should I stop," said McTavish.

"You have broken your bail," said they.

"It's a lie for you," says McTavish. "Am I beyond the post?"

With that they ran in on him, but he used the post to advantage and left the turnkeys on the road. He went on towards home and was caught up with by a neighbor who was driving. He explained the situation and got a lift home. There he remained until his son was better and then returned to the jail with the post behind him in the wagon. . . .

And now Mrs. McTavish may conclude:

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"How did my grandfather get free in the end? Oh, then, that was because of Tougal Stewart being careless—him that thought he knew so much of the law. The law was, you will mind, that Tougal had to pay five shillings a week for keeping my grandfather in the limits. The money wass to be paid efery Monday, and it wass to be paid in lawful money of Canada, too. Well, would you belief that Tougal paid in four shillings in silver one Monday, and one shilling in coppers, for he took up the collection in church the day pefore, and it was not till Tougal had gone away that the jailer saw that one of the coppers was a Brock copper—a medal, you will understand, made at General Brock's death, and not lawful money of Canada at all. With that the jailer came out to my grandfather.

" 'Mr. McTavish, says he, taking off his hat, 'you are a free man, and I'm glad of it.' Then he told him what Tougal had done.

" 'I hope you will not have any hard feelings toward me, Mr. McTavish,' said the jailer; and a decent man he wass, for all that there wass not a drop of Hielan' blood in him. 'I hope you will not think hard of me for not being hospitable to you, sir,' says he; 'but it's against the rules and regulations for the jailer to be offering the best he can command to the prisoners. Now that you are free, Mr. McTavish,' says the jailer,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

'I would be a proud man if Mr. McTavish of Glen-gatchie would do me the honor of taking supper with me this night. I will be asking your leave to invite some of the gentlemen of the place, if you will say the word, Mr. McTavish,' says he.

"Well, my grandfather could never bear malice, the kind man he was, and he seen how bad the jailer felt, so he consented, and a great company came in, to be sure, to celebrate the occasion.

"Did my grandfather pay the balance on the plough?" "What for should you suspicion, sir, that my grandfather would refuse his honest debt? Of course he paid for the plough, for the crop was good that fall.

"'I would be paying you the other half of the plough now, Mr. Stewart,' says my grandfather, coming in when the store was full.

"'Hoich, but YOU are the honest McTavish!'" says Tougal, sneering.

"But my grandfather made no answer to the creature, for he thought it would be unkind to mention how Tougal had paid out six pounds four shillings and eleven pence to keep him in on account of a debt of two pound five that never was due till it was paid."

—Adapted from "Old Man Savarin," by E. W. Thomson.
(S. B. Gundy.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

LITTLE BATEESE

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

YOU bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till he jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
And he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,
An' do w'at you lak wit' your old gran'pere
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

—From *"The Collected Poems of William Henry Drummond.*
(G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE DUBLIN FUSILIER

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

HERE'S to you, Uncle Kruger! slainte! an'
slainte galore.

You're a dacint ould man, begorra; never mind
if you are a Boer.

So with heart an' a half ma bouchal, we'll drink to
your health to-night

For yourself an' your farmer sojers gave us a damn
good fight.

I was drammin' of Kitty Farrell, away in the Gap o'
Dunloe,

When the song of the bugle woke me, ringin' across
Glencoe;

An' once in a while a bullet came patterin' from above,
That tould us the big brown fellows were sendin' us
down their love.

'T was a kind of an invitation, an' written in such a
han'

That a Chinaman couldn't refuse it—not to spake of
an Irishman.

So the pickets sent back an answer. "We're comin'
with right good will,"

Along what they call the kopje, tho' to me it looked
more like a hill.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Fall in on the left," sez the captain, "my men of the
Fusiliers;

You'll see a great fight this morning—like you haven't
beheld for years."

"Faith, captain dear," sez the sergeant, "You can bet
your Majuba sword

If the Dutch is a willin' as we are, you never spoke
truer word."

So we scrambled among the bushes, the bowlders an'
rocks an' all,

Like the gauger's men still-huntin' on the mountains
of Donegal;

We doubled an' turned an' twisted the same as a
hunted hare,

While the big guns peppered each other over us in
the air.

Like steam from the divil's kettle the kopje was bilin'
hot,

For the breeze of the Dutchman's bullets was the only
breeze we got;

An' many a fine boy stumbled, many a brave lad died,
When the Dutchman's message caught him there on
the mountainside.

Little Nelly O'Brien, God help her! over there at
ould Ballybay,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Will wait for a Transvaal letter till her face an' her
hair is grey,
For I seen young Crahoore on a stretcher, an' I knew
the poor boy was gone
When I spoke to the ambulance doctor, an' he nodded
an' then passed on.
"Steady there!" cried the captain, "we must halt for
a moment here."
An' he spoke like a man in trainin', full winded an'
strong an' clear,
So we threw ourselves down on the kopje, weary an'
tired as death,
Waitin' the captain's orders, waitin' to get a breath.
It's strange all the humors an' fancies that comes to
a man like me;
But the smoke of the battle risin' took me across the
sea—
It's the mist of Benbo I'm seein'; an' the rock that
we'll capture soon
Is the rock where I shot the eagle, when I was a small
gossoon.
I close my eyes for a minute, an' hear my poor mother
say,
"Patrick, avick, my darlin', you're surely not goin'
away
To join the red-coated sojers?"—but the blood in me
was strong—

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

If your sire was a Connaught Ranger, sure where
would his son belong?

Hark! whisht! do you hear the music comin' up from
from the camp below?

An odd note or two when the Maxims take breath
for a second or so,

Liftin' itself on somehow, stealin' its way up here,
Knowin' there's waitin' to hear it, many an Irish ear.

Augh! Garryowen! You're the jewel! an' we charged
on the Dutchman's guns,

An' covered the bloody kopje, like a Galway grey-
hound runs,

At the top of the hill they met us, with faces all set
and grim;

But they couldn't take the bayonet—that's the trouble
with most of them.

So of course, they'll be praisin' the Royals an' men of
the Fusiliers,

An' the newspapers help to dry up the widows an'
orphans' tears,

An' they'll write a new name on the colors—that is,
if there's room for more

An' we'll follow them thro' the battle, the same as
we've done before.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

But here's to you, Uncle Kruger! slainte! an' slainte
galore.

After all, you're a dacint Christian, never mind if you
are a Boer.

So with heart an' a half, ma bouchal, we'll drink to
your health to-night,

For yourself an' your brown-faced Dutchmen gave us
a damn good fight.

—From *"The Collected Poems of William Henry Drummond.*
(G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE SONGS WE NEED

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

MYRIAD singers pour their treasures
Into wearied ears—
Sweet, uncertain, minor measures,
Trembling doubts and fears.

Why repeat these strains of sadness,
Which but feed our fears?

Are there no clear notes of gladness
Straying down the years?

Sing of Sorrow? All men know it.

Share with them their tears;

Then—ah! then, forget not, poet—

Sing the Hope that cheers.

—From *"A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and
of Peace,"* by Bernard Freeman Trotter. (McClelland, Good-
child & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE CLOCKMAKER'S SOFT SAWDER

JUDGE HALIBURTON

BUT how is it," said I, "that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, which certainly cannot be called necessary articles, among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?" Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said in a confidential tone,—

"Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of soft sawder and human natur'. But here is Deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him."

At the gate of a most comfortable looking farmhouse stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbors, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and, addressing himself to me, said, "If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down East here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

me. Why, there ain't such a location in all New England. The Deacon has a hundred acres of dyke"—

"Seventy," said the Deacon, "only seventy."

"Well, seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom, why I could run a ramrod into it"—

"Interval, we call it," said the Deacon, who though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place.

"Well, interval, if you please—though Professor Eleazer Cumstick, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms—is just as good as dyke. Then there is that water privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand dollars for. I wonder, Deacon, you don't put up a carding mill on it; the same works would carry a turning lathe, a shingle-machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and"—

"Too old," said the Deacon, "too old for all those speculations"—

"Old!" repeated the Clockmaker, "not you; why you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see, nowadays; you are young enough to have"—here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear, but whatever it was, the Deacon was pleased; he smiled, and said he did not think of such things now.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"But your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;" saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone, "That is what I call 'soft sawder.' An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or" said he, looking rather archly, "if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away, if he could. Now I find"—Here his lecture on "soft sawder" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint.

"Jist come to say good-by, Mrs. Flint."

"What, have you sold all your clocks?"

"Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wish to close the consarn; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbor Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels, and patent axles, is a beautiful article, a real first chop, no mistake, genuine superfine—but I guess I'll take it back; and besides, Squire Hawk might think kinder hard, that I did not give him the offer."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Flint. "I should like to see it; where is it?"

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Pape's store. I guess he can ship it on to Eastport."

"That's a good man," said Mrs. Flint, "jist let's look at it."

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock,—a gaudy, highly-varnished, trumpery-looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The Deacon praised the clock; he too thought it a handsome one; but the Deacon was a prudent man; he had a watch; he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock.

"I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, Deacon, it aint for sale," said Mr. Slick, "and if it was, I reckon neighbor Steel's wife would have it, for she gave me no peace about it." Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife.

"It is no consarn of mine," said Mr. Slick, "as long as he pays me, what he has to do; but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides, it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars. Why, it ain't possible," said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch, "why, as

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I'm alive, it is four o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here. How on airth shall I reach River Philip tonight? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint, I'll leave the clock in your care till I return, on my way to the States. I'll set it a going, and put it to the right time."

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the Deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

"That," said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, "I call 'human natur'! Now that clock is sold for forty dollars; it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal, nor will the Deacon learn until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not in 'human nature' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this Province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned; when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to 'soft sawder' to get them into the house and to 'human natur', that they never come out of it."

—From "*Sam Slick*" (Haliburton).

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE HAND-CLASP

LILLIE A. BROOKS

GIVE me your hand across the line,
We'll face towards the sea,
You wear your crown of silver stars,
My maple wreath for me.

Fair heritage is this fair land,
Our flags wave o'er the whole,
Yours from the line to Rio's stream,
And mine from line to pole.

The stranger here a welcome finds,
Our land his own may be,
And he may wear the stars with you,
Or maple wreath with me.

Within our bounds no tyrant lives,
Our flags wave proud and free,
O'er you the bars and silver stars,
The triple cross o'er me.

In Flanders bleeding Freedom lies,
Her sons in slavery
Groan 'neath the burden of the chains
Forged on by Tyranny.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

For that my hand across the line
And strong the grip will be;
We'll sing "America" for you,
"O Canada" for me.

As one great nation we will turn,
And march towards the sea,
As brothers, we will fight and win,
Or die for liberty.

—By permission of the author.

THE IRISH-CANADIAN

LILLIE A. BROOKS

IT'S myself that is Canadian,
And I sure do love my land;
I was born beneath the maples,
I would have you understand,
Where the sunsets kiss the prairies
And the wheat with dew is wet,
But my father came from Kerry
And my blood is Irish yet.

Dear to me the hills and valleys
And the shadows on the corn,
Dearer still the summer sunrise
In this land where I was born.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Finer girl the world saw never
Than my sweetheart Margaret,
Save my dad's—she came from Tyrone,
Dear old Mother!—Irish yet.

They DO have some scrapes in Ireland
With the landlords and the law,
And they flourish their shillelahs
In a way you never saw.

They should just become Canadians
And their troubles all forget;
They could wave both green and orange
And be Irish—Irish yet.

Canada, I sure must leave you;
Hark! the bugle sounding shrill
Calling to the cause of freedom
Men' from prairie, vale and hill.
There's a shamrock on our banner
And a harp—my eyes are wet;
I have joined the green battalion,
For my blood is Irish yet.

—By permission of the author.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"PUPS AND TEDDY BEARS"

AMY E. CAMPBELL

I'M sure I'd rather hev a pup
Or 'lse a little kitten,
Than all them wooly teddy bears
That people think so fittin'
Fer kids to play with nowadays;
And squeeze 'um 'till they squeak,
They're mebbe good 'nuff fer girls,
Fer girls is offel meek.

But gimme jest a real live pup,
And when you holler sic 'em,
He barks at anything in sight,
And starts right in to lick 'em.
He'll hike around with you all day,
And at the wee'st sign,
He'll do jest what you tell him,
Aw—no teddy bears fer mine!

He'll look jest like a little saint,
And mebbe the next minute
He's tearing holes in your best cloes,
And you are up agin it.
But I don't care how much he chews
Or rips around or tears,
He's worth a great big million
Of them silly teddy bears.

—From "Heart Forget-Me-Nots," by Amy E. Campbell.
(William Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

WHEN ALBANI SANG

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

WAS workin' away on de farm dere, wan
morning not long ago,
Feexin' de fence for winter—'cos dat 's w'ere
we got de snow!

W'en Jeremie Plouffe, ma neighbor, come over an'
spik wit' me,

"Antoine, you will come on de city, for hear Ma-dam
All-ba-nee?"

"W'at you mean?" I was sayin' right off, me, "Some
woman was mak' de speech,
Or girl on de Hooraw Circus, doin' high kick an'
screech?"

"Non—non," he is spikin'—"Excuse me, dat 's be
Ma-dam All-ba-nee

Was leevin' down here on de contree, two mile 'noder
side Chambly.

"She 's jus' comin' over from Englan', on steamboat
arrive Kebeck,

Singin' on Lunnon an' Paree, an' havin' beeg tam, I
expec',

But no matter de moche she enjoy it, for travel all
roun' de worl',

Somet'ing on de heart bring her back here, for she
was de Chambly girl.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"She never do not'ing but singin' an' makin' de beeg
grande tour

An' travel on summer an' winter, so mus' be de firs'
class for sure!

Ev'ryboddy I 'm t'inkin' was know her, an' I also
hear 'noder t'ing,

She 's frien' on La Reine Victoria an' show her de
way to sing!"

"Wall," I say, "you 're sure she is Chambly, w'at you
call Ma-dam All-ba-nee?"

Don't know me dat nam' on de Canton—I hope you
're not fool wit' me?"

An he say, "Lajeunesse, dey was call her, before she
is come mariée,

But she 's takin' de nam' of her husban'—I s'pose dat
's de only way."

"C'est bon, mon ami," I was say me, "If I get t'roo
de fence nex' day

An' she don't want too moche on de monee, den
mebbe I see her play."

So I finish dat job on to-morrow, Jeremie he was
helpin' me too,

An' I say, "Len' me t'ree dollar quickly for mak' de
voyage wit' you."

Correc'—so we 're startin' nex' morning, an' arrive
Montreal all right,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Buy dollar tiquette on de bureau, an' pass on de hall
dat night.

Beeg crowd, wall! I bet you was dere too, all dress
on some fancy dress,

De lady, I don't say not'ing, but man 's all w'ite shirt
an' no ves'.

Don't matter, w'en ban' dey be ready, de foreman
strek out wit' hees steek,

An' fiddle an' ev'rt'ing else too, begin for play up de
musique.

It 's fonny t'ing too dey was playin' don't lak it mese'f
at all,

I rader be lissen some jeeg, me, or w'at you call "Affer
de ball."

An' I 'm not feelin' very surprise den, w'en de crowd
holler out, "Encore,"

For mak' all dem feller commencin' an' try leetle
piece some more,

'T was better wan' too, I be t'inkin', but slow lak you
're goin' to die,

All de sam', noboddy say not'ing, dat mean dey was
satisfy.

Affer dat come de Grande piano, lak we got on
Chambly Hotel,

She 's nice lookin' girl was play dat, so of course, she's
go off purty well,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Den feller he 's ronned out an' sing some, it 's all about
very fine moon,

Dat shine on Canal, ev'ry night too, I'm sorry I don't
know de tune.

Nex' t'ing I commence get excite, me, for I don't see
no great Ma-dam yet,

Too bad I was los all dat monee, an' too late for de
raffle tiquette!

W'en jus' as I feel very sorry, for come all de way
from Chambly,

Jeremie he was w'isper, "Tiens, Tiens, prenez garde,
she's comin' Ma-dam All-ba-nee!"

Ev'rybuddy seem glad w'en dey see her, come walkin'
right down de platform,

An' way dey mak' noise on de han' den, w'y; it 's jus'
lak de beeg tonder storm!

I 'll never see not'ing lak dat, me, no matter I travel
de worl',

An' Ma-dam, you t'ink it was scare her? Non, she
laugh lak de Chambly girl!

Dere was young feller comin' behin' her, walk nice,
comme un Cavalier,

An' before All-ba-nee she is ready an' piano get startin'
for play,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

De feller commence wit' hees singin', more stronger
dan all de res',

I t'ink he 's got very bad manner, know not'ing at all
politesse.

Ma-dam, I s'pose she get mad den, an' before any-
boddy can spik,

She settle right down for mak' sing too, an' purty
soon ketch heem up quick,

Den she 's kip it on gainin' an' gainin', till de song it is
tout finis,

An' w'en she is beatin' dat feller, Bagosh! I am proud
Chambly!

I 'm not very sorry at all, me, w'en de feller was
ronnin' away,

An' man he 's come out wit' de piccolo, an' start heem
right off for play,

For it 's kin' de musique I be fancy, Jeremie he is lak
it also,

An' wan de bes' t'ing on dat ev'ning is man wit' de
piccolo!

Den mebbe ten minute is passin', Ma-dam she is comin'
encore,

Dis tam all alone on de platform, dat feller don't show
up no more,

An' w'en she start off on de singin' Jeremie say,
"Antoine, dat 's Français,"

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Dis give us more pleasure, I tole you, 'cos w'y? We
're de pure Canayen!

Dat song I will never forget me, 't was song of de
leetle bird,

W'en he 's fly from it 's nes' on de tree top, 'fore res'
of de worl' get stirred,

Ma-dam she was tole us about it, den start off so quiet
an' low,

An' sing lak de bird on de morning, de poor leetle
small oiseau.

I 'member wan tam I be sleepin' jus' onder some beeg
pine tree

An song of de robin wak' me, but robin he don't see
me,

Dere 's not'ing for scarin' dat bird dere, he 's feel all
alone on de worl',

Wall! Ma-dam she mus' lissen lak dat too, w'en she
was de Chambly girl!

Cos how could she sing dat nice chanson, de sam' as
de bird I was hear,

Till I see it de maple an' pine tree an' Richelieu ronnin'
near,

Again I 'm de leetle feller, lak young colt upon de
spring

Dat 's jus' on de way I was feel, me, w'en Ma-dam
All-ba-nee is sing!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

An' affer de song it is finish, an' crowd is mak' noise
wit' its han',

I s'pose dey be t'inkin' I 'm crazy, dat mebbe I don't
onderstan',

Cos I 'm set on de chair very quiet, mese'f an' poor
Jeremie,

An' I see dat hees eye it was cry too, jus' sam' way it
go wit' me.

Dere 's rosebush outside on our garden, ev'ry spring
it has got new nes',

But only wan bluebird is buil' dere, I know her from
all de res',

An' no matter de far she be flyin' away on de winter
tam,

Back to her own leetle rosebush she 's comin' dere jus'
de sam'.

We 're not de beeg place on our Canton, mebbe cole
on de winter, too,

But de heart 's "Canayen" on our body, an' dat 's
warm enough for true!

An' w'en All-ba-nee was got lonesome for travel all
roun' de worl'

I hope she 'll come home, lak de bluebird, an' again be
de Chambly girl!

—From "*The Habitant*," by W. H. Drummond. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

VAPOR AND BLUE

WILFRED CAMPBELL

DOMED with the azure of heaven,
Floored with a pavement of pearl,
Clothed all about with a brightness
Soft as the eyes of a girl.
Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapor of rest,—
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the west.
Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and of flame,
Moonlit memories left here
By gods who long ago came.
And vanishing left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where haze-wrapt the August night slumbers,
Or the wild heart of October raves.
Here where the jewels of nature
Are set in the light of God's smile
Far from the world's wild throbbing,
I will stay me and rest me awhile.
And store in my heart old music,
Melodies gathered and sung
By the genies of love and of beauty
When the heart of the world was young.

—From *"The Collected Poems of Wilfred Campbell."*
(Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

CANADIAN PATRIOTIC SOCIETY

MARIAN KEITH

The Canadian Patriotic Society had been organized by the schoolmaster of the settlement described in the story "Duncan Polite." It aimed to foster patriotism in the breasts of the young Canadians. Meetings were held weekly at the houses of the members during the winter, and as a grand climax they were to give a public concert. The concert programme was to be given in the Methodist church, while refreshments were served in the Temperance Hall across the road. One of the leading features of the evening's entertainment was to be a patriotic address by the member of parliament for the constituency. Now, Glenoro had been originally almost entirely Scotch, but in one section there had grown up a strong Irish settlement, and the English also had a fair representation in the neighborhood. The member-elect was, however, an Irishman by the name of Mr. Hayes. We will imagine that the concert had progressed considerably. There have been solos and anthems, recitations, mouth-organ duets, and concertina music, with plenty of candy-throwing by the audience, and other disturbances to keep the chairman uneasy. But now we come to the event of the evening. Mr. Hayes will now address the audience.

MR. HAYES arose with the ease and deliberation of an old election campaigner. He was a tall, lean man, with bright, penetrating eyes, and a delightful suspicion of an Irish brogue, a man with hands horny from the plough and a brain that belongs only to the rulers of men. He represented a political party that had its stronghold in Glenoro and its impregnable fortress in the Oa; so he took his place upon the platform amid uproarious stamping and cheering.

Canada could not well have had a better champion. He spoke in the most glowing terms of his beloved

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

land, of her wonderful scenery, her healthful climate, her free, hardy people, her glorious future. He reeled off enough information about her mines, her fisheries, her agricultural resources and her manufactures to fill an encyclopædia. He dilated upon the beauty and grandeur of Canadian scenery. He stood his audience upon the heights of Quebec and showed them the whole panorama of their wonderful country in one sentence. He swept from ocean to ocean; he swam the great lakes and sailed down innumerable rivers; he scooped out a canal to Port Nelson and shot across Hudson's Bay; he rolled across the prairies; he hewed down the forest belt; he dug gold in British Columbia; and, finally, he climbed the highest snow-capped peak of the Rocky Mountains and poured down from its dizzy heights the torrents of his eloquence; and when his bewildered hearers recovered from the delightful deluge, they found that the exponent of the Canadian Patriotic Society had skipped across the Atlantic and was thundering forth upon the wonders and beauty of Ireland!

This was a long way from Canada and the aims of the Canadian Patriotic Society, and the chairman's face lost its rapt look. John Egerton hid a smile behind the pulpit desk, and that part of the audience that was of Irish extraction applauded uproariously. When, after nearly half an hour's lauding of the

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Emerald Isle, the orator did stop, he was so carried away by his own feelings that he wound up with a stanza recited most thrillingly from "Erin go Bragh," and sat down amid deafening applause without referring to the remotest way to his original text.

Mr. Watson was rising to announce the next piece, in a rather doubtful mood, when a voice from the back called out, with no uncertain sound as to either the sentiments or the origin of its owner, "Wot's the matter with England?"

There was a roar of laughter and a loud clapping of hands. Mr. Hayes rose again. He was too old a politician not to see that he had made a mistake in his one-sided speech. He was about to supplement it, and was beginning, "Ladies and gentlemen," when a loud voice from the centre of the church interrupted him.

Mr. Sim Basketful had sat with an expression of utter boredom during the latter portion of the member's speech, finally working himself up into a volcanic mood as it neared an end. His face was purple and his short thick neck showed veins standing out dangerously. He might have held down his righteous indignation had it not been for the challenge from the back of the room, but the sight of that "Blathering Irishman" rising in response to it was too much. Mr. Basketful was not of Mr. Hayes's

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

political opinions and, besides that, was his rival upon tea-meeting platforms. He had convinced himself that it was due to the Presbyterian minister's interference that he, a Methodist, had been denied the honor of being the speaker of the evening. He, a class-leader in the very church where the performance was given, to be set aside for that Irish Catholic! He would show them all a thing or two before he sat down. He was standing now, looking straight ahead of him, and grasping the back of the seat before him, with true Saxon doggedness.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen," he shouted, and Mr. Hayes, who had met Sim Basketful many a time in his political campaigns, sat down, somewhat disconcerted.

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, if there's anybody in this 'ere audience wants to know wot's the matter with England, I'm 'ere prepared to state, sir, that there ain't one bloomin' thing the matter with 'er!" (Loud cheers from his Anglo-Saxon hearers.) "And wot's more, ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. Chairman, I think it's 'igh time we were 'earing just a little about that country that's made us all wot we are!" (Applause mingled with noises of an indefinite character.) "We've been 'earin' a lot o' nonsense about Hireland and Hirish scenery and Hirish soldiers, but wot I'd like to be informed about, ladies and

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

gentlemen, and Mr. Chairman, is, if anybody in this 'ere audience is under the himpression that a Canadian Patriotic Society is a Hirish Society!"

The withering contempt of the last words, and the cheers they elicited, brought the first speaker indignantly to his feet. Not one word could he get in, however. Mr. Basketful was true Briton, and with the aid of a voice which drowned all competitors he clung to his theme with magnificent tenacity. When the noise calmed sufficiently for him to be heard the audience found that he was discoursing fiercely and doggedly upon the inimitable land of his birth.

Sandy Neil, his eyes dancing, slipped out of his place in the choir, and made his way softly down the aisle at the side of the church. "Catchach's down there," he whispered to the choir-leader as he passed, "I'm goin' to stir him up;" and Wee Andra threw back his head with a laugh which blew out the lamp on the organ.

But none of these things moved the patriotic Englishman. He was launched upon his favorite theme—his native land—and was irresistible. England was the only country in the world. He stamped, he sawed the air, he used metaphors and similes and hyperboles in a vain endeavor to give some idea of her glory. He eulogized her commerce, her statesmen, her Queen. He brought up her infantry, he charged with her

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

cavalry, he poured upon his hearers her heavy artillery. And at last, backed by the whole great English navy, he swept every other country off the face of the globe, and retired to his seat behind the stove, the Wellington of one last, grand, oratorical Waterloo.

Mr. Egerton reached over and, catching the distracted chairman by the sleeve, shouted above the din that if he wanted to avoid further trouble he must either close the meeting or make the choir sing something, and be quick about it. The chairman rose and strove to make his voice heard above the noise, but the chirping of a sparrow in a tempest would have been as effectual.

For down at the other end of the church a most alarming tumult was in progress. Cries of "Order!" and "Sit down!" were mingled with "Go on, Catchach, speak up! Scotland for ever!" and equally ominous sounds. Through the struggling crowd a man was fighting his way fiercely to the platform.

"Order! Order!" shrieked the chairman. But the disorderly person had reached the platform, his red whiskers flying, his blue eyes blazing, and his big fists brandishing threateningly above his head. It was Catchach! The schoolmaster sat down very discreetly and hastily. It was Catchach, worked up to a white fury over the insult to Scotland—Scotland, the flower of creation, to be neglected, while the scum

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

of the earth was being exalted!

"Mister Chairman, ladies an' chentlemen!" he shouted, "I will not pe a public spoke, as you will be knowing, put"—he went off into a storm of Gaelic, but suddenly checked himself at the roars of laughter from his Sassenach enemies. The ridicule saved him—and Scotland. He had been incoherent with rage, but that laugh steadied him, and settled him into a cold fury. He would make a speech for the glory of Scotland now, if they pulled the church down about his ears. And he did it, and did it well, too. England was forgotten, Ireland was in oblivion, Canada not exist. But Scotland! the land of the Heather and the Thistle! Catchach grew wildly poetic over her. The noise of English and Irish jeers and Scottish applause was so great, that much of the effusion was lost; but in the intervals of the uproar could be caught such snatches as "Who iss it that hass won efery great pattle in the last century? Ta Hielanders;" "Who won ta pattle of Palacklafa? Ta Hielanders!" "Who stormed ta heights of Awlma? Ta Hielanders!"

On he swept down to the last page of history, shouting the answers to this glorious catechism with a ferocious defiance that challenged denial, and at every shout there was an answering roar from the inhabitants of the Oa which threatened to dislodge the roof.

The distracted chairman had not the courage to

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

attempt to stem the torrent. He did not care to obtrude himself inside Catchach's range of vision, for before he was done with Scotland the orator was rolling up his sleeves and calling out like Goliath of Gath for all the township of Oro to come forward and contradict him. Many of the audience became alarmed, and some of the older folk were starting for the door, when at last the flow of fiery eloquence ceased. How he managed to stop, no one could understand; some people said they supposed he had come to the limit of his English. If Catchach had been able to address his audience in Gaelic, it is likely they would not have seen their homes until morning.

But he did stop at last, and went down the aisle and out of the door, shaking the dust of the place from off his feet. The back row rose in a body, and went roaring after him, for Catchach in a rage was better than all the patriotic demonstrations on earth.

The meeting broke up in complete disorder. The hour was unconscionably late, and the remainder of the long, inspiring programme had perforce to be omitted. Those of the audience who remained sang "God Save the Queen" in a rather distracted fashion, and hurried away with the firm conviction that a patriotic concert was an exceedingly improper performance.

—Adapted from "Duncan Polite," by Marian Keith.
(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

SHE JUST KEEPS HOUSE FOR ME

JEAN BLEWETT

SHE is so winsome and so wise
She sways us at her will,
And oft the question will arise,
What mission does she fill?
And so I say with pride untold
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold,
She just keeps house for me—
For me—
She just keeps house for me.

A full content dwells in her face,
She's quite in love with life,
And for a title, wears with grace
The sweet, old-fashioned "Wife;"
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me—
For me—
She just keeps house for me.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

What though I toil from morn till night,
What though I weary grow,
A spring of love and dear delight
Doth ever softly flow;
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
The woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

Our children climb upon her knee
And lie upon her breast,
And ah! her mission seems to me
The highest and the best;
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

—From *"The Cornflower and Other Poems,"* by Jean Blewett.
(Wm. Briggs.)

THE SECOND CONCESSION OF DEER

WILLIAM WYE SMITH

JOHN TOMPKINS lived in a house of logs,
On the second concession of Deer;
The front was logs, all straight and sound—
The gable was logs, all tight and round;
The roof was logs, so firmly bound,
And the floor was logs, all down to the ground;—
The warmest house in Deer.

And John, to my mind, was a log himself,
On the second concession of Deer;
None of your birch, with bark of buff,
Nor basswood, weak and watery stuff;
But he was hickory, true and tough,
And only his outside bark was rough—
The finest old man in Deer!

But John had lived too long, it seemed,
On the second concession of Deer;
For his daughters took up the governing rein,
With a fine brick house on the old Domain;
All papered, and painted with satinwood stain,
Carpeted stairs, and best ingrain—
The grandest house in Deer!

Poor John, it was sad to see him now,
On the second concession of Deer!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

When he came in from his weary work,
To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk,—
Or out of the "company's" way to lurk,
And ply in the shanty his knife and fork—
The times were turned in Deer!

But John was hickory to the last,
On the second concession of Deer;
And out on the river-end of his lot
He laid up the logs in a cosy spot,
And self and wife took up with a cot
And the great brick house might swim or not—
He was done with the pride of Deer!

But the great house would not go at all,
On the second concession of Deer;
'Twas "mother" no more, to wash or bake,
Nor "father" the gallants' steeds to take—
From the kitchen no more came pie nor cake,
And even their butter they'd first to make!—
There were lessons to learn in Deer!

And the lesson they learned a year or more,
On the second concession of Deer;
Then the girls got back the brave old pair,
And gave the mother her easy chair;—
She told them how, and they did their share—
And John the honors once more did wear
Of his own domain in Deer!

—From "*The Collected Poems of William Wye Smith.*"
(Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE

WILLIAM WYE SMITH

O THE East is but the West, with the sun a little
hotter;
And the pine becomes the palm by this dark
Egyptian water;—
And the Nile's like many a stream we know, that fills
its brimming cup—
We'll think it is the Ottawa, as we track the bateaux
up!

Chorus—

Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top.
O, the cedar and the spruce line each dark Canadian
river;—
But the thirsty date is here, where the sultry sun-
beams quiver;
And the mocking mirage spreads its view afar on
either hand—
But strong we bend the sturdy oar toward the South-
ern land!

Chorus—

O, we've tracked the rapids up, and o'er many a portage
crossing;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

And it's often such we've seen, though so loud the
waves are tossing!

Then it's homeward, when the run is o'er, o'er stream
and ocean deep—

To bring the memory of the Nile where the maple
shadows sleep!

Chorus—

And it yet may come to pass, that the hearts and hands
so ready

May be sought again to help, when some poise is off
the steady!

And the maple and the pine be matched with British
oak the while—

As once beneath Egyptian suns, the Canadians on the
Nile!

Chorus—

—From "*The Collected Poems of William Wye Smith.*"
(*Wm. Briggs.*)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

HERE'S TO THE LAND!

WILLIAM WYE SMITH

HERE'S to the Land of the rock and the pine!
Here's to the Land of the raft and the river!
Here's to the Land where the sunbeams shine,
And the night that is bright with the North-Light's
quiver!

Here's to the Land of the axe and the hoe!
Here's to the hearties that give them their glory!
With stroke upon stroke, and with blow upon blow,
The might of the forest has passed into story!

Here's to the Land with its blanket of snow—
To the hero and hunter the welcomest pillow!
Here's to the Land where the stormy winds blow
Three days ere the mountains can talk to the billow!

Here's to the buckwheats that smoke on her board!
Here's to the maple that sweetens their story!
Here's to the scythe that we swing like a sword,
And here's to the fields where we gather our glory!

Here's to the hills of the moose and the deer!
Here's to her forests, her fields, and her flowers!
Here's to her homes of unchangeable cheer,
And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native
bowers'.

—From *"The Collected Poems of William Wye Smith."*
(Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

MEN OF THE NORTHERN ZONE

R. K. KERNIGHAN

OH, we are the men of the Northern Zone;
Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?

If ever a Northman lost his throne,
Did the conqueror come from the South?

Nay, nay—and the answer blent

In chorus is southward sent:

“Since when has a Southerner’s conquering steel

Hewed out in the North a throne?

Since when has a Southerner placed his heel

On the men of the Northern Zone?”

Our hearts are as free as the rivers that flow

To the seas where the North Star shines;

Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow

Thro’ the crests of our native pines.

We never will bend the knee,

We’ll always and aye be free,

For liberty reigns in the land of the leal,

Our brothers are round her throne;

A Southerner never shall place his heel

On the men of the Northern Zone.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Oh, shall we shatter our ancient name,
And lower our patriot crest:
And leave a heritage dark with shame,
To the infant upon the breast?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
With chorus southward sent:
“Ye claim to be free—and so are we;
Let your fellow-freeman alone:
For a Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.”

Shall mothers that bore us bow the head
And blush for degenerate sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Ho, brothers, stand to your guns!
Let the flag be nailed to the mast,
Defying the coming blast!
For Canada's sons are true as steel,
Their metal is muscle and bone,
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,
Where the maples their branches toss,
And the Great Bear rides in his state alone,
Afar from the Southern Cross.
Our people shall aye be free,
They never will bend the knee,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

For this is the land of the true and leal,
Where freedom is bred in the bone—
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

—From *"The Khan's Canticles,"* by R. K. Kernighan.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY

DOUGLAS LEADER DURKIN

WHAT is a world, my boy?
A little rain, a little sun,
A little shore where ripples run,
A little green upon the hill,
A little glade, a little rill,
A little night where shadows move,
A little work for men to do,
A little play for such as you;
A passing night, a coming morn,
A coming love, a passing scorn;
Of blackest cloud a little bit
With silver on the rim of it;
A little trouble, lots of joy—
And there you have a world, my boy!

—From *"The Fighting Men of Canada,"* by Douglas Leader Durkin. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE FIGHTING MEN OF CANADA

BY DOUGLAS DURKIN

THERE'S a moving on the water where the ships
have lain asleep,

There's a rising of the wind along the shore;
There's a cloud that's heading landward, ever dark-
'ning, from the deep,

There's a murmur where the crowd was mute before.

And the order 's, "Come, together!"

And the word is, "Down below!"

"There'll be forty kinds of weather

"When the winds begin to blow!"

We have counted up our shekels, we have turned our
pennies in,

We have kissed the girls and closed the waiting line;
For there's business over yonder, dirty business for our
kin,

And we're shipping out together on the brine.

And the call is "Do your duty!"

"Bon voyage! Farewell! Adieu!"

There'll be time for love and beauty

When we've seen the business through.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

There's a hush along the river where the tide goes out
to sea,

And a song that echoes softly to the shore,
For the boats have set to seaward, creeping downward
in the lee,

And a grim old dog of war leads on before.

And we sing a song of seamen

As we pass the answering hill,

"We are Britons, we are freemen,

"And we'll live as freemen still!"

Myriad-mouthed, they hail our coming, break in
thunders of applause,

('Tis the Lion Mother's welcome to her brood!)

They have found us worthy kinsmen bred to serve a
worthy cause,

Men of British nerve and born of British blood.

But the Captain's eye is leering,

And the word is, "Do your bit!

There'll be time enough for cheering

"When the guns begin to spit!"

God, the long mad days of waiting, eating dust and
spitting blood!

While the bullets rake the trenches where we lie!

Curse the hours that hold us waiting! Damn the
Captain's sober mood!

Let us run the fiends to hell or let us die!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

But the Captain's word is given,
 "Hold the line—we're one to ten!"
What's it matter—hell or heaven—
 So we die like fighting men?

Call it lust or call it honor! Call it glory in a name!
 We're a handful, more or less, of what we were,
But we praise the grim Almighty that we stuck and
 played the game,
Till we chased them at the double to their lair.

For the word came, "Up and over!"
 And our answer was a yell
As we scrambled out of cover—
 And we dealt the dastards hell!

—From "*The Fighting Men of Canada*," by Douglas L. Durkin.
 (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart).

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

GREY KNITTING

KATHERINE HALE

ALL through the country, in the autumn stillness,
A web of grey spreads strangely, rim to rim;
And you may hear the sound of knitting
needles,

Incessant, gentle, dim.

A tiny click of little wooden needles,
Elfin amid the gianthood of war;
Whispers of women, tireless and patient,
Who weave the web afar.

Whispers of women, tireless and patient—
“Foolish, inadequate!” we hear you say;
“Grey wool on fields of hell is out of fashion,”
And yet we weave the web from day to day.

Suppose some soldier dying, gayly dying,
Under the alien skies, in his last hour,
Should listen, in death’s prescience so vivid,
And hear a fairy sound bloom like a flower—

I like to think that soldiers, gayly dying
For the white Christ on fields with shame sown deep,
May hear the fairy click of women’s needles,
As they fall fast asleep.

—From “Grey Knitting,” by Katherine Hale. (Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE WAY OF THE BRITISH

LILIAN LEVERIDGE

IT isn't the way of the British
In the fight for country and King,
On the fair, white field of their valor,
The shadow of shame to bring.
There isn't a lad in the army,
There isn't a lad on the sea,
Would dim the light of his honor,
By a deed of infamy.

It isn't the way of Britain
To grasp with greedy hand,
And hold with a despot's power,
Domain in a friendly land.
But she fights for "a scrap of paper,"
She dies for "an old colored rag,"
When the one is her word of promise,
And the other her blood-stained flag.

It isn't the way of the British,
With ruthless hands of hate,
The priceless things of a nation
To plunder and desecrate.
Not 'gainst defenceless women
And children their guns are turned;
Not 'gainst the weak and fallen—
That isn't the way they've learned.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

It isn't the way of the British
 To strike like the heathen hordes,
To torture the hapless captives
 They take at the point of their swords.
That was never the way with Britain.
 Her strength is the strength of ten;
For her sons in her far-flung warfare,
 Fight ever like gentlemen.

There were thirty or more of our gunners—
 It seems now so long ago—
Were called to a post of peril,
 In the path of the furious foe.
It was certain death, and they knew it;
 But the valor in each heart burned.
"Good-by, good-by to you fellows!"
 They called—and never returned.

Again came the short, sharp summons,
 And there dashed thru the sulphurous
 smoke,
With the same farewell to their comrades,
 While a wreath of smile outbroke—
Thirty to follow the thirty;
 And the eager ranks closed in.
That is the way of the British.
 That is the way they win.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

This is the way of the British—

In the strength of their righteous cause,
Upheld by the hosts of heaven,

They strike for their King and laws.
From what do they shrink—our soldiers?

They may lose in the fearful fray,
Their lives, but never their honor,
Who fight in the British way.

Then here's to you lads in the army,
And here's to you lads on the sea;
To the hands that are strong and steady,
To the hearts that are true and free!—
Tho long it be ere the dawning,
It cometh at last—the day,
When all that you've fought for, bled for,
You shall win in the British way.

—From "*Over the Hills of Home*," by Lilian Leveridge.
(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

MISS CORNELIA MAKES A CALL

L. M. MONTGOMERY

NOBODY but Miss Cornelia would have come to make a call arrayed in a striped blue and white apron and a wrapper of chocolate print, with a design of huge, pink roses scattered over it. And nobody but Miss Cornelia would have looked dignified and suitably garbed in it. Had Miss Cornelia been entering a palace to call on a prince's bride, she would have been just as dignified and just as wholly mistress of the situation. She would have trailed her rose-spattered flounce over the marble floors just as unconcernedly, and she would have proceeded just as calmly to disabuse the mind of the princess of any idea that the possession of a mere man, be he prince or peasant, was anything to brag of.

"I've brought my work, Mrs. Blythe, dearie," she remarked, unrolling some dainty material. "I'm in a hurry to get this done, and there isn't any time to lose."

Anne looked in some surprise at the white garment spread over Miss Cornelia's ample lap. It was certainly a baby's dress, and it was most beautifully made, with tiny frills and tucks. Miss Cornelia adjusted her glasses and fell to embroidering with exquisite stitches.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"This is for Mrs. Fred Proctor up at the Glen," she announced. "She's expecting her eighth baby any day now, and not a stitch has she ready for it. The other seven have wore out all she made for the first, and she's never had time or strength or spirit to make any more. That woman is a martyr, Mrs. Blythe, believe me. When she married Fred Proctor I knew how it would turn out. He was one of your wicked, fascinating men. After he got married he left off being fascinating, and just kept on being wicked. He drinks and he neglects his family. Isn't that like a man? I don't know how Mrs. Proctor would ever keep her children decently clothed if her neighbors didn't help her out."

As Anne was afterwards to learn, Miss Cornelia was the only neighbor who troubled herself much about the decency of the young Proctors.

"When I heard this eighth baby was coming I decided to make some things for it," Miss Cornelia went on. "This is the last and I want to finish it today."

"It's certainly very pretty," said Anne, "I'll get my sewing and we'll have a little thimble party of two. You are a beautiful sewer, Miss Bryant."

"Yes, I'm the best sewer in these parts," said Miss Cornelia, in a matter of fact tone. "I ought to be! Lord, I've done more of it than if I'd had a hundred

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

children of my own, believe me! I s'pose I'm a fool, to be putting hand embroidery on this dress for an eighth baby. But, Lord, Mrs. Blythe, dearie, it isn't to blame for being the eighth, and I kind of wished it to have one real pretty dress, just as if it was wanted. Nobody's wanting the poor mite—so I put some extra fuss on its little things just on that account."

"Any baby might be proud of that dress," said Anne, feeling still more strongly that she was going to like Miss Cornelia.

"I s'pose you've been thinking I was never coming to call on you," resumed Miss Cornelia. "But this is a harvest month, you know, and I've been busy—and a lot of extra hands hanging round, eating more'n they work, just like the men. I'd have come yesterday, but I went to Mrs. Roderick MacAllister's funeral. At first I thought my head was aching so badly I couldn't enjoy myself if I did go. But she was a hundred years old, and I'd always promised myself that I'd go to her funeral."

"Was it a successful function?" asked Anne, noticing that the office door was ajar."

"What's that? Oh, yes, it was a tremendous funeral. She had a very large connection. There was over one hundred and twenty carriages in the procession. There was one or two funny things happened. I

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

thought that die I would to see old Joe Bradshaw who is an infidel and never darkens the door of a church, singing 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus' with great gusto and fervor. He glories in singing—that's why he never misses a funeral. Poor Mrs. Bradshaw didn't look much like singing—all wore out slaving. Old Joe starts out once in a while to buy her a present, and brings some new kind of farm machinery. Isn't that like a man? But what else would you expect of a man who never goes to church, even a Methodist one? I was real thankful to see you and the young Doctor in the Presbyterian church your first Sunday. No doctor for me who isn't a Presbyterian."

"We were in the Methodist church last Sunday evening," said Anne wickedly.

"Oh, I s'pose Dr. Blythe has to go the Methodist church once in a while or he wouldn't get the Methodist practice."

"We liked the sermon very much," declared Anne boldly. "And I thought the Methodist minister's prayer was one of the most beautiful I ever heard."

"Oh, I've no doubt he can pray. I never heard anyone make more beautiful prayers than old Simon Bentley, who always drunk or hoping to be, and the drunker he was the better he prayed."

"The Methodist minister is very fine looking," said Anne, for the benefit of the office door.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Yes, he's quite ornamental," agreed Miss Cornelia. "Oh, and very ladylike. And he thinks that every girl who looks at him falls in love with him—as if a Methodist minister, wandering about like any Jew, was such a prize. If you and the young doctor take my advice, you won't have much to do with the Methodists. My motto is—if you are a Presbyterian, be a Presbyterian."

"Don't you think that Methodists go to heaven as well as Presbyterians?" asked Anne smilelessly.

"That isn't for us to decide. It's in higher hands than ours," said Miss Cornelia solemnly. "But I ain't going to associate with them on earth whatever I may have to do in heaven. This Methodist minister isn't married. The last one they had was, and his wife was the silliest, flightiest little thing I ever saw. I told her husband once that he should have waited till she was grown up before he married her. He said he wanted to have the training of her. Wasn't that like a man?"

"It's rather hard to decide just when people are grown up," laughed Anne.

"That's a true word, dearie. Some are grown up when they're born, and others ain't grown up when they're eighty, believe me. That same Mrs. Roderick I was speaking of never grew up. She was as foolish when she was a hundred as when she was ten."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Perhaps that was why she lived so long," suggested Anne.

"Maybe 'twas. I'd rather live fifty sensible years than a hundred foolish ones."

"But just think what a dull world it would be if everyone was sensible," pleaded Anne.

Miss Cornelia disdained any skirmish of flippant epigram.

"Mrs. Roderick was a Milgrave, and the Milgraves never had much sense. Her nephew, Ebenezer Milgrave, used to be insane for years. He believed he was dead and used to rage at his wife because she wouldn't bury him. I'd a done it."

Miss Cornelia looked so grimly determined that Anne could almost see her with a spade in her hand.

"Don't you know any good husbands, Miss Bryant?"

"Oh, yes, lots of them—over yonder," said Miss Cornelia, waving her hand through the open window towards the little graveyard of the church across the harbor.

"But living—going about in the flesh?" persisted Anne.

"Oh, there's a few, just to show that with God all things are possible," acknowledged Miss Cornelia reluctantly. "I don't deny that an odd man here and there, if he's caught young and trained up proper,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

and if his mother has spanked him well beforehand, may turn out a decent being. Your husband, now, isn't so bad, as men go, from all I hear. I s'pose"—Miss Cornelia looked sharply at Anne over her glasses—"you think there's nobody like him in the world."

"There isn't," said Anne promptly.

"Ah, well, I heard another bride say that once," sighed Miss Cornelia. "Jennie Dean thought when she married that there wasn't anybody like her husband in the world. And she was right—there wasn't! And a good thing, too, believe me! He led her an awful life, and he was courting his second wife while Jennie was dying. Wasn't that like a man? However, I hope your confidence will be better justified, dearie. The young doctor is taking real well. I was afraid at first he mightn't, for folks hereabouts have always thought Old Doctor Dave the only doctor in the world. Doctor Dave hadn't much tact, to be sure—he was always talking of ropes in houses where someone had hanged himself. But folks forgot their hurt feelings when they had a pain in their stomachs. If he'd been a minister instead of a doctor they'd never have forgiven them. Soul-ache doesn't worry folks near as much as stomach-ache. Seeing as we're both Presbyterians and no Methodists around, will you tell me your candid opinion of our minister?"

"Why—really—I—well," hesitated Anne.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Miss Cornelia nodded.

"Exactly. I agree with you, dearie. We made a mistake when we called him. His face just looks like one of those long narrow stones in the graveyard, doesn't it? 'Sacred to the memory' ought to be written on his forehead. I shall never forget the first sermon he preached after he came. It was on the subject of everyone doing what they were best fitted for—a very good subject, of course, but such illustrations as he used! He said, 'If you had a cow and an apple tree, and if you tied the apple tree in your stable and planted the cow in your orchard, with her legs up, how much milk would you get from the apple tree, or how many apples from the cow?'. Did you ever hear the like in your born days, dearie? I was so thankful there were no Methodists there that day—they'd never have done hooting over it. But what I dislike most in him is his habit of agreeing with everybody, no matter what is said. If you said to him, 'You're a scoundrel,' he'd say, with that smooth smile of his, 'Yes, that's so.' A minister should have more backbone. The long and the short of it is, I consider him a reverend jackass. But, of course, this is just between you and me. When there are Methodists in hearing I praise him to the skies. Some folks think his wife dresses too gay, but I say when she has to live with a face like that she needs some-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

thing to cheer her up. You'll never hear me condemning a woman for her dress. I'm only too thankful when her husband isn't too mean and miserly to allow it. Not that I bother much with dress myself. Women just dress to please the men, and I'd never stoop to that. I have had a real placid, comfortable life, dearie, and it's just because I never cared a cent what the men thought."

"Why do you hate the men so, Miss Bryant?"

"Lord, dearie, I don't hate them. They aren't worth it. I just sort of despise them. I think I'll like your husband if he keeps on as he has begun. But apart from him, about the only men in the world I've much use for are the old doctor and Captain Jim."

"Captain Jim is a good man, but he's kind of vexing in one way. You can't make him mad. I've tried for twenty years and he just keeps on being placid. It does sort of rile me. And I s'pose the woman he should have married got a man who went into tantrums twice a day."

"Who was she?"

"Oh, I don't know, dearie. I never remember of Captain Jim making up to anybody. He was edging on old as far as my memory goes. He's seventy-six, you know. I never heard any reason for his staying a bachelor, but there must be one, believe me. He sailed all his life till five years ago, and there's no

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

corner of the earth he hasn't poked his nose into. He and Elizabeth Russell were great cronies, all their lives, but they never had any notion of sweethearting. Elizabeth never married, though she had plenty of chances. She was a great beauty when she was young. The year the Prince of Wales came to the island she was visiting her uncle in Charlottetown, and he was a Government official, and so she got invited to the great ball. She was the prettiest girl there, and the Prince danced with her, and all the other women he didn't dance with were furious about it, because their social standing was higher than hers and they said he shouldn't have passed them over. Elizabeth was always very proud of that dance. Mean folks said that was why she never married—she couldn't put up with an ordinary man after dancing with a prince. But that wasn't so. She told me the reason once—it was because she had a temper that she was afraid she couldn't live peaceably with any man. She had an awful temper—she used to have to go upstairs and bite pieces out of her bureau to keep it down by times. But I told her that wasn't any reason for not marrying if she wanted to. There's no reason why we should let the men have a monopoly of temper, is there, Mrs. Blythe, dearie?"

"I've a bit of temper myself," sighed Anne.

"It's well you have, dearie. You won't be half so

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

likely to be trodden on, believe me! My, how that golden glow of yours is blooming. Your garden looks fine. Poor Elizabeth always took such care of it."

"I love it," said Anne. "I'm glad it's so full of old-fashioned flowers. Speaking of gardening, we want to get a man to dig up that little lot beyond the fir grove and set it out with strawberry plants for us. Gilbert is so busy he will never get time for it this fall. Do you know anyone we can get?"

"Well, Henry Hammond up at the Glen goes out doing jobs like that. He'll do, maybe. He's always a heap more interested in his wages than in his work, just like a man, and he's so slow in the uptake that he stands still for five minutes before it dawns on him that he's stopped. His father threw a stump at him when he was small. Nice gentle missile, wasn't it? So like a man! Course, the boy never got over it. But he's the only one I can recommend at all. He painted my house for me last spring. It looks real nice now, don't you think?"

Anne was saved by the clock striking five.

"Lord, is it that late?" exclaimed Miss Cornelia. "How time does slip when you're enjoying yourself! Well, I must betake myself home."

"No, indeed! You are going to stay and have tea with us," said Anne eagerly.

"Are you asking me because you think you ought to,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

or because you really want to?" demanded Miss Cornelia.

"Because I really want to."

"Then I'll stay. You belong to the race that know Joseph."

"I know we are going to be friends," said Anne, with the smile that only they of the household of faith ever saw.

"Yes, we are, dearie. Thank goodness, we can choose our friends. We have to take our relatives as they are, and be thankful if there are no penitentiary birds among them. Not that I've many—none nearer than second cousins. I'm a kind of lonely soul, Mrs. Blythe."

There was a wistful note in Miss Cornelia's voice.

"I wish you would call me Anne," exclaimed Anne impulsively. "It would seem more homey. Everyone in Four Winds, except my husband calls me Mrs. Blythe, and it makes me feel like a stranger. Do you know that your name is very near being the one I yearned after when I was a child. I hated 'Anne' and I called myself 'Cordelia' in imagination."

"I like Anne. It was my mother's name. Old-fashioned names are the best and sweetest in my opinion. If you're going to get tea, you might send the young doctor to talk to me. He's been lying on the sofa in that office ever since I came, laughing fit

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

to kill over what I've been saying."

"How did you know?" cried Anne, too aghast at this instance of Miss Cornelia's uncanny prescience to make a polite denial.

"I saw him sitting beside you when I came up the lane, and I know men's tricks," retorted Miss Cornelia. "There, I've finished my little dress, dearie, and the eighth baby can come as soon as it pleases."

—Adapted from "*Anne's House of Dreams*," by L. M. Montgomery.

DRAMATIZATION OF "MISS CORNELIA"

The "Miss Cornelia" selections can be made into a very effective little two-act play. The necessary information as to characters, costuming, furniture, can easily be gathered from the descriptions given in the text. The "parts" of the characters can be made up by following the dialogue with but little re-arrangement. No particular change of scenery is required for the second act.

MISS CORNELIA'S STARTLING
ANNOUNCEMENT

L. M. MONTGOMERY

MISS CORNELIA sailed down to the little house one drowsy afternoon, when the gulf was the faint, bleached blue of hot August seas, and the orange lilies at the gate of Anne's garden held up their imperial cups to be filled with the molten gold of August sunshine. Not that Miss Cornelia concerned herself with painted oceans or sun-thirsty lilies. She sat in her favorite rocker in unusual idleness. She sewed not, neither did she spin. Nor did she say a single derogatory word concerning any portion of mankind. In short, Miss Cornelia's conversation was singularly devoid of spice that day, and Gilbert, who had stayed home to listen to her, instead of going a-fishing, as he had intended, felt himself aggrieved. What had come over Miss Cornelia? She did not look cast down or worried. On the contrary, there was a certain air of nervous exultation about her.

"Where is Leslie?" she asked—not as if it mattered much either.

"Owen and she went raspberrying in the woods back of her farm," answered Anne. "They won't be back before supper time—if then."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"They don't seem to have any idea that there is such a thing as a clock," said Gilbert. "I can't get to the bottom of that affair. I'm certain you women pulled strings. But Anne, undutiful wife, won't tell me. Will you, Miss Cornelia?"

"No, I shall not. But," said Miss Cornelia, with the air of one determined to take the plunge and have it over. "I will tell you something else. I came to-day on purpose to tell you it. I am going to be married."

Anne and Gilbert were silent. If Miss Cornelia had announced her intention of going out to the channel and drowning herself the thing might have been believable. This was not. So they waited. Of course Miss Cornelia had made a mistake.

"Well, you both look sort of kerflummexed," said Miss Cornelia, with a twinkle in her eyes. Now that the awkward moment of revelation was over, Miss Cornelia was her own woman again. "Do you think I'm too young and inexperienced for matrimony?"

"You know—it is rather staggering," said Gilbert, trying to gather his wits together. "I've heard you say a score of times that you wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

"I'm not going to marry the best man in the world," retorted Miss Cornelia. "Marshall Elliott is a long way from being the best."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Are you going to marry Marshall Elliott?" exclaimed Anne, recovering her power of speech under this second shock.

"Yes, I could have had him any time these twenty years if I'd lifted my finger. But do you suppose I was going to walk into church beside a perambulating haystack like that?"

"I am sure we are very glad—and we wish you all possible happiness," said Anne, very flatly and inadequately, as she felt she was not prepared for such an occasion. She had never imagined herself offering betrothal felicitations to Miss Cornelia.

"Thanks, I knew you would," said Miss Cornelia. "You are the first of my friends to know it."

"We shall be sorry to lose you, though, dear Miss Cornelia," said Anne, beginning to be a little sad and sentimental.

"Oh, you won't lose me," said Miss Cornelia unsentimentally. "You don't suppose I would live over harbor with all those MacAllisters and Elliotts and Crawfords, do you? 'From the conceit of the Elliotts, the pride of the MacAllisters and the vain-glory of the Crawfords, good Lord deliver us.' Marshall is coming to live at my place. I'm sick and tired of hired men. That Jim Hastings I've got this summer is positively the worst of the species. He would drive anyone to getting married. What do

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

you think? He upset the churn yesterday and spilled a big churning of cream over the yard. And not one whit concerned about it was he! Just gave a foolish laugh and said cream was good for the land. Wasn't that like a man? I told him I wasn't in the habit of fertilizing my back yard with cream."

"Well, I wish you all manner of happiness too. Miss Cornelia," said Gilbert, solemnly; "but," he added, unable to resist the temptation to tease Miss Cornelia, despite Anne's imploring eyes, "I fear your day of independence is done. As you know, Marshall Elliott is a very determined man."

"I like a man who can stick to a thing," retorted Miss Cornelia. "Amos Grant, who used to be after me long ago, couldn't. You never saw such a weather-vane. He jumped into the pond to drown himself once and then changed his mind and swum out again. Wasn't that like a man? Marshall would have stuck to it and drowned."

"And he has a bit of a temper, they tell me," persisted Gilbert.

"He wouldn't be an Elliott if he hadn't. I'm thankful he has. It will be real fun to make him mad. And you can generally do something with a tempery man when it comes to repenting time. But you can't do anything with a man who just keeps placid and aggravating."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"You know he's a Grit, Miss Cornelia."

"Yes, he is," admitted Miss Cornelia rather sadly. "And of course there is no hope of making a Conservative of him. But at least he is a Presbyterian. So I supposed I shall have to be satisfied with that."

"Would you marry him if he were a Methodist, Miss Cornelia?"

"No, I would not. Politics is for this world, but religion is for both."

"And you may be a 'relict' after all, Miss Cornelia."

"Not I. Marshall will live me out. The Elliotts are long lived, and the Bryants are not."

"When are you to be married?" asked Anne.

"In about a month's time. My wedding dress is to be navy blue silk. And I want to ask you, Anne, dearie, if you think it would be all right to wear a veil with a navy blue dress. I've always thought I'd like to wear a veil if I ever got married. Marshall says to have it if I want to. Isn't that like a man?"

"Why shouldn't you wear it if you want to?" asked Anne.

"Well, one doesn't want to be different from other people," said Miss Cornelia, who was not noticeably like anyone else on the face of the earth. "As I say, I do fancy a veil. But maybe it shouldn't be worn with any dress but a white one. Please tell me, Anne, dearie, what you really think. I'll go by your advice."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"I don't think veils are usually worn with any but white dresses," admitted Anne, "but that is merely a convention; and I am like Mr. Elliott, Miss Cornelia. I don't see any good reason why you shouldn't have a veil if you want one."

But Miss Cornelia, who made her calls in calico wrappers, shook her head.

"If it isn't the proper thing, I won't wear it," she said, with a sigh of regret for a lost dream.

"Since you are determined to be married, Miss Cornelia," said Gilbert solemnly, "I shall give you the excellent rules for the management of a husband which my grandmother gave my mother when she married my father."

"Well I reckon I can manage Marshall Elliott," said Miss Cornelia placidly. "But let us hear your rules."

"The first one is, catch him."

"He's caught. Go on."

"The second one is, feed him well."

"With enough pie. What next?"

"The third and fourth are—keep your eye on him."

"I believe you," said Miss Cornelia emphatically.

—Adapted from *"Anne's House of Dreams,"* by L. M. Montgomery. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

WHAT IS RELIGION?

ROBERT NORWOOD

WHAT is Religion? Word of many creeds
Blared forth in streets by solemn Pharisee,
And piped in doleful tones on scrannel reeds,
Untouched by love or tender sympathy
That moves the soldier where the Master bleeds?

What is Religion? Lofty minster-spires
And rich mosaics on the chancel wall;
Deep organ-tones, and silver-throated choirs
Whose golden Glorias night and morning fall,
With sanctus-bell and flares of altar-fires?

What is Religion? Note of bird on bough;
The sunlight falling o'er the waving grass;
A child's clear gaze and unashamed brow;
The little deeds that, living, come and pass
And are forgot: Religion is, I trow.

What is religion? Why, who anywhere
Stoops down to touch the dusty wayside-flower,
And then as tenderly the face of care;
Who thus in love lives on from hour to hour
Has caught the secret, and has mastered prayer.

—From "*His Lady of the Sonnets*." (McClelland, Goodchild
& Stewart.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

MY INN

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

WHEN your feet are burning,
Soiled with the highway's dust;
When your soul is yearning
For the rest which it knows is just;
When the sweat-drops blear your eyesight,
and night rolls up the linn—
Beyond the road's last turning
You'll find my Inn.

Like a bower in Maytime
All year the flowers blow,
And there is no haytime,
For green the grasses grow.
And the sunshine is your brother, and the birds
are all your kin,
And all the work is playtime
At my Inn.

When the tempest lowers
O'er the world, and thunders crash,
Then friendly showers
Tap merrily on the sash;
For there's never a storm comes blowing to
trouble you with its din
In the fair vale of flowers
Where hides my Inn.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Would you enter lightly?
Step quickly to the door,
Howe'er unsightly,
Travel-stained and sore.
For the door is always open, has neither bolt
nor pin:
You are ever welcomed rightly
At my Inn.

Be it late or early,
You will not lack for cheer:
From the well-spring, pearly,
They'll bring you vintage clear;
For there's never an empty barrel, nor ever an
empty bin—
And the lettuces grow curly
At my Inn.

If you'd rest or slumber,
The beds are clean and soft;
Cast off your cumber,
Mount you up aloft.
And there you may sleep till doomsday with
the clothes tucked round your chin:
For the hours have no number
At my Inn.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Oh! a place of pleasure
Is this sweet Inn of mine,
Where you get full measure
For all that toil of thine.
And they never ask a penny—to pay twice
were a sin!
Bring only your heart's treasure
To my Inn.

Be you faint or weary?
On ever to the end!
Tho' the way be dreary,
Somewhere you'll reach that bend;
And beyond the road's last turning, where the
flowered paths begin,
You'll see light twinkling cheery
From my Inn.

—From "*A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems*," by Bernard
Freeman Trotter. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE ROAD TO TARTARY

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

O Arab! much I fear thou at Mecca's shrine wilt
never be,
For the road that thou art going is the road to
Tartary.—*Sa'di.*

I LEFT the dusty travelled road the proper people
tread—

Like solemn sleep they troop along, Tradition at
their head;

I went by meadow, stream, and wood; I wandered at
my will;

And in my wayward ears a cry of warning echoed
still:

"Beware! beware!"—an old refrain they chanted
after me—

"The road that thou art going is the road to
Tartary.

I clambered over dawn-lit hills—the dew was on my
feet;

I crossed the sullen pass at night in wind and rain
and sleet;

I followed trains of errant thought through heaven
and earth and hell,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

And thence I seemed to hear again that unctuous
farewell,

For there I dreamed the little fiends were pointing
all at me:

"The road that thou art going is the road to
Tartary."

From all the pious wrangling sects I set my spirit free:
I own no creed but God and Love and Immortality.

Their dogmas and their disciplines are dust and smoke
and cloud;

They cannot see my sunlit way; and still they cry
aloud,

From church, conventicle, and street, that warning
old to me:

"The road that thou art going is the road to
Tartary."

I found a woman God had made, the blind world
tossed aside—

It had not dreamed the greatness hid in poverty and
pride.

I left the world to walk with her and talk with her
and learn

The secret things of happiness—and will I now return
To that blind, prudish world that shrugs and lifts
its brows at me:

"The road that thou art going is the road to
Tartary."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Nay; we will go together, Love—we two to greet the
sun.

There are more roads than one to heaven, perhaps
more heavens than one.

Here on the lonely heights we see things hid from
those who tread

Like sheep the dusty trodden way, Tradition at their
head.

We sense the common goal of all—in Mecca we
shall be,

Though the road that we are going seem the road
to Tartary.

—From "*A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems*," by Bernard
Freeman Trotter, (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

BILL'S BLUFF

RALPH CONNOR

The Sky Pilot, that is, the minister who preached in the schoolhouse to the people of Swan Creek district, was anxious to build a church in that settlement, but the congregation was small, and the man naturally expected to be the leader was a close Scotchman by the name of Robbie Muir. There had been a meeting in the interests of the proposed church, and at the home of the little invalid girl, Gwen, The Pilot was talking over the result with Gwen and a friend. Gwen thought that anyone who would stand in the way of The Pilot's wishes must be a very bad man indeed.

THE Pilot smiled. "No, indeed," he answered; "why, he's the best man in the place, but I wish he would say or do something. If he would only get mad and swear I think I should feel happier."

Gwen looked quite mystified.

"You see, he sits there in solemn silence looking so tremendously wise that most men feel foolish if they speak, while as for doing anything the idea appears preposterous, in the face of his immovableness."

"I can't bear him!" cried Gwen. "I should like to stick pins in him."

"I wish some one would," answered The Pilot. "It would make him see more human if he could be made to jump."

"Try again," said Gwen, "and get some one to make him jump."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"It would be easier to build the Church," said The Pilot gloomily.

"I could make him jump," said Gwen viciously, "and I will," she added, after a pause.

"You!" answered The Pilot, opening his eyes. How?"

"I'll find some way," she replied resolutely.

When the next meeting was called regarding the Church, the congregation were surprised to see Bronco Bill, Hi and half a dozen ranchers and cowboys walk in. The Pilot stated fully the case, appealing strongly for support to erect a new building.

Then followed dead, solemn silence. Robbie was content to wait till the effect of the speech should be dissipated in small talk. Then he gravely said:

"The kirk wad be a gran' thing, nae doot, an' they wad a' dootless"—with a suspicious glance toward Bill—"rejoice in its erection. But we maun be cautious, an' I wad like to inquire hoo much money a kirk cud be built for, and whaur the money wad come frae?"

The Pilot was ready with his answer. The cost would be \$1,200. The Church Building Fund would contribute \$200, the people could give \$300 in labor, and the remaining \$700 he thought could be raised in the district in two years' time.

"Ay," said Robbie, and the tone and manner were

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

sufficient to drench any enthusiasm with the chilliest of water. So much was this the case that the chairman, Williams, seemed quite justified in saying:

"It is quite evident that the opinion of the meeting is adverse to any attempt to load the community with a debt of one thousand dollars," and he proceeded with a very complete statement of the many and various objections to any attempt at building a Church this year. The people were very few, they were dispersed over a large area, they were not interested sufficiently, they were all spending money and making little in return; he supposed therefore, that the meeting might adjourn.

Robbie sat silent and expressionless in spite of his little wife's anxious whispers and nudges. The Pilot looked the picture of woe, and was on the point of bursting forth when the meeting was startled by Bill.

"Say, boys! they hain't much stuck on their shop, heh?" The low, drawling voice was perfectly distinct and arresting.

"Hain't got no use for it, seemingly," was the answer from the dark corner.

"Old Scotchie takes his religion out in prayin', I guess," drawled out Bill, "but wants to sponge for his plant."

This reference to Robbie's proposal to use the school moved the youngsters to tittering and made

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

the little Scotchman squirm, for he prided himself upon his independence.

"There ain't \$700 in the hull blanked outfit." This was a stranger's voice, and again Robbie squirmed, for he rather prided himself also on his ability to pay his way.

"No good!" said another emphatic voice. "A blanked lot o' psalm-singing snipes."

"Order, order!" cried the chairman.

"Old Windbag there don't see any show for swipin' the collection, with Scotchie round," said Hi, with a following ripple of quiet laughter, for Williams' reputation was none too secure.

Robbie was in a most uncomfortable state of mind. So unusually stirred was he that for the first time in his history he made a motion.

"I move we adjourn, Mr. Chairman," he said, in a voice which actually vibrated with emotion.

"Different here! eh, boys?" drawled Bill.

"You bet," said Hi, in huge delight. "The meetin' ain't out yit."

"Ye can bide till mor-r-nin'," said Robbie angrily. "A'm gaen hame," beginning to put on his coat.

"Seems as if he orter give the password," drawled Bill.

"Right you are, pardner," said Hi, springing to the door and waiting in delighted expectation for his friend's lead.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Robbie looked at the door, then at his wife, hesitated a moment, I have no doubt wishing her home. Then Bill stood up and began to speak.

Mr. Chairman, I hain't been called on for any remarks——"

"Go on!" yelled his friends from the dark corner. "Hear! hear"

"An' I didn't feel as if this was hardly my game, though The Pilot ain't mean about invitin' a feller on Sunday afternoons. But them as runs the shop don't seem to want us fellers around too much."

Robbie was gazing keenly at Bill, and here he shook his head, muttering angrily: "Hoots, nonsense! ye're welcome eneuch."

"But," went on Bill, slowly, "I guess I've been on the wrong track. I've been a-cherishin' the opinion" (Hear! hear!" yelled his admirers), "cherishin' the opinion," repeated Bill, "that these fellers," pointing to Robbie, "was stuck on religion, which I ain't much myself, and reely consarned about the blocking ov the devil, which The Pilot says can't be did without a regular gospel factory. O' course, it ain't any biznis ov mine, but if us fellers was reely only set on any-thing condoocin'," ("Hear, hear!" yelled Hi, in ecstasy) "condoocin'," repeated Bill slowly and with relish, "to the good ov the Order" (Bill was a brotherhood man), "I b'lieve I know whar five hundred dollars mebbe cud per'aps be got."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"You bet your sox," yelled the strange voice, in chorus with other shouts of approval.

"O' course, I ain't no bettin' man," went on Bill, insinuatingly, "as a regular thing, but I'd gamble a few just here on this pint; if the boys was stuck on anythin' costin' about seven hundred dollars, it seems to me likely they'd git it in about two days, per'aps—

Here Robbie grunted out an "ay" of such fulness of contemptuous unbelief that Bill paused, and, looking over Robbie's head he drawled out, even more slowly and mildly;

"Not bein' too bold, I cherish the opinion" (Again yells of approval from the corner) "that even for this here Gospel plant, seein' The Pilot's rather sot onto it, I b'lieve the boys could find five hundred dollars inside ov a month, if perhaps these fellers cud wiggle the rest out ov their pants."

Then Robbie was in great wrath and, stung by the taunting, drawling voice beyond all self command, he broke out suddenly:

"Ye'll no' can mak that guid, I doot."

"D'ye mean I ain't prepared to back it up?"

"Aye," said Robby, grimly.

"Tain't likely I'll be called on; I guess \$500 is safe enough," drawled Bill, cunningly drawing him on. Then Robbie bit.

"Oo ay!" said he in a voice of quiet contempt, "the twa hunner wull be here and 'twull wait ye long eneuch,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I'se warrant ye."

Then Bill nailed him.

"I hain't got my card case on my person," he said, with a slight grin.

"Left it on the pianner," suggested Hi, who was in a state of great hilarity at Bill's success in drawing the Scottie.

"But," Bill proceeded, recovering himself, and with increasing suavity, "if some gentleman would mark down the date of the almanac, I cherish the opinion" (cheers from the corner) "that in one month from to-day there will be five hundred dollars lookin' round for two hundred on that there desk mebbe, or p'raps you would incline two-fifty," he drawled, in his most winning tone to Robbie, who was growing more impatient every moment.

"Nae matter tae me. Ye're haverin' like a daft loon, ony way."

"You will make a memento of this slight transaction, boys, and per'aps the schoolmaster will write it down," said Bill.

It was all carefully taken down, and amid much enthusiastic confusion the ranchers and their gang carried Bill off to Old Latour's to "licker up," while Robbie, in deep wrath, but in dour silence, went off through the dark with his little wife following some paces behind him.

—Adapted from *"The Sky Pilot,"* by Ralph Connor. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

MR. WISE-MAN

WILLIAM WYE SMITH

S AID the Wise-Man to the Gardener,
"Who sleep in all your beds?"
Quoth the Gardener to the Wise-Man,
"We have many Cabbage Heads!"

Said the Wise-Man to the Sailor,
"Do you put your ship in stays?"
Quoth the Sailor to the Wise-Man,
"'Tis her waist the rope belays!"

Said the Wise-Man to the Joiner,
"Are you always making beads?"
Quoth the Joiner to the Wise-Man,
"These are all the stringer needs!"

Said the Wise-Man to the Jeweler,
"Can your watches wash their face?"
Quoth the Jeweler to the Wise-Man,
"If their hands are all in place!"

Said the Wise-Man to the Woodman,
"Have your trees a savage bark?"
Quoth the Woodman to the Wise-Man,
"Only dogwood, I remark!"

—From "*The Selected Poems*" of William Wye Smith.
(William Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

OFF TO THE FISHING GROUND

L. M. MONTGOMERY

THERE'S a piping wind from a sunrise shore
Blowing over a silver sea,
There's a joyous voice in the lapsing tide
That calls enticingly;
The mist of dawn has taken flight
To the dim horizon's bound,
And with wide sails set and eager hearts
We're off to the fishing ground.

Ho, comrades mine, how that brave wind sings,
Like a great sea-harp afar!
We whistle its wild notes back to it
As we cross the harbor bar.
Behind us there are the homes we love
And hearts that are fond and true,
And before us beckons a strong young day
On leagues of glorious blue.

Comrades, a song as the fleet goes out,
A song of the orient sea!
We are the heirs of its tingling strife,
Its courage and liberty.
Sing as the white sails cream and fill,
And the foam in our wake is long,
Sing till the headlands black and grim
Echo us back our song!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Oh, 'tis a glad and heartsome thing
To wake ere the night be done,
And steer the course that our fathers steered
In the path of the rising sun.
The wind and welkin and wave are ours
Wherever our bourne is found,
And we envy no landsman his dream and sleep,
When we're off to the fishing ground.
—From *"The Watchman and Other Poems."*

NOT IN PALACES

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON

O NOT in palaces of pride
Are love and faith most surely found;
Where peace and lowliness abide
It oftentimes holier ground.

I deem the honest heart of him
Who turns the brown soil to the sun
And keeps a cottage neat and trim
By far the happier one.

With him is e'er the noblest art,
A faithfulness no might can bend;
His surest peace, a lowly heart,
His truest wealth, a friend.

—From *"Heart of the Hills,"* by *Albert Durrant Watson.*

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE HALF-BREED GIRL

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

SHE is free of the trap and the paddle,
The portage and the trail,
But something behind her savage life
Shines like a fragile veil.
Her dreams are undiscovered,
Shadows trouble her breast,
When the time for resting cometh
Then least is she at rest.

Oft in the morns of winter,
When she visits the rabbit snares,
An appearance floats in the crystal air
Beyond the balsam firs.

Oft in the summer mornings
When she strips the nets of fish,
The smell of the dripping net-twine
Gives to her heart a wish.

But she cannot learn the meaning
Of the shadows in her soul,
The lights that break and gather,
The clouds that part and roll.
The reek of rock-built cities,
Where her fathers dwelt of yore,
The gleam of loch and shealing,
The mist on the moor.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Frail traces of kindred kindness,
Of feud by hill and strand,
The heritage of an age-long life
In a legendary land.
She wakes in the stifling wigwam,
Where the air is heavy and wild,
She fears for something or nothing
With the heart of a frightened child.

She sees the stars turn slowly
Past the tangle of the poles,
Through the smoke of the dying embers,
Like the eyes of dead souls.
Her heart is shaken with longing
For the strange, still years,
For what she knows and knows not,
For the wells of ancient tears.

A voice calls from the rapids,
Deep, careless and free,
A voice that is larger than her life
Or than her death shall be.
She covers her face with her blanket,
Her fierce soul hates her breath,
As it cries with a sudden passion
For life or death.

—From "*Lundy's Lane and Other Poems*," by Duncan Campbell
Scott (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart).

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

HEAT

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

FROM plains that reel to southward, dim,
The roads runs by me white and bare;
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond, and melt into the glare.
Upward half-way, or it may be
Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily
With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner
Is slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blur
Of white dust puffing to his knees.
This wagon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land.

Beyond me in the fields the sun
Soaks in the grass and hath his will;
I count the marguerites one by one;
Even the buttercups are still.
On the brook yonder not a breath
Disturbs the spider or the midge.
The water-bugs draw close beneath
The cool gloom of the bridge.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
Into the pale depth of the noon
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
The cricket from the drougthy ground;
The grasshoppers spin into mine ear
A small innumerable sound.
I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze:
The burning sky-line blinds my sight:
The woods far off are blue with haze:
The hills are drenched in light.

And yet to me not this or that
Is always sharp or always sweet;
In the sloped shadow of my hat
I lean at rest, and drain the heat;
Nay more, I think some blessed power
Hath brought me wandering idly here:
In the full furnace of his hour
My thoughts grow keen and clear.

—From "*The Poems of Archibald Lampman*," (Morang).

THE RAILWAY STATION

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

THE darkness brings no quiet here, the light
No waking: ever on my blinded brain
The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain.
The engine's scream, the hiss and thunder smite:
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain,
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
Move laboring out into the bourneless night.

So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes:
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and
guesses;

What threads of life, what hidden histories,
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

—From *"The Poems of Archibald Lampman,"* (Morang).

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

JACK

JEAN BLEWETT

JACK'S dead an' buried; it seems odd,
A deep hole covered up with sod
Lyin' out there on the hill,
An' Jack, as never could keep still,
A sleepin' in it. Jack could race,
And do it at a good old pace,
Could sing a song, an' laugh so hard
That I could hear him in our yard
When he was half a mile away.
Why, not another boy could play
Like him, or run, or jump so high,
Or swim, no matter how he'd try;
An' I can't get it through my head
At all, at all, that Jack is dead.

Jack's mother didn't use to be
So awful good to him and me,
For often when I'd go down there
On Saturdays, when it was fair,
To get him out to fish or skate,
She'd catch me hangin' round the gate
And look as cross as some old hen,
An' tell me, "Go off home again.
It's not the thing for boys," she'd say,
"A hangin' round the creek all day;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

You go off home and do your task—
No, Jack can't go, you needn't ask."
And when he got in scrapes, why, she
Would up and lay it on to me,
An' wish I lived so far away
Jack couldn't see me every day.

But last night when I'd done the chores
It seemed so queer-like out of doors,
I kept a listenin' all the while,
An' looking down the street a mile;
I couldn't bear to go inside,
The house is lonesome since he died.
The robber book we read by turns
Is lyin' there—an' no boy learns
All by himself, 'cause he can't tell
How many words he'll miss or spell,
Unless there's some one lookin' on
To laugh at him when he gets done.

An' neighbor women's sure to come
A visitin' a feller's home,
An' talkin', when they look at me,
'Bout how thick us two used to be,
A stealin' off from school, an' such,
An' askin' do I miss him much,
'Till I sneak off out doors—you see,
They just can't let a feller be!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Well, I walked down the road a bit.
Smith's dog came out. I throwed at it,
An' do you know, it never howled
Same as it always did, or growled;
It seemed to say, "Why, Jim's alone!
I wonder where's that other one?"

Afore I knew it I was down
'Way at the other end of town,
A hangin' round in the old way
For someone to come out and play.
There wasn't no one there to look,
So I slipped into our old nook.
I found his knife down in the grass
Where we'd been Zulus at the pass.
The can of bait, the hook and line
Were lyin' with the ball of twine,
An' "Jim," I seemed to hear him say,
"The fish will suffer some to-day."
'Twas more than I could stand just then;
I got up to go off home, when
Someone kissed me on the cheek,
An' hugged me so I couldn't speak.
You wouldn't believe it, like as not,
But 'twas Jack's mother, an' a lot
Of great big tears came stealin' down
Right on my face. She didn't frown

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

A single bit—kept sayin' low,
"My blue-eyed boy, I loved you so!"
Of course, I knew just right away
That she meant Jack. My eyes are gray,
But Jack, he had the bluest eyes,
Blue like you see up in the skies,
An' shine that used to come and go—
One misses eyes like his, you know.

An' by-an'-by she up an' tried
To tell me that she'd cried an' cried
A thinkin' of the times that she
Had scolded Jack an' scolded me,
An' other things that I won't tell
To anyone, because—Oh, well,
Boys can't do much, but they can hold
Tight on to secrets till they're old.
She's Jack's relation, that's why she
Feels kind of lovin' like to me.
But when she called me her own lad,
Oh, say, I felt just awful bad;
My head it went round in a whirl—
I up an' cried just like a girl.
But say, if Jack could see us two
He'd laugh a little, don't you know;
For if I'd ever brag around
That I'd lick some one safe an' sound,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

He'd laugh an' say, "Jim, hold your jaw!
You know you're scared to death of maw."
Oh, I'd give all this world away
If I could hear him laugh to-day!

I get so lonesome, it's so still,
An' him out sleepin' on that hill;
There's nothin' seems just worth the while
A doin' up in the old style;
'Cause everything we used to do
Seemed allus just to need us two.
My throat aches till I think 'twill crack—
I don't know why—it must be Jack.
There ain't no fun, there ain't no stir.
His mother—well, it's hard on her,
But she can knit an' sew, an' such—
Oh, she can't miss him half so much!

—From "*The Cornflower and Other Poems*," by Jean Blewett.
(Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

UNRENOWNED

ALBERT D. WATSON

THINK not that the world's commanders
Have won the heights alone;
We measure their matchless glory
In deeds not all their own;
Though Phidias planned and ordered
The Parthenon sublime,
Ten thousand helots fashioned
That perfect dream of time.
Three hundred forgotten heroes
Died in the fatal pass
Beside their immortal leader,
The brave Leonidas;
And true as the great Columbus,
Whose glory ever grows,
Was many a Pilgrim Father
Whose story no man knows.
A myriad toilers founded
And raised each stately tower
Of every immortal city
That rose to fame and power;
And never was truly great heart
But honored with his own
The work of his faithful comrades,
Disclaiming to stand alone.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Then hail to the deathless army,
The hero toilers all
Who dared the primeval forest
And built the city wall,
Who fell in the battle of labor,
Whose graves mark not the sod;
These, these are the pride of the ages,
These are co-workers with God.

—From *"Love and the Universe,"* by Albert D. Watson.
(Macmillan Co.)

CHRISTMAS

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON

GIVE each new day its own good cheer
All other days apart,
And every day throughout the year
Keep Christmas in your heart.

—From *"Heart of the Hills,"* by Albert Durrant Watson.
(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

AT THE CEDARS

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

YOU had two girls—(Baptiste)—
One is Virginie—
Hold hard—Baptiste!

Listen to me.

The whole drive was jammed
In that bend at the Cedars,
The rapids were dammed
With the logs tight rammed
And crammed; you might know
The Devil had clinched them below.

We worked three days—not a budge,
“She’s as tight as a wedge, on the ledge,”
Says our foreman;
“Mon Dieu! boys, look here,
We must get this thing clear.”

He cursed at the men
And we went for it then;
With our cant-dogs arow,
We just gave he-yo-ho;
When she gave a big shove
From above.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The gang yelled and tore
For the shore,
The logs gave a grind
Like a wolf's jaws behind,
And as quick as a flash
With a shove and a crash,
They were down in a mash,
But I and ten more,
All but Isaac Dufour,
Were ashore.

He leaped on a log in the front of the rush,
And shot out from the bind
While the jam roared behind;
As he floated along
He balanced his pole
And tossed us a song.

But just as we cheered,
Up darted a log from the bottom,
Leaped thirty feet square and fair,
And came down on his own.

He went up like a block
With the shock,
And when he was there
In the air,
Kissed his hand to the land;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

When he dropped
My heart stopped,
For the first logs had caught him
And crushed him;
When he rose in his place
There was blood on his face.

There were some girls, Baptiste,
Picking berries on the hillside,
Where the river curls, Baptiste,
You know—on the still side.
One was down by the water,
She saw Isaac
Fall back.

She did not scream, Baptiste,
She launched her canoe;
It did seem, Baptiste,
That she wanted to die too,
For before you could think
The birch cracked like a shell
In that rush of hell,
And I saw them both sink—

Baptiste!—
He had two girls,
One is Virginie,
What God calls the other
Is not known to me.

—From "*The Magic House and Other Poems.*"

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

A MOTHER IN EGYPT

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

("About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt; and all the firstborn in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon the throne, even unto the firstborn of the maid-servant that is behind the mill.")

IS the noise of grief in the palace over the river
For this silent one at my side?

There came a hush in the night, and he rose with
his hands a-quiver

Like lotus petals adrift on the swing of the tide.
O small soft hands, the day groweth old for sleeping!
O small still feet, rise up, for the hour is late!
Rise up, my son, for I hear them mourning and
weeping

In the temple down by the gate.

Hushed is the face that was wont to brighten with
laughter

When I sang at the mill,
And silence unbroken shall greet the sorrowful dawns
hereafter,

The house shall be still.
Voice after voice takes up the burden of wailing,—
Do you heed, do you hear, in the high-priest's house
by the wall?

But mine is the grief, and their sorrow is all unavailing.
Will he wake at their call?

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Something I saw of the broad, dim wings half folding
The passionless brow.

Something I saw of the sword the shadowy hands were
holding,—

What matters it now?

I held you close, dear face, as I knelt and harkened
To the wind that cried last night like a soul in sin,
When the broad, bright stars dropped down and the
soft sky darkened,
And the Presence moved therein.

I have heard men speak in the market-place of the
city,

Low voiced, in a breath,

Of a god who is stronger than ours, and who knows
not changing nor pity,

Whose anger is death.

Nothing I know of the lords of the outland races,

But Amun is gentle and Hathor the Mother is mild,
And who would descend from the light of the peace-
ful places

To war on a child?

Yet here he lies, with a scarlet pomegranate petal

Blown down on his cheek.

The slow sun sinks to the sand like a shield of some
burnished metal,

But he does not speak.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I have called, I have sung, but he neither will hear nor
waken;

So lightly, so whitely he lies in the curve of my
arm,

Like a feather let fall from the bird that the arrow
hath taken.

Who could see him, and harm?

"The swallow flies home to her sleep in the eaves of
the altar,

And the crane to her nest,"

So do we sing o'er the mill, and why, ah, why should
I falter,

Since he goes to his rest?

Does he play in their flowers as he played among
these with his mother?

Do the gods smile downward and love him and give
him their care?

Guard him well, O ye gods, till I come; lest the wrath
of that Other

Should reach to him there!

—From "*Drift of Pinions*," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.
(S. B. Gundy.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE PEACEMAKER

JAMES E. LE ROSSIGNOL

IT was all because of the plans of the pious zeal of Francois Xavier Lachapelle, the new priest of the newly created parish of Ste. Brigitte de Laval. All things were new in the mountain parish, even the name, given by the good fathers of the Seminary, with the advice and consent of curé and people, in order to conciliate the strangers from beyond the sea, to make them feel at home in the land of their adoption, that by-and-by they might forget, if possible, the hills and valleys, the streams and lakes of Cork and Bantry and Killarney.

On the part of the Canadians the naming of the parish was a veritable act of charity and sacrifice, for they would have felt more secure under the benign protection of St. Lazare, Ste. Therese or Notre Dame. But it was right, as the curé said, to make some concession to the feelings of strangers in a strange land, and for the love of God they were willing to revere saints hitherto unfamiliar, if not unknown, in the signiory of the Côte de Beaupre.

The Canadians flattered themselves that they had done a meritorious work, but the ardent young curé, having tasted the blessedness of making peace, conceived the thought that still more could be done, to

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

the end that Canadians and Irish might dwell together in love and harmony, one in spirit, as they were already one in faith and baptism.

It was indeed a question of baptism in the mind of Father Lachapelle, and his cherished plan came to sudden maturity on the eve of Christmas, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine.

The storm of that night is still remembered by the oldest inhabitant, who delights to tell of uprooted trees, blockaded roads and houses buried deep beneath drifts of snow. It was a tempestuous night, with much snow and wind. The curé, in his little cabin, was not sorry to have plenty of wood for the fire and good buffalo robes for his bed. With satisfaction he was thinking of the night's repose, when suddenly there came a loud knocking at the door, and the sound of a man's voice in trouble and alarm.

"It is I, Phileas Lafontaine," said the voice. "But open quick, M'sieu le Curé; there is no time to lose."

"What's the matter?" said the priest. "Is it Madame or the little one who has need of me?"

"Madame is well, M'sieu' Lachapelle, but O! M'sieu' le Curé, the little one, perhaps she will not live, and you will at least give her the sacrament, in case, to make sure."

The young priest, ever ready to do his duty, and above all in the extremity of death, set out in the

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

storm, and, after a long struggle with the drifting snow, arrived at the cabin of Phileas Lafontaine.

"What name?" said the cure, as he made ready to administer the sacred rite.

"Ah, M'sieu' le Curé," said Phileas, "if you would only choose the name it would be an honor indeed. The mother has set her heart upon it, and the little one might perhaps live. Who can tell? If you only would, M'sieu' le Curé."

"With pleasure," said the young priest, and, quickly taking the holy water, he said in solemn tones: "Brigitte Lafontaine, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen!"

Phileas Lafontaine gave a gasp, but not a word of protest. It was too late. "Brigitte is a very pretty name," he murmured, "and it was good of you to come, M'sieu' le Curé."

It was past midnight when Father Lachapelle found himself once more in his little home, very tired, and beginning to suffer from the reaction which inevitably follows a special exaltation of the soul. Stooping to remove the heavy snowshoes from his aching feet, he thought, with self pity, of his difficult mission in the mountains, and with envy of the sleek curé of Beauport, with the rich tithes and comfortable presbytery.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

When, therefore, another loud and hideous knocking disturbed his peace, is it any wonder that the young curé's temper was by no means serene?

"Who's there?" he called, in a tone of irritation.

"It's Phelim, Father," said a well-known voice.

"Phelim what?" said the cure.

"Why, Phelim O'Brian, Father; and for God's sake come to my house and baptize my little boy before he dies, Father."

"What now, Phelim?" said the priest, as the Irishman's scared face appeared at the door.

"Father Lachapelle, as sure as you live, Father, I woke up in the night, with a start, and the death-watch was ticking in the wall above the baby's cradle, and it never was known to tick like that except when somebody was about to die. It was so, Father, the night before the battle of Clontarf, when my ancestor
——"

"Never mind about your ancestors," said the angry priest; "I don't believe in death-watches, nor banshees, nor any such foolishness, and I'll not go any fool's errand with you this night, I can tell you that, Phelim O'Brian."

"For God's sake don't talk like that, Father," said Phelim, falling on his knees on the cabin floor. "For the love of God, come to my house, Father. The child will die, and his soul is in your care; his soul,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Father, his immortal soul. Come this time, Father, and I'll be a better man. I'll not drink; I'll not swear; I'll not tell another lie as long as I live. I'll do anything you say, Father, I'll——"

"O, will you?" said the young priest, recovering his composure. "Then I'll go with you on one condition; and that is that you allow me to name the child, to give him any name I please."

"Surely, Father, that's easy," said Phelim, already repenting his hasty words. "Let's go, Father, or it will be too late."

In the wind that howled through the pines, and shrieked in the balsam tops, the ignorant layman thought he heard the cry of the banshee, and even the enlightened priest could hardly escape the conviction that, in the form of a loup-garou, Satan himself was making vain outcry against the holy work about to be accomplished, which should open the gate of heaven to an immortal soul, and effect a blessed reconciliation among the members of the Church on earth.

"What name, Phelim?" said the priest, as he prepared to baptize the healthiest Irish baby he had ever seen.

"Phelim and Patrick have been our family names since the world began, but you are to name the child, Father. Anyway, his ancestors in heaven will know him by the color of his hair, name or no name, so it's

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

all right, Father."

"Jean Baptiste O'Brian, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen!"

Father Lachapelle's scheme of mediation was well meant, but it was not well received by the parishioners of Ste. Brigitte de Laval. The young priest was an idealist, whose message of peace the common people were unable to receive. Canadians and Irish united to protest against his absurd and premature plan of union.

The bells of Christmas had not ceased to peal, and the storm was still raging throughout the valley, when a solemn deputation on snowshoes appeared at the presbytery, to request, and, if necessary, to demand of the young curé some definite assurance of a change of policy. On the part of the ancient inhabitants were Isidore Turcotte, Pamphile Garneau, and Theodule Plamondon. Representing the Irish settlers were Patrick Dawson, Denis Driscoll, and Michael Laferty.

"M'sieu' le Curé," said Isidore Turcotte, when the young priest desired to know for what reason they had come, "we have come to you on behalf of those not yet born, but whom the good God will send to us in time to come. We hope, M'sieu' le Curé, that it will not be necessary for them to bear names strange to

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

our ears, the names of saints unknown to us until recently, whom we have not been accustomed to venerate, and who, perhaps, take but little interest in us and our children. Our fathers have not found it difficult to find guardian saints for families large and small, without borrowing from Ireland or any other foreign country. M'sieu' le Curé, we desire to follow the examples of our fathers. We are willing to live in peace with these Irish, but we do not wish to be like them in any way. We prefer to remain Canadians, as our fathers for many generations."

"Father Lachapelle," said Patrick Dawson, resenting the insults of Isidore Turcotte, "I speak on behalf of the holy saints of Ireland, our native land. Who has not heard of Saint Bridget, Saint Denis, Saint Michael, and Saint Patrick? They are known all over the world, even in this God-forsaken country of Canada. Their names are good enough for any habitant that ever was born, but they needn't take them if they don't want them; only we will not have our children called after obscure Frenchmen like Damase, Ignace, Theophile, or Zacharie. Besides, Father, it's ridiculous to give a French name to an Irish child. Jean Baptiste O'Brian is bad enough, but Theophile Kelly, Zotique Driscoll, Petronille Lafferty! Lord! Father, it wouldn't sound right at all, at all. Anyway, Father Lachapelle, we'll have none of

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

this foolishness. Irish we were born and Irish we will die, and the curse o' Crummle on any child of ours that dares to say otherwise."

Much more was said by the representatives of both parties, and it was confidently expected that Father Lachapelle would bow to the storm. The young priest, however, had the spirit of a martyr, coupled with a profound contempt for the prejudices and obstinacy of the common people. He absolutely refused to make the promises required. On the contrary, he declared that he would use every means in his power to bring about Christian peace and unity between the two races, even if it were necessary to refuse the sacraments of the Church to those who resisted the power of God and the authority of His chosen servant.

The case was taken to the bishop, who speedily removed the young fanatic, sending him to the Indian tribes of the upper Saguenay, while Father John Horan became the curé of the mountain parish.

Father John Horan was born in Ireland and educated in France, and no man could tell by word or deed whether he was French or Irish. Possessed of a sense of humor and a spirit of compromise, he did much to establish good relations between the rival factions.

"Be on good terms with all the saints," said Father

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Horan on the occasion of his first sermon to the congregation. "Pray to them all, for you don't know when you may need their influence. But in giving names to your children, many though they be, it is not possible to remember all the saints in the calendar. Select those whose names you love and in whom you have the greatest confidence. St. Patrick doubtless loves the Irish, although he was born in Britain and educated in France, like myself. St. John the Baptist, although he was a wandering Jew, has a special affection for those who live in the Canadian wilderness. St. Denis, beloved in Ireland, was born in France, and we may all unite in devotion to him. Bridget, sure, was Irish, nothing else. But the saints, whether French or Irish, German or Italian, never quarrel among themselves. They have no time for that. They pray incessantly for all the world, especially for those committed to their care. My friends, let us be like them.

"As for Brigitte Lafontaine and Jean Baptiste O'Brian," said Father Horan, "they shall be our little angels of peace and good will in the parish of Ste. Brigitte de Laval."

—From "*The Christmas Globe*."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER CHERRY

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

THE farmer quit what he was at,
The bee-hive he was smoking;
He tilted back his old straw hat—
Said he, "Young man, yer joking!
O lordy! (Lord, forgive the swar!)
Ain't ye a cheeky sinner?
Cum, if I giv ye my gal thar,
Whar would you find her dinner?

"Now look at me; I settled down
When I wus one an' twenty,
Me an' my axe an' Mrs. Brown,
An' stony land a-plenty.
Look up that! ain't thet humsted fine?
An' look at them thar cattle;
I tell ye, since thet airly time
I've fit a tidy battle.

"It kinder 'rastles down a man
Tew fight the stuns an' mire,
But I sort uv clutched tew thet thar plan
Uv David and Goliar.
Want was the mean old Philistine
Thet strutted round the clearin';
Uv pebbles I'd a hansum
An' flung em nuthin' fearin'.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"They hit him squar, right whar they ought,—

Them times I had an arm—

I licked the hiant an' I bought

A hundred-acre farm.

My gal wus born about them days—

I wus mowin' in the medder,

When sumone cums along an' ses,

'The wife's gone thru the shadder."

"Times thought it wus God's will she went—

Times thought she worked tew slavin'—

An' fur the young one thet wus sent

I took tew steddy savin'.

Jest cast yer eye on thet thar hill

The sugar bush jest tetches,

An' round by Miller Jackson's mill—

All round the farm stretches.

"'Ain't got a mind tew giv thet land

Tew any snip-snap feller

Thet don't know loam frum mud or sand,

Or if corn's blue or yellor.

I've got a mind tew keep her yet.

Last fall her cheese an' butter

Took prizes; sakes! I can't furget

Her pretty pride an' flutter.

"Why, you be off! her little face

Fur me's the only summer;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Her gone 'twould be a queer old place—
The Lord smile down upon her!
All goes with her, the house an' lot—
You'd like tew get 'em, very!
I'll give 'em when this maple bears
A bouncin' ripe red cherry."

The farmer fixed his hat and specs
And pursed his lips together;
The maple waved above his head
Each gold and scarlet feather.
The teacher's honest heart sank down:
How could his soul be merry?
He knew—though teaching in a town—
No maple bears a cherry.

Soft blew the wind; the great old tree,
Like Saul to David's singing,
Nodded its jewelled crown as he
Swayed to the harp-strings' ringing.
A something rosy—not a leaf—
Stirs up amid the branches:—
A miracle may send relief
To lovers fond and anxious.

O rosy is the velvet cheek
Of one 'mid red leaves sitting!
The sunbeams play at hide-and-seek
With the needles in her knitting.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Oh Pa!"—the farmer pricked his ears:

Whence came that voice so merry?

The teacher's thoughtful visage clears—

"The maple bears a Cherry!"

The farmer tilted back his hat:

"Wal, gal, as I'm a human,

I'll allus hold as doctrine that

Thar's nuthin' beats a woman!

When crowned thet maple is with snow,

An' Christmas bells are merry,

I'll let ye hew her, Jack—thet's so!

Be sure yer good tew Cherry!"

—From *"The Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford."*
(Wm. Briggs.)

ROSES IN MADRID

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

R OSES, Senors, roses!
Love is subtly hid

In the fragrant roses,

Blown in gay Madrid.

Roses, Senors, roses!

Look, look, look, and see

Love hanging in the roses

Like a golden bee!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Ha! ha! shake the roses—
Hold a palm below;
Shake him from the roses,
Catch the vagrant—so!

High I toss the roses
From my brown palm up,
Like the wine that bubbles
From a golden cup.
Catch the roses, Senors,
Light on finger-tips;
He who buys red roses
Dreams of crimson lips.
Tinkle my fresh roses,
With the rare dews wet;
Clink my crisp, red roses
Like a castanet.

Roses, Senors, roses!
Come, Hidalgo, buy!
Proudly wait my roses
For thy Rose's eye.
Be thy Rose as stately
As a pacing deer,
Worthy are my roses
To burn behind her ear.
Ha! ha! I can see thee,
Where the fountains foam,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Twining my red roses
In her golden comb!

Roses, Donnas, roses!
None so fresh as mine,
Plucked at rose of morning
By our Lady's shrine.

Those that first I gathered
Laid I at her feet,
That is why my roses
Still are fresh and sweet.

Roses, Donnas, roses,
Roses waxen fair!
Acolytes my roses,
'Censing ladies' prayer!

Roses, roses, roses!
Hear the tawny bull
Thund'ring in the circus—
Buy your arms full.

Roses by the dozen!
Roses by the score!
Pelt the victor with them—
Bull or toreador!

—From "*The Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford.*"
(*Wm. Briggs.*)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

SWALLOW SONG

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

O LITTLE hearts, beat home, beat home,
Here is no place to rest;
Night darkens on the falling foam
And on the fading west.
O little wings, beat home, beat home,
Love may no longer roam.

Oh, Love has touched the fields of wheat,
And Love has crowned the corn,
And we must follow Love's white feet
Through all the ways of morn:
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of Love are wide,
O winds that turn, O stars that guide.
Sweet are the ways that Love hath trod
Through the clear skies that reach to God,
But in the cliff-grass Love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may sleep.

—From *"The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse,"* Chosen by
Wilfred Campbell. (Oxford University Press.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

R. E. KNOWLES

THE Glenallen Sunday School were picknicking in the oak grove, and the good things from the many well-packed baskets were being transferred to the table. Cecil Craig, who was helping, held aloft the humble contribution from one basket—three rhubarb tarts, and he remarked, jeeringly, "There must be some awful rich folks here to-day—I guess these tarts were meant for the minister. That's all there is in the basket—so I guess some one must keep a rhubarb farm; look at the size of them—big as a full moon! I believe I'll give them to my horse. Have you any idea who sent them, Harvey?" turning to a boy standing near.

Harvey Simmons shrunk from the thoughtless laughter of the children standing around and tried to steal away unnoticed but his little sister Jessie clung to his hand and followed him.

"Don't mind, Harvey, don't mind," she said, soothingly. "He's just as mean as he can be. It's all because he's rich—an' he thinks we're poor. He doesn't know how good mother is at makin' tarts or he wouldn't talk like that."

Harvey hurried away in spite of Jessie's anxious plea that they could go back and share in the peaches, the chicken, the lemonade and other good things.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"I'd starve before I'd touch a bit of their stuff," he cried passionately. "The young whelp," he muttered wrathfully, thinking of Cecil Craig. "I'll fix him yet." Just then he caught sight of a sorrel horse tied to a tree near by, stamping restlessly because of the flies, and some idea made him apparently change his mind. . . . "You better go back and get your dinner," he said. But Jessie didn't want to go alone, and at first Harvey refused, but suddenly changed his mind and went with her. Harvey took his place at the table near the three bulky rhubarb tarts and when all heads were bowed while grace was being said he quickly and quietly left the table carrying the tarts under the shelter of his coat.

Going near to where the sorrel horse stood tied, he hid the tarts in a hollow log and waited while in deep thought. Then he slipped the noose in the bridle rein and let the strap free. The drowsy horse paid no attention. A few minutes later a stray urchin came that way and Harvey, rewarding him with various useless articles from his pockets, sent him off to Cecil Craig with a message to the owner. Cecil's horse was loose.

Cecil Craig came hurrying along and retied his horse. As he started to go back somebody gripped him by the collar of the coat.

"Now you can ask me those questions if you like,"

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

he heard a rather hoarse voice saying; and writhing round he looked into a face flaming with a wrath that was rekindling fast.

Young Craig both squirmed and squealed; but the one was as fruitless as the other. Harvey was bent on dealing faithfully with him; and lack of spirit, rather than of strength, made the struggle a comparatively unequal one. After the preliminary application was completed, he dragged Craig to where he had hidden the rhubarb tarts, still crestfallen from solitary confinement.

"Why don't you make some more jokes about the tarts my mother made?" Harvey enquired hotly; "you were real funny about them just before dinner." This reference to his mother seemed to fan the flame of his wrath anew, and another application was a natural result.

"Let me go," Cecil gasped. "I was only joking—ough! I was just joking, I say," as he tried to release himself from Harvey's tightening grip.

"So'm I," retorted Harvey; "just a piece of play, the same as yours—only we're kind o' slow at seeing the fun of it, eh?" shaking the now solemn humorist till his hair rose and fell—"I'd have seen the point a good deal quicker if my mother hadn't worked so hard," he went on, flushing with the recollection and devoting himself anew to the facetious industry. "Pick up those tarts," he thundered suddenly.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Cecil looked incredulously at his antagonist. One glance persuaded him and he slowly picked one up by the outer edge.

"Take 'em all—the whole three," Harvey directed in a low tone. Which Cecil immediately did, not deeming the time opportune to refuse.

"Now give them to your horse," Harvey said; "you know you said you'd a good mind to feed him with them."

"I won't do it," Cecil declared stoutly. "I'll fight before I do it."

Harvey smiled. "It won't do to have any fighting," he said amiably. "I'll just give them to him myself—you better come along," he suggested, tightening his grip as he saw Cecil glancing fondly towards the brow of the hill, visions of a more peaceful scene calling him to return.

Harvey escorted his captive to the horse's head; the equine was now wide awake and taking a lively interest in the animated interview; such preparations for mounting he had never seen before. But he was evidently disinclined to be drawn into the argument; for when Harvey held the rhubarb pie, rather battleworn now, beneath his nose, he sniffed contemptuously and turned scornfully away.

Cecil, somewhat convalescent, indulged a sneering little laugh. "Your little joke won't work," he said. "Pompey won't look at 'em."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"You'll wish he had, before you're through with them," Harvey returned significantly—"you've got to eat them between you."

"Got to what?—between who?" Cecil gasped, years of grammatical instruction wasted now as the dread prospect dawned grim and gray; "I don't understand you," he faltered, turning remarkably white for one so utterly in the dark.

"It doesn't need much understanding," Harvey returned laconically. "Go ahead."

Then the real struggle began; compared to this difference of opinion, and the physical demonstration wherein it found expression, the previous encounter was but as kittens' frolic in the sun.

The opening argument concluded after a protracted struggle, Harvey emerged uppermost, still pressing his hospitality upon the prostrate Cecil. "May as well walk the plank," he was saying; "besides, they're getting dryer all the time," he informed him as a friend.

"Let me up," gurgled Cecil. Harvey promptly released him; seated on a log, the latter began to renew the debate.

"I've had my dinner," he pleaded; "an' I ate all I could.

"A little more won't hurt you—always room at the top, you know. Anyhow it's just dessert," responded Harvey, holding out one of the tarts. Whereat Cecil

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

again valiantly refused—and a worthy demonstration followed.

The conquered at last kissed the rod and the solemn operation began, Harvey cheerfully breaking off chunk after chunk and handing them to the weary muncher. "There's lots of poor children in New York would be glad to get them," he said in answer to one of Cecil's most vigorous protests.

"Say," murmured the stall-fed as he paused, almost mired in the middle of tart number two, "let me take the rest home an' eat 'em there—I'll really eat 'em—on my honor; I promise you," he declared solemnly.

"I'm surprised a fellow brought up like you would think of carryin' stuff home to eat it—that's bad form. Here, take it—shut your eyes and open your mouth," commanded his keeper, holding another generous fragment to his lips.

"I say," gulped Cecil plaintively, "give us a drink—it's choking me."

"Shouldn't drink at your meals," returned Harvey; "bad for your digestion—but I guess a drop or two won't hurt you. Here, come this way—put on your cap—an' fetch that along," pointing at the surviving tart; "the exercise'll do you good," and he led the way downwards to a little brook meandering through the woods. No hand was on the victim's collar now; poor Cecil was in no shape for flight.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Give us your cap," said Harvey, thrusting it into the sparkling water and holding the streaming receptacle to Cecil's lips; "that's enough—that'll do just now; don't want you to get foundered."

"I've had enough," groaned the guest a minute later, as if the moment had only come; "I've got it nearly all down—an' I hate crusts. I won't; by heavens, I tell you I won't," bracing himself as vigorously as his cargo would permit.

"I'm the one to say when you've had enough," Harvey retorted shortly, throwing himself into battle array as he spoke, "an' you bet you'll eat the crusts—I'll teach you to eat what's set before you an' make no remarks about the stuff—'specially when it's not your own," he said, reverting to the original offense and warming up at the recollection. "You'd make a great fight, wouldn't you—fightin' you'd be like fightin' a bread-puddin'," he concluded scornfully.

Cecil munched laboriously on. "There," Harvey suddenly interrupted, "now you've had enough—that wasn't rhubarb you were eating," he flung contemptuously at him: "'twas crow—an' that'll teach you to make sport of folks you think beneath you. You'll have some food for thought for a while—you'd better walk round a bit," he concluded with a grin as he turned and strode away, leaving the inlaid Cecil alone with his burdened bosom.

—Adapted from *"The Web of Time,"* by R. E. Knowles.
(S. B. Gundy.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I DO! DON'T YOU?

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

“**S**UMMER,” said the humming Bee,
“Summer is the time for me!
Richest fields of luscious clover,
Honey-cups all brimming over,
Not a cloud the long day through!
I like Summer best—don’t you?”

Said the dainty Primrose sweet:

“Summer is the time of heat.

In the Spring when birds are calling
And the crystal rain is falling
All the world is cool and new!
I like Springtime best—don’t you?”

Said the Apple: “Not at all,

There’s no season like the Fall!

Golden skies thro’ soft mist glowing
Where the golden-rod is growing,
Reaping done and harvest through—
I like Autumn best—don’t you?”

Said the Holly: “It is clear

Of all seasons of the year

Winter is the best and dearest,
Winds are stillest, skies are clearest—
Snowballs, sleighrides, Christmas—whew!
I like Winter best—*don’t you?”*

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

SECRETS

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

HOW do you think they make the dew?
The wise men tell, but they don't tell true;
For they are so very, very wise
They can't see straight out of both their eyes;
And drop of dew is a simple thing—
Just a pearl that slips from a fairy's wing.

How do you think they make the snow?
The wise men tell, but they don't know—
They are too wise to understand
That every flake is made by hand,
Yet of ninety million and seventy-three
Each one is made quite differently.

How do you think they make the rain?
The wise men tell, but they don't explain
That a rainstorm isn't a storm at all,
But just the fairies playing ball—
Now listen hard and you'll surely hear
Them laugh and gurgle and call and cheer!

And the frost—why, some wise folk insist
That frost is merely a frozen mist;
They are so wise that they cannot trace
The wonderful weaving of fairy lace.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

But look at the windowpane, my dear,
And you will see it as clear as clear.

Now these are secrets—if you tell
Be sure you look about you well
To see that no wise men are near,
For they would say "Ahem!" I fear,
And if they said "Tut, tut!" that way,
You'd be as wise and blind as they!

THE TELL-TALE

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WE used to like the little birds,
We thought them good and kind;
We never took a single egg
(’Less we left lots behind),
And every morning me and Bill
Put crumbs upon the window-sill!
There was a Robin used to hop
Right close beside our door,
He’d cock his saucy head and say:
“Please boy, I want some more,”
And I would say: “Here’s more for you
And some for Mrs. Robin, too.”

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

But one day Bill and me went down
 To paddle in the stream,
And fell splash in! We'd sense enough
 To know we mustn't scream.
And when we'd dried our clothes quite well
You couldn't hardly, poss'bly tell!

But when we both got home that night
 Our mother knew it all.
She knew how we'd been *soakin'* wet,
 And how we came to fall—
And when she tucked us up in bed,
"A little birdie told!" she said.

Bill thinks it was the Robin, and
 He feels just mighty sore;
He says: "That bird can get his crumbs
 At someone-else's door!"
I—just can't hardly b'lieve that he
Would go and *tell* on Bill and me!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

MY UNKNOWN FRIEND

STEPHEN LEACOCK

HE stepped into the smoking compartment of the Pullman where I was sitting alone.

He had on a long fur-lined coat and he carried a fifty dollar suit-case that he put down on the seat.

Then he saw me.

"Well, well—" he said, and recognition broke out all over his face like morning sunlight.

"Well, well," I repeated.

"By Jove!" he said, shaking hands vigorously, "who would have thought of seeing you?"

Who indeed, I thought to myself.

He looked at me more closely.

"You haven't changed a bit," he said.

"Neither have you," said I heartily.

"You may be a little stouter," he went on critically.

"Yes," I said, "a little, but you're stouter yourself."

This, of course, would help to explain away any undue stoutness on my part.

"No," I continued, boldly and firmly, "you look just about the same as ever.

And all the time I was wondering who he was. I didn't know him from Adam: I couldn't recall him a bit. I don't mean that my memory is weak. On the contrary, it is singularly tenacious. True, I find it

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

very hard to remember people's names; very often, too, it is hard for me to recall a face; and frequently I fail to recall a person's appearance; and of course clothes are a thing one doesn't notice. But apart from these details, I never forget anybody and I am proud of it. But when it does happen that a name or face escapes me, I never lose my presence of mind. I know just how to deal with the situation. It only needs coolness and intellect and it all comes right.

My friend sat down.

"It's a long time since we met," he said.

"A long time," I repeated with something of a note of sadness. I wanted him to feel that I too had suffered from it.

"But it has gone very quickly."

"Like a flash," I asserted cheerfully.

"Strange," he said, "how life goes on and we lose track of people, and things alter. I often think about it. I sometimes wonder," he continued, "where all the old gang are gone to."

"So do I," I said.

In fact I was wondering about it at the very moment. I always find in circumstances like these that a man begins sooner or later to talk of the "old gang" or "the boys" or "the crowd." That's where the opportunity comes in to gather who he is.

"Do you ever go back to the old place?" he asked.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Never," I said, firmly and flatly. This had to be absolute. I felt that once and for all the "old place" must be ruled out of the discussion till I could discover where it was.

"No," he went on, "I suppose you'd hardly care to."

"Not now," I said very gently.

"I understand. I beg your pardon," he said, and there was a silence for a few moments.

So far I had scored the first point. There was evidently an old place somewhere to which I would hardly care to go.

That was something to build on.

Presently he began again.

"Yes," he said, "I sometimes meet some of the old boys and they begin to talk of you and wonder what you're doing."

"Poor things," I thought, but I didn't say it.

I knew it was time now to make a bold stroke; so I used the method that I always employ. I struck in with great animation.

"Say!" I said, "where's Billy? Do you ever hear anything of Billy now?"

This is really a very safe line. Every old gang has a Billy in it.

"Yes," said my friend, "sure—Billy is ranching out in Montana. I saw him in Chicago last spring—

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

weighed about two hundred pounds—you wouldn't know him."

"No, I certainly wouldn't," I murmured to myself.

"And where's Pete?" I said. This was safe ground. There is always a Pete.

"You mean Billy's brother," he said.

"Yes, yes, Billy's brother Pete. I often think of him.

"Oh," answered the unknown man, "old Pete's quite changed—settled down altogether"—here he began to chuckle—"why Pete's married!"

I started to laugh too. Under these circumstances it is always supposed to be very funny if a man has got married. The notion of old Peter (whoever he is) being married is presumed to be simply killing. I kept on chuckling away quietly at the mere idea of it. I was hoping that I might manage to keep on laughing till the train stopped. I had only fifty miles more to go. It's not hard to laugh for fifty miles if you know how.

But my friend wouldn't be content with it.

"I often meant to write to you," he said, his voice falling to a confidential tone, "especially when I heard of your loss."

I remained quiet. What had I lost? Was it money? And if so, how much? And why had I lost it? I

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

wondered if it had ruined me or only partly ruined me.

"One can never get over a loss like that," he continued solemnly.

Evidently I was plumb ruined. But I said nothing and remained under cover waiting to draw his fire.

"Yes," the man went on, "death is always sad."

Death! Oh, that was it, was it? I almost hiccupped with joy. That was easy. Handling a case of death in these conversations is simplicity itself. One has only to sit quiet and wait to find out who is dead.

"Yes," I murmured, "very sad. But it has its other side too."

"Very true, especially, of course, at that age."

"As you say, at that age, and after such a life."

"Strong and bright to the last, I suppose," he continued, very sympathetically.

"Yes," I said, falling on sure ground, "able to sit up in bed and smoke within a few days of the end."

"What," he said perplexed, "did your grandmother _____"

My grandmother! That was it, was it?

"Pardon me," I said, provoked at my own stupidity—"when I say smoked, I mean able to sit up and be smoked to—a habit she had—being read to, and being smoked to—only thing that seemed to compose her _____"

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

As I said this I could hear the rattle and clatter of the train running past the semaphores and switch points and slacking to a stop.

My friend looked quickly out of the window.

His face was agitated.

"Great heavens!" he said, "that's the junction. I've missed my stop. I should have got out at the last station. Say, porter," he called out into the alley way, "how long do we stop here?"

"Just two minutes, sah," called a voice back. "She's late now, she's making up tahm!"

My friend had hopped up now and had pulled out a bunch of keys and was fumbling at the lock of the suit-case.

"I'll have to wire back or something," he gasped; "confound this lock—my money's in the suit-case."

My one fear now was that he would fail to get off.

"Here," I said, pulling some money out of my pocket, "don't bother with the lock. Here's money."

"Thanks," he said, grabbing the roll of money out of my hand—in his excitement he took all that I had—"I'll just have time."

He sprang from the train. I saw him through the window, moving towards the waiting room. He didn't seem going very fast.

I waited.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The porters were calling, "All abawd! All abawd!" There was the clang of a bell, a hiss of steam, and in a second the train was off.

Idiot, I thought, he's missed it; and there was his fifty dollar suit-case lying on the seat.

I waited, looking out of the window and wondering who the man was anyway.

Then presently I heard the porter's voice again. He evidently was guiding someone through the car.

"Ah looked all through the kyar for it, sah," he was saying.

"I left it in the seat in the car there behind my wife," said the angry voice of a stranger, a well-dressed man who put his head into the door of the compartment. Then his face, too, beamed all at once with recognition. But it was not for me. It was for the fifty dollar suit-case.

"Ah, there it is," he cried, seizing it and carrying it off.

I sank back in dismay. The "old gang"! Pete's marriage! My grandmother's death! Great heavens! And my money! I saw it all; the other man was "making talk," too, and making it with a purpose.

Stung!

And next time that I fall into talk with a casual stranger in a car, I shall not try to be quite so extraordinarily clever.

—*From "Behind the Beyond," by Stephen Leacock.* (S. B. Gundy.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE LURE OF LITTLE VOICES

R. W. SERVICE

THERE'S a cry from out the Loneliness—oh,
listen, Honey, listen!

Do you hear it, do you fear it, you're a-holding
of me so?

You're a sobbing in your sleep, dear, and your lashes,
how they glisten!

Do you hear the Little Voices all a-begging me to
go?

All a-begging me to leave you. Day and night they're
pleading, praying,

On the North-wind, on the West-wind, from the
peak and from the plain;

Night and day they never leave me—do you know what
they are saying?

"He was ours before you got him, and we want him
once again."

Yes, they're wanting me, they're haunting me, the
awful lonely places;

They're whining and they're whimpering as if each
had a soul;

They're calling from the wilderness, the vast and god-
like spaces;

The stark and sullen solitudes that sentinel the Pole.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

They miss my little camp-fires, every brightly, bravely
gleaming

In the womb of desolation where was never man
before;

As comrades I sought them, lion-hearted, loving,
dreaming;

And they hailed me as a comrade, and they loved me
evermore.

And now they're all a-crying, and its no use me deny-
ing;

The spell of them is on me and I'm helpless as a
child;

My heart is asking, aching, but I hear them sleeping,
waking;

It's the lure of Little Voices, it's the mandate of
the wild.

I'm afraid to tell you, Honey, I can take no bitter
leaving;

But softly in the sleep-time from your love I'll steal
away.

Oh, it's cruel, dearie, cruel, and it's God knows how
I'm grieving!

But His Loneliness is calling and He knows I must
obey.

—From "*Songs of a Sourdough*." (Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

OUR MARJORY

THOMAS HARKNESS LITSTER

THE sweetest babe in all the land
Is Marjory.

She brought bright sunshine to our home,
She's like a rose bud partly blown,
Her voice like bell of silvery tone,
Our Marjory.

I'll tell you what we think she's like,
This Marjory:

A fairy baby's face, we think,
With soft blue eyes and cheeks of pink,
A mouth with kisses on the brink,
Has Marjory.

An angel brought her to our door,
Wee Marjory.

We love this babe, and so would you,
If once you heard her laugh and "goo,"
Without our babe what would we do?
Sweet Marjory.

She makes us think of birds and flowers,
Does Marjory.

Of all that's good and sweet and pure;
For her sake I'm certain sure
There's nothing we would not endure
For Marjory.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

She rules the house with baby hand,
Does Marjory;
We loyal subjects quickly run—
When she commands the thing is done;
“God bless this Queen,” cries every one,
Queen Marjory.

A cute wee bit of babyhood
Is Marjory;
I wish you knew this Marjory,
For then you would agree with me
That she is sweet as sweet can be,
Our Marjory.

—From “*Songs in Your Heart and Mine*,” by Thomas Harkness
Litster. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

PETER DONOVAN

SOME day when we are a lot older and have made our pile—and have the whole four hundred and sixty dollars salted away carefully in some nice, safe mining-stock—some day, in short, when we are independent and careless of what we say, we will write down our frank and unexpurgated opinion of Christmas shoppers, and then spend the rest of our life trying to induce some paper to print it. But that is a long way off yet. For the present we will compromise with the simple generalization that the average Christmas shopper is a lineal and typical descendant of such Gadarenes as managed to swim to safety after they had taken that historic jump off the cliff.

We feel that it is only fair to make this statement before we go on to write about our experiences with Christmas “clurks” and “clarks”—the difference is about seven dollars a week. They might be very different if it weren’t for the Christmas shopper. To have to stand for ten, twelve, perhaps fifteen hours a day, while a lot of people, who have gone insane from starting in to do their Christmas shopping early and keeping it up ever since without intermission, howl impossible orders at one, would make the Patient Man

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

of Uz himself pick up a bolt of dress-goods or a reading-lamp or some such handy trifle and clear a breathing-space with it. Samson used the jaw-bone of an ass. But the asses who hang over counters and ask the clerk for things that are sold either two floors down or somewhere in the next block, keep their jaw-bones to jaw with. Even a Mills bomb would bounce harmless off their heads.

But to return to the clerks, we had a terrible time last Christmas. There is a nice old lady for whom we always buy a present, and as she isn't our grandmother—grandmothers are satisfied with anything from a postcard to a hot-water bottle—we have to exercise a certain care and judgment. Usually we seek feminine aid and counsel, but this time we had left it too late, and were thrown on our own small knowledge of an old lady's personal requirements. So we went out to look the shops over.

Just as we were gazing in at a department store window full of fluffy white garments with frills, whose purpose no pious bachelor could guess, someone tapped us on the arm. It was a friend's wife, who takes a maternal interest in us. She asked what we were doing there, in a tone that suggested a suspicion of the entire worthiness of our motive. We said that we were trying to pick out something that would be suitable as a gift for an old lady.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"But you don't suppose, do you," she asked, "that a nice old lady would want to wear anything like that?"

We said we didn't see why not, and that personally we thought the funny-looking garment up there with the baby-ribbon at the top and the two lace ruffles at the bottom would be just the thing for—then we spent the next ten minutes trying to explain that we hadn't meant to be objectionable. But will someone kindly tell us why it isn't all right to talk about things that it is all right to display in a window? Anyhow, our friend's wife was plainly unconvinced of our innocence. She looked us sternly in the eye.

"I don't believe there is any old lady at all," she said, "but if there is, and you really want to buy her a present that won't make her write to your mother about you when she gets it, why not buy her a hug-me-tight?"

A hug-me-tight!—now that sounded like the last thing on earth we would have nerve enough to send a lady, old or otherwise. Besides, we didn't know that a hug-me-tight was a thing you sent. We thought it was something you did. But we are always ready to learn, especially about anything that has to do with hugging, figuratively speaking or not—though the more figuratively the better. But, of course, a good deal depends on the figure. So we got a few more

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

directions, and then we walked right into that department store and accosted a tall, superior person in a morning coat.

"Where do they sell hug-me-tights?" we asked.

"What's that?" he barked at us, in a manner which would have been offensive in anyone but a real silver-mounted "clark."

"A hug-me-tight," we explained with emphasis, "is a woolly business used by old ladies to protect the chest and back against draughts—the kind that come through the window, not draught ale."

We thought to cheer him up with this little joke about the draughts—mild, you know, but still a pun. Somehow he didn't seem to like it. Perhaps he didn't get it—these tops often don't.

"Woollen goods—third floor!" he finally grunted. His manner did not inspire confidence, but we took his word for it—also the elevator. And when we say we "took" the elevator, we mean that we fought our way into it through an army of maddened suffragettes, that we bit the ends off two feathers, that we were stabbed several times with hatpins, and that finally we were disgorged on the third floor into the midst of the woolliest woollen department we have ever seen.

The whole place was full of woollen garments—some of a most embarrassingly intimate description—and ladies. It was rather trying for us. There was a

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

great deal of the sort of raiment that is knit to fit, and—well, we have always felt there was something gross about woollen “undies.” Muslin, especially if complicated with lace insertion, is vaguely and charmingly illusive. But wool—no!

We picked out a plump little clerk lady with woolly hair and brown eyes. We don’t know why we picked her out particularly, except that she was the sort of girl we would naturally pick out. She seemed a young person who would know about hug-me-tights. So we went right up to her, and—remembering just in time not to take off our hat as if she were a ladifren of ours—we asked her as casually as the nature of the case would permit where we could get a hug-me-tight.

“A hug-me-tight—you want a hug-me-tight—you—you?” and then the shameless little huzzy buried her face in a pair of blankets with blue borders and bleated in helpless merriment.

We moved on—with dignity; but hurriedly. It was a painful thing to have happen. There are dissolute and daring characters who would perhaps have enjoyed the situation. They might even have taken occasion to enter into conversation and find out the young lady’s Christian name—if Christian—and whether or not she liked moving-picture shows. But ours is a mind above such vulgar manœuvres. We moved on,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

while the perspiration popped out on our sizzling brow.

Then we looked around for the oldest and homeliest clerk we could see. We found one that we thought could not possibly put any personal significance into a request for a hug-me-tight. So we went over and told her we wanted one. Involuntarily in our nervousness we lowered our voice till it was little above a whisper. Too late we realized our mistake. She gave us one glance of horror and indignation, and then—recalling, no doubt, all the stories she had read of girls who had been lured to ruin and never heard of more—she turned to cry for help. But we stopped her.

“Madam,” we said sternly, “the hug-me-tight of which we speak is a nice garment for a woolly old lady—no, no, a woolly garment for a nice old lady. And our sole motive in asking you for one is the hope that you might direct us——”

“Three circles to the left!” she snapped, in a tone of such sourness that for a wild moment it occurred to us that she might be disappointed. But we hate to believe that—at her age, too!

It was fully ten minutes before we could bring ourself to go to that third circle. Instead, we went over and looked at a lot of assorted mittens for children, with an intensity that must have given the young lady behind the counter the impression that we had a family of ten. We even got a silly notion of buying a pair of

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

them for the old lady—there were a couple of nice red ones on a tape. But we had been told to get a hug-me-tight, and we resolved to get it, even if we were reported to the Girls' Protective League.

By this time, however, we were aware that a hug-me-tight was not a thing for a nervous man to ask a young lady for without preparing her for it gently. We have always believed that we have a spiritual face—the grave, sweet expression of a monk who is happy in his calling. But any healthy man who says he can look spiritual while asking a lady clerk for a hug-me-tight is a liar. We hate to be as vulgar as Theodore Roosevelt, but no other word will do. The thing isn't possible, that's all. So we were politic.

"Have you any woollen garment, something in the nature of a jacket," we asked in our most elaborately casual tone, "which would be suitable for an elderly lady to wear in the house or under a coat?"

The blond young person behind the counter straightened a comb in her hair, and stared at us in a completely impersonal fashion.

"Oh, what you want is a hug-me-tight," she said.

And she never batted an eye! The self-control of women is certainly wonderful at times. So we got our hug-me-tight at last. But never again—s'elp us, Heaven! We'll get that nice old lady a meerschaum pipe first.

—P.O'D. in "*Toronto Saturday Night*."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

TO THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

MABEL BURKHOLDER

I SING to you, men with the hands of toil,
To the name of you,
And the fame of you,

Who in former years on our native soil,
Lived your lives of humble obscurity,
Building strong and deep for futurity:
Your work enduring as bronze shall stand,
As long as your children rule the land,
A monument time can never spoil.

Round your grizzled heads a glory gathers;
With filial pride I sing of you—fathers!

I bow to you, women of times gone by,
Of your love and cheer,
To the memory dear

To the tales they tell of your courage high:
Heroines cast in an iron mould,
Enduring hardships manifold;
Of simple faith, and reverent mind,
Fearless of heart, yet gentle, kind,
For your loved ones ready to do or die.

Because of your patient thought of others,
With happy tears I sing of you—mothers!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I salute you, happy land of my birth,
For the might in you,
And the right in you,
I set you on high in all the earth!
May your sons prove patriots with blood as red
As the fighting fathers of days long dead;
While far and near may your daughters rise,
And with high-souled purpose sweet and wise,
Do honor to their mothers' worth!

Thus guarded well by heart and hand,
I salute you—happy, happy land!

—By permission of the author.

HER LITTLE WAY

JEAN BLEWETT

'TIS woman rules the whole world still,
Though faults the critics say she has;
She smiles her smile and works her will—
'Tis just a little way she has.

—From *"The Cornflower and Other Poems,"* by Jean Blewett.
(William Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

A YOUTHFUL AFFAIR

AMY E. CAMPBELL

BEFORE I told her of my luv,
Why, she was awful shy,
Her cheeks would turn the nicest red,
If I could ketch her eye.
She'd shake her curls around her eyes,
And peek through them at me—
And if she caught me lookin' back
She never seemed to see!

When we went skatin' on the pond,
She'd sneak away so slick,
I had to hurry to ketch up
For she would go so quick!
And when I'd holler. "Wait for me!"
She'd only turn and smile
And keep me chasin' 'round and 'round,
Fer mebbe half a mile.

But sence I told her uv my luv
She's changed as she can be,
She never colors up a bit
Nor seems afraid to see!
But looks square back just ev'ry time
And gives her head a toss—
That sets her curls all bobbin' good
And acts like she's the boss.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

She smiles at all the other boys
And skates with ev'ry one,
And mebbe gives me just one turn
When ev'ryone is done.
And walks home with the other girls
And if I wasn't there—
And if I give her cap a pull
She says "Don't rough my hair."

But still she said that she luv'd me
And seemed just awful glad,
And when I up and kissed her, why,
She said she wasn't mad.
But, say, I liked her far the best
When she was shy with me.
I'd like to see her blush again
And 'tend she didn't see.

I wisht I hadn't just let on
That I liked her a bit—
But let her just keep bein' shy
And havin' uv a fit
Whenever I looked up at her,
And peekin' through her curls.
But after all I guess that's just
A silly way with girls.

—From "*Heart Forget-Me-Nots*," by Amy E. Campbell.
(William Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE BARN-RAISING

PETER M'ARTHUR

“**A**RE you going to the raising?”

If not, you will miss the best entertainment the country affords. A properly-conducted barn-raising contains the excitement of a fire, the sociability of a garden party, and the sentimental delights of a summer resort “hop.” The young men are given a chance to show their agility and prowess, and the girls are enabled to shine as hostesses. Although it is especially a function for young people, there are always enough old folks on hand to give the occasion historical color and perspective with their reminiscences of past raisings—some of them going back to the days of log barns and houses. In “the heroic period” the best man was the one who was competent to build a corner, and anyone who examines one of the primitive buildings cannot but marvel at the skilful dovetailing done by the old-time cornerer. The modern framer, with all his tools, would find it hard to equal their work. In the traditions of those days there are stories of men who could run along a log and jump the opening left for the barn door—about fourteen feet—with a bottle of whiskey in each hand. Nowadays we have other men and other manners.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The preliminary work of a barn-raising is done in the winter months, when the timber for the frame is felled and squared. As the old-time broadaxe men who could hew to the line and turn out a stick of square timber that looked as if it had been planed have practically vanished from the earth, the posts, plates, beams, sills, girths, and girders are now squared at the sawmills. After the timber has been assembled where the barn is to be built the framers cut it to the required lengths and make the necessary joints, mortises, tenons, braces, and rafters. The invitations for the raising are then issued, and the housewife, usually helped by her friends, begins to cook for a multitude. The best that the country affords is prepared lavishly, for a raising is always followed by a great feast.

On the day of the raising a gang of men, working under the direction of the framers, put together the bents and sills. The latter are usually laid on cement foundations, as most modern barns have a basement stable for horses and cows. The bents, usually four in number, consist of the posts, beams, girths and braces. They are put together, with all joints strongly pinned and laid overlapping one another on the foundation, with the tenons on the foot of each post ready to be entered into the mortises in the sills. Early in the afternoon the crowd begins to gather. When all who

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

are expected have put in an appearance, captains are selected, who proceed to choose sides. Then is the anxious moment for the county beau who can feel holes burning in the back of his duck shirt because of

"A pair
Of blue eyes set upon it."

To be chosen first or to be among the first half-dozen is an honor you could appreciate more fully if in your youth you had been chosen second man. I admit it was only second, but, like the Emperor William in the patriotic but blasphemous German story, I was young then, and I left the country before I reached my growth. As each man is chosen, he leaves the crowd and joins the growing group about his captain. Not even "Casey" of baseball fame could make that short walk with more "ease and pride" than some of the country boys, and not a few of them prepare their hands for the coming fray, as he did when

"Ten thousand eyes admired him,
As he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand throats applauded
As he wiped them on his shirt."

When every one has been chosen down to such riffraff as visiting journalists and politicians, who can only be expected to help with the grunting when the lifting is being done, the real work of the raising begins. Although the rivals take opposite sides of the barn, they work together in putting up the main

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

framework. "Ye-ho! Hee-eeve! All together now! Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!"

Slowly the first bent is lifted and shored up until the pikepoles can be brought into play.

"Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!"

Men with handspikes hold back the foot of each post so that the tenons may not slip past the mortises as the huge beams are being pushed up into the air.

"Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!"

At last the tenons slip home and the first bent is stay-lathed in place. The girths that connect with the next bent are put in place, braced, and stayed. Then another bent is heaved up and the extending girths fitted, braced, and pinned. So to the last bent. As it swings up the excitement becomes furious. While the bent is still at a dangerous angle, men clamber up to the collar beams and begin tugging at ropes attached to the heavy plates that are being hoisted against the frame. By the time the last posts have snapped into place the ends of the plates are already on the collar beams.

"Ye-ho! Hee-eeve! Ye-ho! Hee-eeve! Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!" The race is on.

The slanting plates are rapidly pushed high above the building. Sometimes they are liberally soaped to make them slip over the beams more easily. Now comes the spectacular act of the exciting performance,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

While the end of the plate is high in the air venture-some young men, anxious to make a reputation for reckless daring, shin up to the top so that they may "break" it more quickly. No sooner has it been brought down to the collar beams than it is pushed along the full length of the building. Now it must be lifted into place on the tenons at the tops of the posts.

"Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!"

The cheering suddenly changes to sharp calls and commands.

"Where's that brace?"

"Throw me a commander!"

"Throw me a pin!"

Bang! Bang! Bang! The pins are driven home.

The main plates are pinned into place and the lighter purlines are already lying on the beams with posts fitted in and braced. Now they must be hoisted.

"Ye-ho! Hee-eeve!"

"Where's that strut?"

Now for the rafters! They are already leaning against the main plates, with one end on the ground. Hand over hand they are pulled up, fitted into their places in the plate and laid across the rising purlines. This is the breathless end of the race. The purline is up! The rafters in place!

"All down!"

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The winners spill down from the building as if they would break their necks.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The race is over; the winners rush for the tables that are spread on the lawn, and the laughter of girls and women takes the place of the hoarse yelling and cheering of the men. Under a shower of compliments the winners wash up and range around the tables, where they are waited on by the girls. The losers, who may have been only a few rafters behind, are forced to wait for "the second table." Under the influence of the feasting the excitement soon dies down and both winners and losers share in the general good humor.

Sometimes the contending sides indulge in a game of baseball if there is still time and they feel like exerting themselves after their full meal. Not infrequently the day ends with a dance—not old-fashioned square dances, but up-to-date waltzes with music provided by a graduate of some ladies' college presiding at one of those grand pianos that appear like mushrooms after a season of good crops. The old fiddler rasping out "The Irish Washerwoman" has gone "glimmering down the dust of days that were," with so many other country institutions.

Then comes the drive home through the moonlight, along the country roads and past the sweet-smelling

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

clover fields. As the young men are always heroic and the girls bewitching on these occasions, there is no telling how many romances take definite form at barn-raising. What have the cities to offer in comparison with this for excitement, fun, and sentiment? Nothing—absolutely nothing!

—From *"In Pastures Green,"* by Peter McArthur. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

A KISS

S. C. CAIN

SHE was asleep. She did not stir,
Or hear the night wind croon;
Her bare arms on the comforter
Shone whitely on the moon.

She was asleep. I stole a kiss;
I stole a kiss and she
That stolen gem will never miss
From her rich treasury.

I stole a kiss. I was not bold,
Nor was I, think you? bad;
For she had just turned three years old,
And I, well, I'm her dad.

—By permission of the author.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN WINGS

ANISON NORTH

WE had been gathering strawberries, Dick and I, in the meadow below our house, burrowing verdant channels through the tall timothy, or lying at full length at an especially good "patch," while little dog Jap stood by, wagging his great plume of a tail, and waiting with open mouth, to snatch the ripe berries from our reddened fingers. Oh happy childhood! Again, in writing of that afternoon do I look up through the heavy, swaying timothy heads, and catch the clear blue of the far-off sky, with the white fleece of a June cloud upon it, and the afternoon sunlight streaming down from it upon the green world! Again do I feel the crisp breeze, full of the elixir of life—or was it the life in us that transformed the breeze?—upon my cheek, and hear the silvery plaint of the meadow-lark flying low over the bending grass! Again, with the pleasant acid of the little red berries that stained lips and fingers, do I take into my being the tang of the fields and all the great out-door world! And again, looking between the thin green stalks, do I catch a glimpse of Dick, diligently cramming the ripe fruit into his mouth, and paying about as much attention to me as a lad of fourteen, under such conditions, is likely to pay to a foolish little lass

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

three years his junior. Happy childhood indeed. Can one ever get one grip of the essence of it in later life? One quaff of the simple joy of living that seems Paradise enough? And happiest of childhoods those spent in the country, where grovelling on old Mother Earth's bosom for the strawberry clusters that she holds close to herself among the timothy and redtop is but one of the thousand delights of a whole year!

And then, as we burrowed among the grasses that fair afternoon, looking out above the sea of shimmering green to the blue sky, I saw the bird with the golden wings. It was floating serenely, high in the air, sometimes wheeling somewhat, as though to prolong a buoyant enjoyment of the summer day. Even yet I cannot say what kind of bird it was, but I do know that when I first caught sight of it there in the blue, and for the space of nigh half an hour afterward, its wings and body shone like burnished gold.

Excitedly I sprang to my feet.

"Look, Dick, look! Oh, see the bird!"

Dick too was on his feet in an instant.

"Hooray! Come Peg!" he shouted, and, catching off his straw hat as was his habit when starting on a race, he was off on a run through the meadow, crushing the tall grass to right and left with a recklessness that boded trouble for the mower.

As closely as might be I followed, my eyes fixed on

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

the golden bird. Jap, too, glad to know that something of unusual interest was on hand, bounded on ahead with sharp eyes, his black head appearing from time to time above the wriggling mass of green that marked his way through the timothy.

Here was a fence, and beyond, a green hill where travelling was easier; and still our bird kept easily in advance of us, flapping its bright wings steadily, as though keeping ahead of two panting children were but play.

Passing over the crest of the hill Dick slackened speed a bit, and I caught up to him.

"Why Peg, you're puffing like a grampus," said he, with that inkling of ridicule in his voice which a half-grown lad usually assumes toward a younger and weaker companion.

Sometimes I resented this trace of ridicule, for it was not my fault if I could not climb trees and run races with the best of them; but to-day, I paid no attention to it. A new and absorbing idea had taken hold of me.

"Dick," I said, in a half-awed whisper, "do you think it is an angel?"

"Angel! Pooh!" said Dick, "It's a bird. Don't you see its wings going it, something like a hawk's?"

"Well, angels have wings, haven't they?" I retorted.

"But angels haven't tails, leastways bright angels

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

haven't," returned Dick triumphantly, "and that one"—mixing his pronouns badly—"has a tail. I can see it, can't you? 'N' sometimes it wiggles. There, I see it wiggling now! Can't you?"

But I saw neither the tail nor the wiggle. Besides I was getting badly out of breath, and was only fearful of losing the bird, which had now settled down to a more steady sweep toward the great bank of woods that stretched like a rampart along the back of my father's farm and thence along the "backs" of all the farms along the line.

"Let's run, Dick, or he'll get away on us," I said, and on we went again, down the incline toward the stream that ran through the "beaver" meadow at the edge of the wood.

"I'll tell you," panted Dick confidently, "it's a rare bird in these parts—a golden eagle, may be, 'n' you know it 'ud be worth something to find its nest. There might be eggs in it, or may be a whole family of little eagles, 'n' if we got them 'n' sold them in Saintsbury we might get a lot o' money. I'd give you half, you know," with praiseworthy magnanimity.

"'N' what 'ud we do with the money, Dick?" panted I in return.

"Why, I'd buy mother a silk dress, 'n' you a silk dress too may be, for not being a cry-baby like Gay Torrance. What 'ud you do with yours, Peg?"

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Why," I considered, for the possibility of having money of my own to spend had never entered my head before and was worth deliberation, "I'd buy you a knife, Dick, 'n' I—I guess I'd buy mother a silk dress, too, only," dubiously, "I'm 'fraid my mother wouldn't wear a silk dress. She would say it was 'stravagant."

"A two-bladed knife, Peg?"

"Yes."

"Rogers?"

"I guess."

"That 'ud be great. Can you walk that log, Peg?"
for we had come to the creek.

"Course I can," indignantly.

"Take my hand?"

"No, I'll go myself."

"You're a brick! Hurry though, for that fellow's making good time."

Dick ran over on the log, and I followed, bravely trying to run likewise, but wobbling as is the manner of girls crossing streams on logs. When I could raise my eyes from the narrow bridge which alone separated me from the shallow, dimpling water, I saw that a change had come over my bird. No longer golden, as it descended to the wood it was as dun coloured a creature of the air as the commonest hawk that might hover above a wood on any summer's day. A cloud, possibly, had passed over the face of the sun, or per-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

haps the sunlight was now striking the flapping wings at a different angle. I do not know. But I well remember the thrill of disappointment with which, with the passing of the gold, I saw our castle go tumbling down, the nest of golden eaglets; the little heap of green bills and silver quarters; above all, the double bladed Rogers knife that was to rejoice Dick's heart. Even so, in later life, are our castles often shattered, and we seldom understand that the fallen stones go usually to build a foundation upon which more stable structures may be erected.

"Oh Dick!" I cried, "the bird!"

Dick whirled round, for he had been watching me in smiling expectation that I should fall into the water.

"Pshaw!" he said, "It's only a hawk or something, after all! It must have been the way the sun was shining that made it look so!"

"Guess so," returned I, "'n' now you can't buy the silk dress, Dick, 'n' I can't buy your knife. Oh Dick, I wish I could, ever so!

"Never mind, Peg," sympathetically, "I feel just as if you'd given it to me, because I know you wanted to. See? 'N', Peg, when I grow up 'n' earn money I'll buy you the silk dress, sure. Now, Sis, cheer up. Let's go up, now we're this far"—evidently seeing a necessity, from my rueful face, of changing the subject,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"'n' see where father got out the barn timber last winter. There must be a big hole in the bush up there, with the fire wood 'n' all."

—From "*Carmichael*," by Anison North. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

BRITAIN

WILFRED CAMPBELL

GREAT Patient Titan, 'neath thy wearying load
Of modern statecraft, human helpfulness;
To whom do come earth's weak in their
distress

To crave thine arms to avert the oppressor's goad;
Thou sovereignty within thine isled abode,
Hated and feared, where thou wouldst only bless,
By fools who dream thine iron mightiness
Will crumble in ruin across the world's wide road,—
Though scattered thy sons o'er leagues of empire's
rim,

Alien, remote, by severing wind and tide;—
Yet every Briton who knows thy blood in him
In that dread hour will marshal to thy side:—
And if thou crumblest earth's whole frame will groan.
God help this world, thou wilt not sink alone!

—From "*The Collected Poems of Wilfred Campbell*,"
(Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE

R. W. SERVICE

THERE are strange things done in the midnight
sun

By the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the
cotton blooms and blows,
Why he left his home in the South to roam round the
Pole God only knows.
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to
hold him like a spell;
Though he'd often say, in his homely way, that "he'd
sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over
the Dawson trail.
Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed
like a driven nail.
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze, till some-
times we couldn't see;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was
Sam McGee.

And that very night as we lay packed tight in our robes
beneath the snow,

And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were
dancing heel and toe,

He turned to me, and, "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in
this trip, I guess;

And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last
request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he
says with a sort of moan:

"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm
chilled clean through to the bone.

Yet 'taint being dead, it's my awful dread of the icy
grave that pains;

So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll
cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would
not fail;

And we started on at the streak of dawn, but God! he
looked ghastly pale.

He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his
home in Tennessee;

And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of
Sam McGee.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I
hurried, horror driven,
With a corpse half-hid that I couldn't rid, because of
a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say:
"You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate
those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail
has its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my
heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the
huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—O God!
how I loathed the thing.
And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and
heavier grow;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the
grub was getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I
would not give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it heark-
ened with a grin.
Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a
derelict there lay;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

It was jammed in the ice, but I say in a trice it was
called the "Alice May."

And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at
my frozen chum:

Then, "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-
ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the
boiler fire;

Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped
the fuel higher;

The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such
a blaze you seldom see;

And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I
stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle
so;

And the heavens scowled, and the huskies growled,
and the wind began to blow.

It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my
cheeks and I don't know why;

And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking
down the sky.

I don't know how long in the snow I wrestled with
grisly fear.

But the stars came out and they danced about ere
again I ventured near;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I was sick with dread, but I bravely said; "I'll just
take a peep inside.

I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked,"—then the
door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart
of the furnace roar;

And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said:
"Please close the door.

It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the
cold and storm—

Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first
time I've been warm."

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who toil for gold;*

The Arctic trails have their secret tales

That would make your blood run cold;

The Northern Lights have seen queer sights

But the queerest they ever did see

Was the night on the marge of Lake Lebarge

I cremated Sam McGee.

—From "The Songs of a Sourdough," by R. W. Service.
(Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

MUSIC IN THE BUSH

ROBERT W. SERVICE

O 'ER the dark pines she sees the silver moon,
And in the west, all tremulous a star;
And soothing sweet she hears the mellow tune
Of cow-bells jangled in the fields afar.

Quite listless, for her daily stent is done,
She stands, sad exile, at her rose-wreathed door,
And sends her love eternal with the sun
That goes to gild the land she'll see no more.

The grave, gaunt pines imprison her sad gaze
All still the sky and darkling drearily;
She feels the chilly breath of dear, dead days
Come sifting through the alders eerily.

Oh, how the roses riot in their bloom!
The curtains stir as with an ancient pain;
Her old piano gleams from out the gloom,
And waits and waits her tender touch in vain.

But now her hands like moonlight brush the keys
With velvet grace, melodious delight;
And now a sad refrain from overseas
Goes sobbing on the bosom of the night.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

And now she sings. (O singer in the gloom,
Voicing a sorrow we can ne'er express,
Here in the Farness where we few have room
Unshamed to show our love and tenderness,
Our hearts will echo, till they beat no more,
The song of sadness and of motherland;
And stretched in deathless love to England's shore,
Some day she'll hearken and she'll understand.)

A prima-donna in the shining past,
But now a mother growing old and grey,
She thinks of how she held a people fast
In thrall, and gleaned the triumphs of a day.

She sees a sea of faces like a dream;
She sees herself a queen of song once more;
She sees lips part in rapture, eyes agleam;
She sings as never once she sang before.

She sings a wild, sweet song that throbs with pain,
The added pain of life that transcends art,
A song of home, a deep, celestial strain,
The glorious swan-song of a dying heart.

A lame tramp comes along the railway track,
A grizzled dog whose day is nearly done;
He passes, pauses, then comes slowly back
And listens there—an audience of one.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

She sings—her golden voice is passion-fraught
As when she charmed a thousand eager ears;
He listens trembling, and she knows it not,
And down his hollow cheeks roll bitter tears.

She ceases and is still, as if to pray;
There is no sound, the stars are all alight—
Only a wretch who stumbles on his way,
Only a vagrant sobbing in the night.

—From *"The Songs of a Sourdough,"* by R. W. Service.
(Wm. Briggs.)

MAGIC

ROBERT NORWOOD

THERE is magic on the meadow
And a witch has won the wood,
Elfin laughter from the water
As it rolls a rhythmic flood;
For a spirit meets my spirit
With a flash of iris-wings,
And all the world's a garden
Glad with many blossomings!

—From *"The Piper and the Reed,"* by Robert Norwood.
(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE SANDMAN

EDITH LELEAN GROVES

THIS is a Dialogue for seven little boys. Should the teacher wish, girls may give the Dialogue, or even boys and girls. It is a matter for the teacher to decide. The Sandman should dress in a long grey cloak with a grey hood or cap or helmet. He carries a bag from which he pretends to scatter his sand. The children may be dressed if desired in their "nighties" or their pajamas. Have several cushions on the stage so that each child as he finishes his recitation may put his head on the cushion and go to sleep.

1st Boy.—

Nobody loves the Sandman, who comes to us every
night,
Scattering sand in our faces, shutting our eyes up
tight,
Though we try to keep them open; yes, try with all
our might.

(Yawns sleepily, stretches and puts his head on his cushion.)

2nd Boy.—

You never knew when he's coming, there's nobody can
say,—
In the midst of a bedtime story, told at the close of
the day,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

That Sandman comes a-scattering his sand in the
same old way.

(Yawns, stretches and puts his head on his cushion.)

3rd Boy.—

Once we were playing blind man's buff, I hid behind
a chair,—

You'd never believe that old Sandman could ever find
me there?

But he did, the rascal, he found me; you wouldn't
think he'd dare.

(Lies down and puts his head on his cushion.)

4th Boy.—

And once I went to a party, and lots of people came,—
They sat so long at the table, it really was a shame,—
And that Sandman caught me then, he did; he was
up to his same old game.

(Lies down and puts his head on his cushion.)

5th Boy.—

Once I hid my eyes in the corner, one day for hide-
and-seek,

While the rest of the kids were hiding, that Sandman,
queer old freak!

Threw his silver sand right in my eyes and I was fast
asleep.

(Lies down and puts his head on his cushion.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

6th Boy.—

Oh, dear! I wish that we could hide his sack of silver sand;

But we never can get at it, for he keeps it in his hand,
And none of us can find the way to that queer old
Sandman's land.

(Lies down and puts his head on his cushion.)

1st Boy (sitting up and leaning on his elbow).—

Oh, here he comes! Oh, here he comes! I feel my
peepers sting!

2nd Boy (sleepily).—

And I cannot keep mine open though I try like any-
thing.

3rd Boy (yawning).—

Good Night, Good Night! such stinging sand does that
old Sandman fling.

(Enter the Sandman.)

The Sandman.—

Who am I now, pray tell me, with my bag of silver
sand?

For every child doth know me well, throughout the
whole wide land,—

But speak my name out good and loud so all may
understand,—

Children (sleepily in chorus).—

The Sandman!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The Sandman.—

You children do not love me, for I spoil your fun you
see

When I come each night to see you directly after tea,
And the sand I scatter in your eyes is fine as sand
can be.

(He walks around softly scattering his sand and looking at
each sleeping child.)

Dear children! they are sound asleep; my sand has
done its work;

Bedtime has come, I must be off, for I've no time to
shirk,

Soon will the sun sink in the west and evening shadows
lurk.

So watch me strew my silver sand in all the children's
eyes.

(He walks around once more strewing his sand, or pretending
to.)

For early they must go to bed that early they may
rise,

If they would be as the old song says, "Healthy,
Wealthy, Wise!"

(Exit Sandman. The children sleepily get up, and stretching
and yawning walk off the stage or if there be a curtain let it
drop at this point.)

—From "*Primary Pieces*," by Edith Lelean Groves.
(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

FRIDAY, BARGAIN DAY

JESSIE ALEXANDER

I HAD hurried down town early one Friday morning, when at a certain corner, I encountered such crowds of people getting off the car and crossing the street, that I wondered where in the world were all the women going—women with such eager, anxious, strained expression of countenance. Was there a woman's convention or a suffrage meeting afoot? But the remarks which I overheard in the crowd soon enlightened me; I had innocently strayed down town on the early morning of a bargain day.

"Oh, yes, they're reduced. I priced them myself three weeks ago, and they were one dollar, they're marked down to ninety-eight cents to-day and I am going to get three pairs."

"We'll never get near those lemons," whined one wretched woman, "they were advertised in the paper last night at eighteen cents a dozen—four hundred lemons, they'll all be snatched up before we can get near them! I told you you should 'a' waited for your breakfast till we got back home again." And she whined and fumed and fretted as if her life depended on getting "near those lemons." If you had seen that woman's face you would have thought she had little need of lemons.

At the Yonge Street entrance, a man and woman of

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

unmistakable nationality were loudly arguing; the woman bore the stamp of the Bargain Hunter, the man of the Bargain Haunted.

"I tell ye I will not wait down town ahl day whoile you go huntin' barg'ins; I kem down here to-day to buy shurtin', an' it's shurtin' oi'm goin' to look at, an' nawthin' else."

"Aw, but see here! Oi jist want to take a look at the ile-cloth advertaised in the paper last noight at siventeen cints a square yard."

"Ile-cloth!" he shouted, "Ile-cloth! Didn't ye ile-cloth the whole house at a bargain last Shpring? Are ye goin' to put down two layers of it? Maybe ye'd loike to ile-cloth the back-yarrd an' the front bully-varrde, an' put a shtrip down the wa'k to the carriage-shtep."

"English ile-cloth," she said reproachfully, "Siventeen cints a square yard."

"English, Oirish or Scotch, Oi don't care," he said doggedly, "Oi kem down here to-day to buy shurtin', an' it's shurtin' Oi'm goin' to look at, an' nothin' else."

"Well, ye can luk at the shurtin' thin while Oi'm on the fourth flure;"—the oil-cloth being, of course, on the fourth floor, and the last glimpse I caught of her making her way through the crowd, she was still murmuring in a dazed, hypnotized way—"Siventeen cints a square yaard."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

To avoid the crowd in front of the store, I made my way to James Street and found I had strayed into what would have constituted an admirable baby show: there, ranged in line along the western wall, stood a regiment of baby carriages, containing babies of all sizes, complexions and conditions; fair babies, dark babies, toothless babies, babies in every stage of teething, bald babies, ringletted babies, lovely, chubby, well-dressed babies, and puny, plain, neglected ones. There appeared to be a very friendly disposition among them, and the way in which they goosed and gurgled at each other would have put to shame the conversational efforts of many of their elders in society. "A ba-ba-ba,"—one extremely friendly infant was making advances to a dignified specimen on his right, "A ba-ba-ba iddely, iddely, iddelya-ga-ga-ga-goooo?"

The dignified infant received this in solemn silence, as much as to say, "Why, really, sir, you have the advantage of me, I don't remember you." The friendly baby grew discouraged and tried the other side. "A ba-ba-ba-ba-iddley, iddley, iddley, iddley-ago-go-go-gooo?" and this time received the prompt response, "Ma-ma, ga-ga, ba-ga," which, interpreted in the light of the present surroundings, certainly meant "Mama's gone for bargains." She had learned her Friday morning lesson well, for she continued to repeat, in answer to all her neighbor's remarks, "Ma-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

ma, ga-ga, ba-ga."

One very tiny specimen under the shade of a blue parasol was emitting a series of smothered and rather flannelly howls—you know that sort of three-week old howl (a very young squall suggestive of pain, paregoric and flannel, introduced here, adds to the effect) while all the older babies looked on with an experienced air and nodded sympathetically, as much as to say, "Oh, yes, old chap, we know, 'a pin,' yes, we've been there!"

Just at that point, a nervous, jerky, excitable looking woman, pranced out of the door-way, cast her eye hastily along the line of baby carriages, pounced upon a familiar one with a blue parasol and dashed towards Queen Street with all the speed of a motor; as she passed me, I was surprised to recognize in the carriage, the dignified infant who had refused to take part in the general conversation, and noting the contrast between mother and child, all my ideas on heredity instantly vanished. She had scarcely disappeared when the lady-like "Excuse me, please," called my attention to a trim little figure walking up the line, surveying the occupants of the carriages and looking very much astonished when she came to a space where she had evidently expected to find her own child.

Instantly the truth burst upon me! His Serene Highness had been kidnapped! I was about to sug-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

gest my suspicions to the mother, when the excitable woman reappeared, crowding the wheels of her carriage into everybody as she passed. "I took the wrong one!" she shouted breathlessly to the other mother, who hastened to claim her own child. "The parasol on your carriage is exactly like mine, I know the day you bought it—on sale \$8.98!" And without further apology, she made a dive towards the "pin-punctured" infant whose cries were still resounding, while the man in blue uniform exclaimed with a twinkle in his eye, "No goods exchanged on bargain day!"

Entering the store, I became so wedged into the crowd that I found it impossible to detach myself from it, and although the counter to which I wished to go was near that entrance, I was swept on that wave of humanity clear to the middle of the store, where a lot of women seemed to be actually fighting over a table of bargain handkerchiefs, many of which they were frantically waving in the air.

I was making a brave attempt to face the other way, when suddenly a reminiscent voice from the neighboring counter smote upon my ear, and turning, I witnessed the meeting of the "ile-cloth" maniac and her husband.

"O ye've got back at lahst, have ye?"

"Whisht! come here, I want to tell ye something! I've bought the ile-cloth!"

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"O I knew it by the luk in your eye! Now what are you goin' to do with it? Make it up into ile-cloth suits for me and the childher to wear on rainy days?"

"Aw whisht now, none o' your nonsense! Let me be after givin' ye a p'inter: niver moind the shurtin' today, it's too dear, wait till it's rejuiced."

"Rejuiced! Ain't I rejuiced mesilf waiting for things to be rejuiced? Didn't I go roastin' round in a winter suit all last summer because you bought it rejuiced in the spring? Don't I go freezin' round in a summer suit all winter, because you picked it up a bargain in the fall? Rejuiced! What am Oi rejuiced to but an old clothes-pole to hang your bargains on." "What do you think," he said, airing his woes to the clerk, "What do you think Oi'm wearin' these spectacles for? Because she bought half a dozen pairs rejuiced and the whole fam'ly has had to turn short-sighted, in order to wear out her barg'ins."

"Whisht, whisht!" said the woman getting rather frightened at this outburst on the part of her hitherto submissive spouse. "We'll buy the shurtin' thin," she said in a conciliatory tone, "Wan yarrd plaze."

"Wan yarrd! What do ye take me fur? It's two shurts I want! D'ye take me for a ballet-dancer?"

"But it's double width," she protested.

"Well, Oi'm double width too. An' if you think Oi'm goin' round with a dicky, a collar and two cuffs,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

ye're very much mistaken. Put us up the whole piece,
Mister, Oi'm sick of this business, Oi'm bound to put
an ind to it this day, Oi'm tired of doin' without things
I want, so as to get things I don't want, at a bargain!"

—From "*Jessie Alexander's Platform Sketches; Original and Adapted.*" (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

A STAR came out of the East,
And a Dream came out of the West.
They thought that the Star would set,
They dreamed that the Dream was best.

The Dream of an Empire vast
As the world's night-bordered hem,
The Star of Eternal Love—
They met at Bethlehem.

And the Dream became a star,
That fell through the night, and died;
But the Star became a dream,
Fulfilled through aeons wide.

—From "*A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and of Peace,*" by Bernard Freeman Trotter. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE VIOLIN

WILFRED CAMPBELL

YEA, take all else, my life, or what you will,
But leave me this. What is it unto you?
A few thin shriveled bits of carven wood,
Time-stained and polished, curved to curious form,
With strings to scrape on that a man might buy
For a few farthings. You say 'tis a Cremona?
'Tis naught to you or others, but to me
My joy, my life! Once more my hand grows strong
To clasp its curves and feel its soul vibrate
Throughout my being; for, believe me true,
It is mine other self. Yea, sit and hearken,
And I will make it speak, yea, sing and sob,
And weap and laugh and throb its strings along
The gamut of the passions of this life.
For here dwell melodies that Mozart played,
When he would call the angels of heaven down
Along the golden ladders of his dreams.
Here sleep those notes vibrate wherewith Beethoven
Did open up those tragic wells of music,
And loose the prisoned ministers of sound;
Wedding them to harmonies such as never
Before or after, save God or angel, heard.
Here pulse those magic dances that throb through
The sensate universe, keeping it in tune,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Warming the sunlight, bluing the azure of heaven,
Swaying the tides to harmonies of the moon:—
That stir those demon revellers of the deep,
And charm the rages of those ruined souls
'Mid horrified wakings of their eternal sleep.
Hark now the tender melodies of this song.
It is a charm-song stolen from faëryland,
Filled brim with spiced melodies of sleep.
Now 'tis the rest of night, the breathing woods,
The dewy hush of dawn, the peace of even,
Or slumber of noon-day, 'tis an infant's breath.

Till higher, shriller, it strikes the notes of woe,
The harsh, discordant clangor of human strife:—
Then, louder, stronger, to the strident note,
The echoing, vibratant clarion horn,
Or brazen trumpets, with their blatant throats,
Bugling along the battlements of the world.—
Ah, God! it breaks in discord,—I have done.

I am degraded, old, I go in rags;—
The children cry at me along the streets;
Your lords and ladies shudder and scorn me by;
Your glittering palaces are barred against me;
Your power and splendor alien to my life:—
But what is wealth to him who holds my riches,
What splendor to the splendors that I draw
From out this shriveled universe of sound?

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

'Tis nothing but a bit of withered wood,
Cunningly built, and welded into shape,
With some few strings a groat or so might buy.—
But when I die I will beg them place it near me,
Within my coffin, close here to my heart;
That through the long, lone autumn night of death,
My spirit may vibrate to its living strings,
Immortal with the chords that Mozart struck,
That Paganini played, Beethoven rang.

And when I wake, if ever there be waking,
Beyond that awful sleep that follows life,—
My soul will wing to heaven on its strings,
For did I know, how could I plead with God
Without its melodies to voice my love,
And heaven no heaven without my violin.

—From "*The Collected Poems of Wilfred Campbell*."
(*Wm. Briggs.*)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS

KATE WESTLAKE YEIGH

SATURDAY is my busy day.

It's most folks' busy day, seems like; not that we do more, but we make more fuss about it, and hate worse than ordinary to be disturbed.

At three o'clock Hannah had gone to her room to make herself fit to sit in the clean kitchen, and I was taking the last pan of cookies out of the oven, when "patter-patter," up the walk, across the new scrubbed veranda came the sound of bare feet a-shuffling.

Turning the cookies out on a platter, I looked around, and there in the doorway stood five little Jones boys, looking in with open mouths. Their eyes may have been open, too, but you couldn't see them for the caverns below.

If five had to come, why hadn't six? I wondered. Which one could be missing no one could guess, there being no room between any of them for another, unless at the top of the line—which I knew it wasn't.

I looked at the string of them, such a peeky, dirty, half-naked, half-starved, wholly-neglected lot, you couldn't help but be sorry for them, even if you hadn't room inside for anything but mad.

There they were, though, and always borrowing; but no matter how mean you feel, you can't act mean to little children, not even to boys. So when they said

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

in chorus, would I lend their mother my copper preserving kettle? I said "Yes," when I meant the coldest "No" that ever was.

I set more store by that kettle than anything I own, except maybe my brass candlesticks, or fire-irons, or copper warming-pan—all of them being things brought out from the Old Country, long enough ago. It's just beautiful, is that preserving kettle, and when it's scoured up its best (as it always is) it's a picture, and would look just as handsome hung on the wall as the shield of a fighting ancestor. I prize it, I keep it real choice, only using it for jelly and preserves, or once in a while to boil a whole ham or a leg of mutton. It's the biggest pot I own, except the wash-boiler.

As soon as I said Mrs. Jones could have it, I groaned, knowing the scouring it would need when I got it back; knowing, too, how my foremothers, who owned it in the Old Land, would squirm if they guessed the kind of house it was going into.

I was just ashamed, felt as if I were disgracing an innocent, unconscious object. To think of sending five boys for it, when it would have been so much easier to refuse one! There they stood, five of them, with about enough skin and bone to make one hearty boy, but not enough clothes between them to cover him after he was made! Their little panties were made the same shape behind as before—maybe so they could

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

wear 'em reversible—with buttons off, and holes wherever there was room for one.

"Why did your mother send the whole family?" says I.

"She didn't," piped one. "She sent Ted, only he was scared to come alone, and when we got a fightin' over it she said for all to go quick; so we all goed 'cept Johnnie, and Johnnie he's in town with faaver, and the baby's sick."

"Which one is Ted?" I asked. At that a middle-sized one ducked down his chin into his chest and began wagging his head from side to side as if it was on a pivot, like a Chinese mandarin gone daft, until he made me dizzy.

"Don't do that, sonny," says I, sitting down and shutting my eyes, feeling sure his head would go right around and never come back. It was such a waggle, his hair all jiggled, covering his eyes up completely.

"Why were you scared to come alone?" I asked, but as he neither looked nor spoke, only began revolving his head again, I gave up, thinking to myself: "There is better and worse even of the Jones' boys, and Teddy is the worst of all."

To them all I said: "Well, boys, what are you looking at?"

"Nawthin'," they drawled out all together, never moving their eyes from the cookies.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Are you sure? Didn't you see the cookies? They are just out of the oven, and there's raisins and peel in them. I thought you looked like you could eat some of them."

When I brought them in and gave them one each as a sample, you should have seen their eyes! I thought it would be worth a lot to see a change in those eyes—to see how they'd look if they weren't hungry. I tried nice fresh buns and butter, with honey on them, first; then some seed cake and milk, and an apple each; and I don't know when I enjoyed a meal so much.

When I offered them more cookies they looked as if they would surely cry, only I said real quick: "If you don't want to eat them, you can carry them home with some more apples. Here's some for your mother, too, and Johnnie."

Not wishing to trust them with my precious kettle I said I'd carry it over myself, so off they trooped, full for once. You'd think for sure they had sieves under their bits of jackets, instead of stomachs.

Oh, I did begrudge to lend my kettle! I looked at it, felt it, rubbed it lovingly with a chamois, then hurried off, fearing I couldn't let it go if I waited another minute.

I crawled through a gap in the fence into the Jones yard, where the little limbs had wrenched off a board;

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

the first thing that met my sight being Aggie Jones tipping a tubful of suds down the kitchen steps. Bless my boots! if there wasn't a puddle inches deep, and the state of the summer kitchen fairly turned me sick.

"Saturday is your wash day, is it, Mrs. Jones?" says I, being obliged to say something.

"Yes," she answered, sitting down on the wood-box, all limp and white, as if she was too tired to stand or speak. "I like to have the youngsters clean for Sunday, and some of them wear their clothes all week to school."

"Ain't you well?" I asked.

"No, I'm not ever right strong. I'm not smart like you, Miss Wogg; I don't ever get on with my work."

We talked a bit until I got her to go lie down while I tidied up. I worked hard for three hours. There was a difference that you could see and smell in the two kitchens after that, and not liking to go further into the house for fear of finding worse, I thought I'd better go home. The baby had been asleep all this time, but as I was leaving I saw she had wakened. She's a girl baby, four or five months old, but very tiny; and as she sort of cooed at me, friendly, I thought I'd take her home and bring her back after tea.

It was getting late when I took the baby home all wrapped up. I had fed her, and washed her, and rocked her in my arms, and sung her to sleep—and

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

day-dreamed of things that might have been. I was feeling as sentimental as a mixture of gloaming and moonlight could make me, but when I got into the Jones yard a change came.

For there if Mr. Jones and the boys hadn't lighted a big fire out-of-doors, and were making soap in my precious copper kettle!

I could have roasted every one of the Jones family, right willingly, there in their own bonfire, baby and all.
—Adapted from "*A Specimen Spinster*," by Kate Westlake Yeigh.

CAPTAIN JIM'S ENJOYMENT

L. M. MONTGOMERY

"I'VE kind of contracted a habit of enj'y'ing things," remarked Captain Jim once, when Anne had commented on his invariable cheerfulness. "It's go so chronic that I believe I even enj'y the disagreeable things. It's great fun thinking they can't last. 'Old rheumatiz,' says I, when it grips me hard, 'you've got to stop aching sometime. The worse you are the sooner you'll stop, mebbe. I'm bound to get the better of you in the long run, whether in the body or out of the body.' "

—From "*Anne's House of Dreams*." (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

A LOVER'S QUARREL

MABEL BURKHOLDER

YOU'RE not kind to me to-day,
Little Jean—your brows are down
In a very naughty frown:
If you please don't run away!
I can mend it—let me try—
Come now, you're not going to cry?
Jenny, Jenny, Jenny!

One day there we quarrelled a lot,
I pulled your curls, and crimped your collar,
Teased you—bet you half a dollar
That I'd kiss you on the spot!
Oh, it wasn't that, you say?
Jenny, Jenny, Jenny!

You saw me give a rose to Nell?
Why, I never—thought you'd know it!
She asked me if I wouldn't throw it
To her, said she'd never tell!
Little meddler! Nell—who's Nell?
D'ye think I love her half as well
As Jenny, my own Jenny?

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Let's go walking! Stop this bluff!
Take my arm as usual—won't you?
Tell me that you love me; don't you
Think you've pouted long enough?
Come, *we'll walk right past Nell's place!*
Look up, let me see your face—
Jenny, Jenny—ah, Jenny!

—By permission of the author.

THE SPARROW

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON

A LITTLE meal of frozen cake,
A little drink of snow,
And when the sun is setting,
A broad-eaved bungalow.

A little hopping in the sun
Throughout the wintry day,
A little chirping blithely
Till March drifts into May:

A little sparrow's simple life,
And Love, that life to keep,
That careth for the sparrow
Even when it falls asleep.

—From "Heart of the Hills," by Albert Durrant Watson.
(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

AN ANCHOR IN A GRAVEYARD

C. H. J. SNIDER

The author describes this tale as "The Midsummer Night's Dream of a Trading Skipper." The year is 1913. The place is somewhere on the Niagara Shoal. The night is thick with fog. The skipper is master of a trading schooner. One member of his crew is a Port Hope high-school boy. The skipper is keeping the watch from midnight till four o'clock. With these facts for a foundation, we will let him tell his own story.

I TRUDGED slowly forward and aft, forward and aft, staring into the blind fog until my eyes cracked. If you look hard enough into a fog or the blackness of a dark night, you can see almost anything: the brain throws before your eyes a false image of what you expect to see. I have noticed that time and again when making a landfall.

Suddenly I thought I heard a sound very like distant thunder. The fog smothered and blinded me like some great mass of gauze thrown over my head, but again I heard or felt the sound.

"They must be firing rockets at the mouth of the Niagara river," I thought, "to guide some fog-bound passenger steamer in."

And yet somehow the thudding reports seemed scarcely to be that. They were too irregular, sometimes clustered as it were, sometimes single; and though very faint, they seemed to jar the thick, steaming air with concussions. They ceased abruptly, and again all I could hear was the gasping, gurgling

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

struggle of the water alongside, the faint toll of the bell buoy, the gring of the anchor chain, and the clang of our windlass-brake.

"Those reports," thought I—"why, a long-range fleet action must have sounded like that in the old days." As the thought took words unconsciously, I sniffed something odd in the fog—a faint, pungent, smoky smell, like gunpowder.

"Here, this won't do!" I told myself. "You think of broadsides and then small powder smoke. Wake up!"

I walked to the scuttle butt, dipped a mug of water, and drank it to freshen my brain.

Then, distinct from the resonance of the windlass-brake or the toll of the buoy, I heard the faint tinkle as of "three bells" striking—ding-ding! ding!—half-past one. We had no automatic striker aboard the schooner. The sound was repeated, blurred and faint, as though we were in the midst of an unseen fleet.

Looking up from my drink, I saw something which brought my heart to my mouth. Abeam of us was a vessel—a full-rigged ship, under all sail, with stud-sails out. My first impulse was to call all hands, but I choked down the cry. This was no ordinary one of the ships that pass in the night. She was square-rigged on all three masts; and the last square-rigger vanished from the lakes when I was sailing toy boats

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

in puddles. She had "single" topsails, that is, they were each in one great square of canvas, a rig which became obsolete fifty years ago. She had a spritsail, swinging from the bowsprit, a sail that has not been seen for a century, and her side was broken by a long line of open ports.

But what convinced me above all that this was some trick of my brain and not a real vessel was the way she seemed to be sailing in the sky, making good progress in a breeze so light that we had lost steerage way. As I said, the water, even alongside, was invisible; but she seemed to be floating in the air, above the horizon. Another thing which proved her unreal was the very clearness of every detail in a fog which smothered our sight of our own crosstrees. She radiated a light which illuminated her without casting a shadow. At each port a brightness—perhaps a gunner's match—was glowing. Great horn lanterns pulsed like rising moons at each corner of the taffrail that ended her short high poop. Other lanterns, strung fore and aft, lighted up crowds of men, clustered around the guns, thronging the gangaways, manning the yards and fighting-tops.

I could see, as plainly as in summer twilight, the colors of her Stars and Stripes, rippling in a fresh breeze, at her mizzengaff end, and a long, twisted streamer, blowing off from her maintruck. And I

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

could see colored signal lights, blue and white and red, rise and sink on invisible halliards.

She swept by, but a thin, black, curved line vibrated in her place, and moved in the direction she had passed, and in a moment there showed at the end of it, a squat little schooner, with an enormous cannon amidships and spars which raked till the maintruck overhung the taffrail.

I was more interested than startled by what I was seeing. I had a curious feeling of toleration for the whim of my brain which had conjured up such a vision. I continued staring. At a short interval there loomed another old-style full-rigged ship, with deep, wide-shouldered topsails, and battle lanterns ablaze at gun-ports; and she had a schooner in tow like the first. And then there came a brig, and then more schooners, with raking spars, which went out of use years and years ago. They all passed within ten minutes, at a quarter-mile distance, each illuminated by the strange inner light which made them plain amid the blinding fog. As each vessel drew abreast she put up her helm and wore around on the other tack, as if in obedience to the signal lights of the flagship. The changed course brought them back across my line of vision, but further away.

Pulling myself together I resolutely turned my back on the phantom fleet and stared over the opposite side.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I saw the fog, of course, and more. The reason for the manœuvre was quite plain. Another line of vessels was approaching.

The leader was, I should judge, a ship of about the same size as the first one I had seen—perhaps a hundred tons smaller. She had a high sheer aft, and a light-colored underbody. I counted twelve gunports in her side. She, too, had the obsolete single topsails, but, unlike the American flagship, no royals. I noted particularly a large long-boat on chocks in the waist. Her figurehead was a soldier in uniform, and there was a red ensign flaming from her mizzenpeak. I thought our naval ensign was always white, with a red cross quartering it, and the jack in the corner; but hers was red, blood red.

Another ship, of smaller size, followed her. A lion and a unicorn, and the blue ellipse of the Order of the Garter, were emblazoned between her yawning stern-ports. Then there passed two brigs, and two schooners; larger, these last, than most of the Yankee fore-and-afters, and higher sided, with longer rows of grinning guns. And all flew the red flag.

I watched the spectacle fade into the fog with that twinge of regret which we experience on awakening from a curious dream. I walked quietly again to the water cask, chuckling to myself at the mildness of the beverage which had produced such an experience. Yet

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

as I again drained the dipper I began to feel an uneasiness that I, a plain vessel captain, should be a prey to such fancies.

"It must have been a mirage," I began to tell myself.

Turning again from the scuttle-butt I saw something which brought the sweat to my brow. Ahead of us was a vessel—apparently right athwart our cable. I ran forward to call all hands, believing a collision inevitable; but when I reached the forecastle I paused, rooted to the deck. The strange vessel was then exactly the same distance away as when I had been at the opposite end of our ship, about fifty yards from me; but she was high up, as if floating in water as high as our bowsprit end, and that was thirty feet above the real water level.

I had seen mirages on the lakes, but never before one by night or in a fog. The shadow ship seemed a small two-masted schooner of a hundred tons or so. She throbbed with a dull blue glare as of continuous lightning, which made it easier to note her details than our own, in the thick fog. Her spars raked sharply, her sails were loose-footed. The foresail appeared to trail up to the mast, and she had a square topsail and top-gallantsail; a rig which had disappeared on the Great Lakes when I was a youngster. Her freeboard was low, except at the quarters, where her deck rose

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

with a sharp break. Her bulwarks were pierced with ports from which grinned cannon, and other larger guns showed on pivots on deck.

I knew there was nothing there ahead of us, nothing but fog. My cheeks were hot with the shame of realizing that I was the victim of the trick of an overwrought mind and body. But I felt a certain satisfaction in that I had not turned out the watch. I could imagine them leaning against the bulwarks, spitting into the fog overside, and muttering about the "old man" and how he was "getting them," "them" being delirium tremens.

I glanced aft into the blank fog, and then turned about for a look forward, fully assured that the phantasy of my eyes would have vanished. But the illusion schooner was exactly where I had last seen her. She seemed under weigh, but did not pass by. Her decks were covered with men—scores of them, at least—and they were all scurrying about in great confusion, pulling and hauling on the gear and lashing the guns into position. They were shortening her down for heavy weather. Her top hamper was clewed in, her forsail brailed, the tack of the mainsail triced up, when they seemed to change their minds. They began to make sail again, until every stitch was spread. Suddenly she heeled till her yardarms brushed the water,—or where her waterline should have been.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

It was at this moment, and had been for hours, a stark calm; but she acted exactly like a vessel hove down by a sudden overwhelming gust of wind. For a moment she hung on her beam ends—then her hull vanished and her spars slowly straightened up, and I knew I was seeing a representation of a vessel foundering. She went down by the stern, but ere the masts disappeared she gave a lurch forward which threw aloft, like a tongue of blue flame, a long burgee or pennant. For an instant I watched the letters S-C-O-U-R-G-E as they disappeared, one after the other. Then my ears were smitten with a thin, faint wailing, the worst sound they had ever heard—the death cries of half a hundred human beings, perishing under my very eyes.

I beat my head, I shouted to myself: "It isn' real, it isn't real! It's a dream, a vision, a nightmare!" but I dared not look any longer. Wheeling aft I stared along our own solid, fog-drenched decks—and there right in front of me, was being enacted the very tragedy upon which I had just turned my back. No further away than the end of our foreboom I saw the steep-sloped deck of a vessel, hove down in a squall. A swarm of men were climbing and clawing up to the weather rail. Some had reached it, and were slashing at the rigging with knives and axes, to save her by letting the masts go by the board. Others slipped,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

grabbed wildly at the hatchcoamings, and disappeared. Four cannon on the weather side had settled back on their lashings with the ship's incline, and as my glance fell on them their tackles parted and they swepted down the steep slide of the deck. Two of them disappeared, carrying a dozen men with them; the other two fetched up against a huge swivel gun, located amidships. The great heap of iron gun-barrels and *lignum vitæ* carriages poised for a moment, then whirled over, with a rending of deckplanks and smashing of hatchcoamings, and pitched overboard or out of sight; and at once the slanting deck in front of me began to settle and vanish, as though invisible waves were swirling through the rent made by the crashing guns.

Swiftly it disappeared utterly, leaving a tangled mass of human heads and arms, fighting rapidly for hatch-covers, deck-gratings, bits of board, even rope ends. And the voices! The awful voices! Not one separate word came through the dreadful babel; but shouts and prayers and curses and implorings were all mingled with the gasping coughs a man gives, fighting death in the water, and the smothered gurgle of the drowning victim's surrender.

The memory of the terrible distinctness of those sounds will never leave me; yet, although apparently uttered at a few yards' distance, they were all keyed

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

down, like words over a telephone; and through all I could hear the commonplace clang of our windlass-brake, the toll of the Niagara bell-buoy, the slap and scuffle of the actual water alongside; just as, past the vision of the sinking deck, I could see our main and mizzenmasts loom in the fog, and mark the faint halo of our lighted cabin.

I admit I was frightened, thoroughly, abjectly scared. I pounded furiously on the fore-scuttle, unable to speak.

"Aye, aye, sir," I heard sleepy voices rumble below, and then the tousled heads of my watch poked out.

"Hear anything, lads?" I asked sharply.

"Not me," said one.

"Seems," answered the other with a terrible yawn, "as if I—yes, it is. I can hear coween, sir. Dang them gulls, they wail at night like lost souls. Coween, that's what it is, sir. Mebbe our windlass-brake has wakened a flock of 'em, asleep on the water."

"I looked sideways, forward and aft. The visions had gone. The sailors had seen nothing.

"Well, keep a good lookout, boys, and call me if you see or hear anything," I managed to say, and walked aft, limp as a rag.

I tramped the quarter deck without ceasing for two hours, grateful as a starving man for food snatches of grumpy forecastle slang I could catch from the lads

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

forward. They were human and alive. At "eight bells" (four o'clock) I called the mate and his watch. The fog was thinning. I told him to get sail on her if it cleared, and heave short as soon as the breeze came. Then I flung myself, face downward, on my berth.

I expected a prolonged agony of trying to get to sleep would be followed by a series of terrible nightmares, but I dropped off as though drugged, and knew nothing until, nearly four hours later, the mate tapped on my door and said, "Seven bells," sir, and we're hove short. Wait for breakfast before breaking out?"

I sprang to my feet. The little stateroom was filled with bright sunshine. Through the port-light I saw the lake sparkling in crisp ridges of blue and green and gold. Looking along the deck I noted our lower sails were up and slatting and banging at their sheets in a cheerful westerly breeze.

"Break out first," I answered. "A fair wind's not to be wasted."

"Anchor's apeak! Anchor's awash!" reported the mate and the schooner went off smartly.

"Our hook must have fouled something," I heard one of the men say. "Picked up a plank or the like."

As the anchor flukes were lifted clear of the rail a curved board showed, locked across from one to the other, between the arms and the shank. It was weedy

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

and black from long submersion.

"Looks like a trail-board off one o' them old-style billet-heads," said the mate, hauling it in. "We must have been anchored on a wreck. Yes, there's letters cut in it; it's an old-style nameboard.

He began scraping off the moss with one of the wedge-shaped spikes which fell from the plank.

"You'll find the first letter's S," I called to him from the wheel stand, a sudden idea possessing me.

"Wrong, sir," he hailed back, "It's N—N-O-T-L-I-M—Oh, I'm scraping it from the wrong end. It's HAMILTON, sir. Ever hear of a vessel called the HAMILTON being lost?"

"Not in my time," I answered. "Mightn't it be her port of hail?"

"Not likely, from the shape of the board," said he.

"Oh, sir, shouted the high-school lad, running aft, "isn't this the eighth of August, 1913?"

"Sure," I answered, rather nettled at his leaving his work, "and it'll be the ninth of next century before you get any breakfast if that anchor's not stowed on the chocks smartly.

"Why, sir," the youngster went on apologetically, "on the eighth of August, 1813, two vessels of the American Commodore Chauncey's fleet were capsized and sunk in a heavy squall while trying to escape from the British in an engagement off the Niagara river.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I've read it in a history of the War of 1812, only this spring. And one of them was called the HAMILTON!"

"What was the other one?" I asked.

"The Scourge," he answered. They foundered at two o'clock in the morning, and out of a hundred men aboard only sixteen were saved. And to think of us anchoring on top of them and bringing up their old planking a century later, on the very day! Can you beat it?"

"Yes," I said quietly. But I was very glad "eight bells" and the breakfast call saved me from telling him how.

—Adapted from *"In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelvers,"* by C. H. J. Snider. (John Lane.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

HIGHER EDUCATION

NINA MOORE JAMIESON

OH, daughter's home from college, and she has a
science book

With a little pad and pencil. She puts on a
thoughtful look,

Then she writes a while and studies, with a frown
upon her brow—

But Mother's in the stable, stripping out the brindled
cow!

Daughter shows decided talent. She can play the
violin,

And she has a stand for music, and a chin-rest for
her chin;

Thus she practises for hours, while our admiration
grows—

But mother's in the garden, hanging out the colored
clothes!

Daughter's very patriotic—we must each one do our
share—

So she's knitting socks for soldiers—she has made a
hundred pair!

Still she doesn't care to try it if the light is dim and
bad,

But mother's in the kitchen, mending overalls for
Dad!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Daughter studies human problems—she believes in
Women's Rights;

She demands the vote, and freedom, and her own
latchkey at nights.

She has brave and high ideals; she is "following the
gleam"—

But mother's in the cellar, churning up the yellow
cream!

Mother's always doing something from the dawn till
set of sun.

Though she toils with all her feeble strength, her tasks
are never done.

When she's lying in the parlor with white flowers on
her breast,

Let us hope that up in heaven she may get a little rest!

—By permission of the author.

"ME AN' BILLY"

ERNEST H. A. HOME

THERE was a party at our home last night,
An' lots of grown-ups came from everywhere;
Ma told our nurse to keep us out of sight—
We heard her, 'cause we listened on the stairs.

She said the children would be in the way
(That's me an' Billy, 'cause there's only us),
An' if we comed we would be sure to say
Somethink we oughtn't to an' make a fuss.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Nurse gave us both a piece of currant cake

An' told us not to make a drefful noise,

An' then she left us lyin' there awake—

An' me an' Billy's only little boys.

We knew we would be frightened if we stayed,

So me an' Billy both got out of bed,

An' then we wasn't a wee bit afraid,

But listened to the things the grown-ups said.

An', oh, they talked such very silly things—

Much sillier than me an' Billy does;

How could she be an angel without wings?

An' old man said our Auntie Flossie wuz.

A great big woman stopped just underneath

Where me an' Billy stood, an' Billy heard

Someone say to her, "Little Pearly Teeth,"

Which me an' Billy thought was most absurd.

A man called our big sister Joan a witch,

An' sister only laughed an' stroked his hair;

W'en me an' Billy fibs she gets the switch,

An' me an' Billy doesn't think it fair.

An' then nurse comed an' found where we was hid,

An' took us off to bed an' locked the door;

She said we should be 'shamed of what we did—

An' so we couldn't listen any more.

—By permission of the author.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

A WOMAN'S CAPTIVE

ARTHUR STRINGER

I KNEW that old hen-hawk meant trouble for me—and the trouble came, all right. I'm afraid I can't tell about it very coherently, but this is how it began: I was alone yesterday afternoon, busy in the shack, when a Mounted Policeman rode up to the door, and, for a moment, nearly frightened the life out of me. I just stood and stared at him, for he was the first really, truly live man, outside Olie and my husband, I'd seen for so long. And he looked very dashing in his scarlet jacket and yellow facings. But I didn't have long to meditate on his color scheme, for he calmly announced that a ranchman named McMein had been murdered by a drunken cowboy in a wage dispute, and the murderer had been seen heading for the Cochrane Ranch. He (the M.P.) inquired if I would object to his searching the buildings.

Would I object? I most assuredly did not, for little chills began to play up and down my spinal column, and I wasn't exactly in love with the idea of having an escaped murderer crawling out of a haystack at midnight and cutting my throat. The ranchman McMein had been killed on Saturday, and the cowboy had been kept on the run for two days. As I

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

was being told this I tried to remember where Dinky-Dunk had stowed away his revolver-holster and his hammerless ejector and his Colt repeater. But I made that handsome young man in the scarlet coat come right into the shack and begin his search by looking under the bed, and then going down the cellar.

I stood holding the trap-door and warned him not to break my pickle-jars. Then he came up and stood squinting thoughtfully out through the doorway.

"Have you got a gun?" he suddenly asked me.

I showed him my duck-gun with its silver mountings, and he smiled a little.

"Haven't you a rifle?" he demanded.

I explained that my husband had, and he still stood squinting out through the doorway as I poked about the shack-corners and found Dinky-Dunk's repeater. He was a very authoritative and self-assured young man. He took the rifle from me, examined the magazine and made sure it was loaded. Then he handed it back.

"I've got to search those buildings and stacks," he told me. "And I can only be in one place at once. If you see a man break from under cover anywhere, when I'm inside, be so good as to shoot him!"

He started off without another word, with his big army revolver in his hand. My teeth began to do a little fox-trot all by themselves.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Wait! Stop!" I shouted after him. "Don't go away!"

He stopped and asked me what was wrong. "I—I don't want to shoot a man! I don't want to shoot *any* man!" I tried to explain to him.

"You probably won't have to," was his cool response. "But it's better to do that than have him shoot you, isn't it?"

Whereupon Mr. Red Coat made straight for the hay-stacks, and I stood in the doorway, with Dinky-Dunk's rifle in my hands and my knees shaking a little.

I watched him as he beat about the hay-stacks. Then I got tired of holding the heavy weapon and leaned it against the shack wall. I watched the red coat go in through the stable door, and felt vaguely dismayed at the thought that its wearer was now quite out of sight.

Then my heart stopped beating. For out of a pile of straw which Olie had dumped not a hundred feet away from the house, to line a pit for our winter vegetables, a man suddenly erupted. He seemed to come up out of the very earth, like a mushroom.

He was the most repulsive-looking man I ever had the pleasure of casting eyes on. His clothes were ragged and torn and stained with mud. His face was covered with stubble and his cheeks were hollow, and his skin was just about the color of a new saddle.

I could see the whites of his eyes as he ran for the

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

shack, looking over his shoulder toward the stable door as he came. He had a revolver in his hand. I noticed that, but it didn't seem to trouble me much. I suppose I'd already been frightened as much as mortal flesh could be frightened. In fact, I was thinking quite clearly what to do, and didn't hesitate a moment.

"Put that silly thing down," I told him, as he ran up to me with his head lowered and that indescribably desperate look in his big frightened eyes. "If you're not a fool I can get you hidden," I told him. It reassured me to see that his knees were shaking much more than mine, as he stood there in the center of the shack! I stooped over the trap-door and lifted it up. "Get down there quick! He's searched that cellar and won't go through it again. Stay there until I say he's gone!"

He slipped over to the trap-door and went slowly down the steps, with his eyes narrowed and his revolver held up in front of him, as though he still half expected to find some one there to confront him with a blunderbuss. Then I promptly shut the trap-door. But there was no way of locking it.

I had my murderer there, trapped, but the question was to keep him there. Your little Chaddie didn't give up many precious moments to reverie. I tiptoed into the bedroom and lifted the mattress, bedding and all, off the bedstead. I tugged it out and put it silently

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

down over the trap-door. Then, without making a sound, I turned the table over on it. But he could still lift that table, I knew, even with me sitting on top of it. So I started to pile things on the overturned table, until it looked like a moving-van ready for a May-Day migration. Then I sat on top of that pile of household goods, reached for Dinky-Dunk's repeater, and deliberately fired a shot out through the open door.

I sat there, studying my pile, feeling sure a revolver bullet couldn't possibly come up through all that stuff. But before I had much time to think about this my corporal of the R. N. W. M. P. (which means, Matilda Anne, the Royal North-West Mounted Police) came through the door on the run. He looked relieved when he saw me triumphantly astride that overturned table loaded up with about all my household junk.

"I've got him for you," I calmly announced.

"You've got what?" he said, apparently thinking I'd gone mad.

"I've got your man for you," I repeated. "He's down there in my cellar." And in one minute I'd explained just what had happened. There was no parley, no deliberation, no hesitation.

"Hadn't you better go outside," he suggested as he started piling the things off the trap-door.

"You're not going down there?" I demanded.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Why not?" he asked.

"But he's got a revolver," I cried out, "and he's sure to shoot!"

"That's why I think it might be better for you to step outside for a moment or two," was my soldier boy's casual answer.

I walked over and got Dinky-Dunk's repeater. Then I crossed to the far side of the shack, with the rifle in my hands.

"I'm going to stay," I announced.

"All right," was the officer's unconcerned answer as he tossed the mattress to one side and with one quick pull throw up the trap-door.

A shot rang out, from below, as the door swung back against the wall. But it was not repeated, for the man in the red coat jumped bodily, heels first, into that black hole. He didn't seem to count on the risk, or on what might be ahead of him. He just jumped, spurs down, on that other man with the revolver in his hand.

I could hear little grunts, and wheezes, and a thud or two against the cellar steps. Then there was silence, except for one double "click-click" which I couldn't understand.

Oh, Matilda Anne, how I watched that cellar opening! And I saw a back with a red coat on it slowly rise out of the hole. He, the man who owned the

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

back of course, was dragging the other man bodily up the narrow little stairs. There was a pair of handcuffs already on his wrists and he seemed dazed and helpless, for that slim-looking soldier boy had pummeled him unmercifully, knocking out his two front teeth, one of which I found on the doorstep when I was sweeping out.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to take one of your horses for a day or two," was all my R. N. W. M. P. hero condescended to say to me as he poked an arm through his prisoner's and helped him out through the door.

—From "*The Prairie Wife*," by Arthur Stringer. Copyright 1915. Used by special permission of the publishers The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

OLD-TIME MEMORIES

JAMES A. ROSS

AS time flies by, my mind goes back
To scenes of boyhood days,
The games we played, the songs we sang,
The joy of childish ways;
The shows that struck the little town
That nestled by the stream;
The squirrels we chased, the fish we caught,
Are memories like a dream;
But the dearest old-time picture,
No matter where I rove,
Is Mother baking buckwheat cakes
On the old black kitchen stove.

The boys who played beside the brook,—
Some made their mark in life,
And some have crossed to spirit land
Beyond all earthly strife.
The little sweetheart that I loved
In memory still is dear,—
The old schoolhouse is yet a charm
More precious year by year.
But the dearest old-time picture,
No matter where I rove,
Is Mother baking buckwheat cakes
On the old black kitchen stove.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The years roll by, and one by one
They leave their mark on me,
The hair a little whiter grows,
The step not quite so free;
But still my heart is just as young
As many years ago.
Fond memories of childhood days
Will help to keep it so;
And the dearest old-time picture,
No matter where I rove,
Is Mother baking buckwheat cakes
On the old black kitchen stove.

—By permission of the author.

CANADA FIRST

JAMES A. ROSS

CANADA first! May the men of the nation,
Progeny great of two peoples of old,
Find such a motto of true inspiration
Stamped on their hearts with the brightness of gold.

Canada first! Let all of the nations
Know that her people shall ever be free.
Canada first! Let men of all stations
Shout it with gladness and sing it with glee.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Canada first! May her people pursuing
Principles honest, upright and true,
Find a kind Providence justly renewing
Blessings that fall like the nourishing dew!

Canada first! May the halls of her learning
Stand in the van as ever before:
True to the minds of her youth that are yearning
To pass through instruction's promising door!

Canada first! May her provinces flourish,
From ocean to ocean so fertile they lie!
May the pride of their country in patriots nourish
A spirit of freedom—for freedom to die!

Canada first! O star of prosperity,
Shed your bright beams on her cities so fair!

Canada first! O may her posterity
Rule o'er a nation as free as the air!

Canada first! May her ships of the ocean
Journey with safety all over the world,
Manned by their crews of loyal devotion,
Float the gay colors of commerce unfurled!

Canada first! May the nations respect her,
Daughter of great mother over the sea!
Canada first! May heaven protect her,
And crown her with peace and sweet liberty!

—By permission of the author.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO ALBERT

THOMAS O'HAGAN

ALBERT, King of Belgium, is the hero of the
hour;

He's the greatest king in Europe, he's a royal
arch and tower;

He is bigger in the trenches than the Kaiser on his
Throne,

And the whole world loves him for the sorrows he has
known:

So I take off my hat to Albert.

Defiance was his answer to the Teuton at his gate,
Then he buckled on his armor and pledged his soul to
fate;

He stood between his people and the biggest Essen
gun,

For he feared not shot nor shrapnel as his little army
won:

So I take off my hat to Albert.

King of Belgium, Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders,
all in one;

Little Kingdom of the Belgæ starr'd with honor in
the sun!

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

You have won a place in history, of your deeds the
world will sing,

But the glory of your nation is your dust-stained, fear-
less King:

So I take off my hat to Albert.

—From "*Songs of Heroic Days*," by Thomas O'Hagan.
(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

MARCH

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

A KNAVISH-TEMPERED, disrespectful youth
Is this same March, with rude derisive peals
Larking along at Winter's tottering heels,
Mocking the white-haired wizard without ruth,
Stamping the slush about his legs forsooth,
The while in impotence the victim wheels
To threaten chastisement—with weakness reels—
And bares his ugly frost-envenomed tooth.

March must be taught his manners: in there comes
To warm his breeches good old Master Sun—
Right lusty mellower he of rough and wild.
A few days' drilling—sniff! a scent of gums,
Twigs fringed with colour; thus reform's begun.
Watch! ere you know it—was that April smiled?

—From "*A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and
of Peace*," by Bernard Freeman Trotter. (McClelland, Good-
child & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

TOBAN'S PUP

COLONEL GEORGE G. NASMITH, C.M.G.

PRIVATE TOBAN, contrary to army orders, owned a dog. It was a nondescript pup, with a cross eye, and also a kink in his tail. It was colored a sort of battle-ship grey with two or three splashes of brown on the flanks, and his nearest blood relative was probably a French poodle—though his ancestry was a subject of prolonged and sometimes heated debate between Toban and his mates. A Tommy who had scornfully described him as “A ’ell of a lookin’ dawg” had been promptly felled by a blow from Toban’s right.

Before the second battle of Ypres, when the division was in training, the Canadians did a good deal of route marching. Toban used to take the pup along with him and the pup used to become tired. Then Toban would pick him up and carry him. Finally the medical officer noticed his fondness for the dog and would, on occasion, take the pup in front of him on the saddle.

Once the battalion was going into action and the M.O. was busy at his regimental aid post, making preparations for a rush, when Toban came in. “Say,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Doctor," he explained, "I can't take the pup with me and I tied him to a tree down the road."

"I will look after him," promised the M.O. and Toban disappeared.

"Here Corporal, find that dog, and label him with Pte. Toban's number and company," ordered the M.O.

In a couple of minutes the Corporal returned.

"Say Captain," he reported, "I found the pup wrapped up in Toban's blanket and tied to a tree."

The rush began and the doctor forgot all about the dog until an hour later, when Toban, spitting teeth and blood, stumbled into the room with a bullet through his jaw.

"Oh, say Toban," called the M.O., "I found your dog, and he's all right."

When Toban's face was bound up the M.O. asked, "Do you think you can make the field ambulance by the bridge?" Toban nodded and started off.

A minute later he thrust his head into the room—the pup was in his arms, still wrapped in the blanket—and spluttering gratefully through the dressings, "I got 'im, Doc, good-bye," away went Private Toban en route to Blighty.

—From *"On the Fringe of the Great Fight,"* by Colonel George G. Nasmith, C.M.G. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE EASTER WINDS

LILIAN LEVERIDGE

THE little winds of dawning,
Long centuries ago,
Went straying in a garden
With bursting buds aglow.
A wondrous tale they whispered
Of one who loved, who died
For men whose hatred pierced Him
In hands and feet and side.

Bright angels told His story;
The winds caught up the song;
On viewless wings forever
They bear the strain along.
The flowers await His coming;
For love of Him they bloom—
The fadeless Rose of Sharon
That blossomed from the tomb.

O little winds of Easter
That blow amid the hills,
With lily perfume laden
And breath of daffodils,
Go, blow across the ocean,
And carry to "our boys,"
Our truest and our dearest,
A gift of Easter joys—

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The sweetness of the blossoms,
The music of the bells,
That, hour by hour unwearied,
The glad evangel tells—
Of life that blooms unfading,
Of love that cannot die,
Of rest and peace abiding
Beyond our shrouding sky.

O viewless Easter angels
That wander round the world,
Where, reeking red with carnage,
The bolts of hate are hurled,
Where, rank on rank, the crosses
Stand silent on the hill,
Go, plant the amaryllis,
The rose, the daffodil.

Then all the winds of Easter
Shall bear upon their wings
To wounded hearts the essence
Of all life's sweetest things.
"The Lord is risen!" shall echo
From shore to farthest shore,
And Love shall reign eternal,
And pain shall be no more.

—From "*Over the Hills of Home and Other Poems*," by
Lilian Leveridge. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart,
Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

S. T. WOOD

WHEN the long, grey mornings of spring renew their invitation they cannot be denied. Snow lingers in secluded corners and frost is still in the ground, but spring is awaiting a welcome. Robins are house-hunting among the naked trees. Red-winged Blackbirds are perching on the dead reeds, displaying their glossy uniforms and scarlet epaulets, or trying their shrill voices from the higher perches in the willows. The Song Sparrow is here, his familiar call an earnest of the new life awakening on every hand. The Blue-bird is displaying his finest colors, and seems tempted by his vanity to choose the open fields and solitary, leafless trees, where he can compel the admiration of all observers. The Fox Sparrow is shy and retiring, but his spring song brings a world of delight, although he is hidden in the thicket. The pussies on the Willow twigs are pushing their little grey noses from under their reddish brown hoods. The long catkins on the Alders are showing signs of life. A broken Sassafras twig fills the air with one of the most delightful of forest odors. It is hard to resist the boyish impulse to cut a Maple and taste the sap. But it is no more tempting than the perfume of a

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

growing twig of Black Birch, broken where the winter buds are swelling. Nature has been dreaming under the white mantle that has just been drawn aside. Moss is melting holes for itself through the ice. The Wintergreen is all about in profusion, carpeting the ground with rich green leaves, dotted here and there with bright red berries. It has defied the frost, the snow and the ice of winter, and now offers up its tempting berries, pleasant in flavor and odor as they are beautiful in color and contrast.

The Trailing Arbutus, too, has a vitality that defies the winter, and its green leaves are showing above the litter of last years vegetation. Those who are robbing the suburban woods of this flower have a great sin to answer for, but the temptation also is so great that one cannot but forgive them. The flowers are already formed and the pinky white is protruding from the little green buds. In a day they will be opened, the sweet perfume leading to their destruction by revealing their hiding places under the dead leaves. The man or woman who can pass a Trailing Arbutus in flower and not pluck it is as near to perfection as it is possible for weak humanity to approach. Down by the swampy margin the ice is receding from the shore, and the Watercress is there fresh and green, showing that the stream has been but dreaming all winter. The Skunk Cabbage, that beautiful and malodorous flower,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

is already raising its variegated hood from the black mud. It is determined to be first among the wild flowers. On the shore there are some small Sassafras trees completely girdled on the ground and doomed to die. The Cottontail is at once suspected, which shows the evil of a bad name. But there are Muskrat houses suspiciously near, and many evidences of amphibious activity in the half-frozen mud. Have the Muskrats been guilty of these depredations? The multitude of tiny wounds show that the culprit was the little Shore Mouse with the formidable name, *Arvicola riparius*. The leaves of the Hepatica are frozen solidly in the ice high up on the bank, but alive and well withal, and destined for a life of usefulness throughout the summer. What wonderful egotists we must have been to think the three-lobed leaf of the Hepatica was shaped to intimate that it could cure certain human ills. As if our little ills were sufficient to move the mighty indifference of nature! The Hepatica is as indifferent to our petty needs as the Downy Woodpecker sounding his gong on the resonant oak limb or the Lordly Crow moving with steady strength across the colorless sky.

—From "*Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist*," by S. T. Wood.
(J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN

THOMAS HARKNESS LITSTER

THERE was a young man named Artie,
Who, when asked to get into khaki,
Said, on earnest reflection,
It might spoil his complexion,
So they must ask some other party.

There was a young man named Twist,
Who, when asked why he didn't enlist,
Said his Ma got so nervous
When he spoke of the service
That he found that he had to desist.

There was a young man named Banks,
Who, when asked to help fill the ranks,
Said his feet were too flat,
He was blind as a bat,
So declined every offer with thanks.

There was a young man named Bolder,
Who, when asked a rifle to shoulder,
Yes, he said that he should,
And he guessed that he would
When he was a little bit older.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

But another young man, thank God,
Who was more than simply a clod,
Said, "I'm still very young
But I'd rather be hung
Than wait for the chastening rod."

There are other young chaps like them
Who haven't discovered they are men,
But when they awake,
For their country's sake,
Good-night, dear Kaiser, amen.

—From "*Songs in Your Heart and Mine*," by Thomas Harkness
Litster. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

THE CANADIAN ABROAD

E. W. THOMSON

WHEN the croon of a rapid is heard on the
breeze,
With the scent of a pine-forest gloom,
Or the edge of the sky is of steeple-top trees,
Set in hazes of blueberry bloom,
Or a song-sparrow sudden from quietness trills
His delicate anthem to me,
Then my heart hurries home to the Ottawa hills,
Wherever I happen to be.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

When the veils of a shining lake vista unfold,
Or the mist towers dim from a fall,
Or a woodland is blazing in crimson and gold,
Or a snow-shroud is covering all,
Or there's honking of geese in the darkening sky,
When the spring sets hepatica free,
Then my heart's winging north as they never can fly,
Wherever I happen to be.

When the swallows slant curves of bewildering joy
As the cool of the twilight descends,
And rosy-cheek maiden and hazel-hue boy
Listen grave while the Angelus ends
In a tremulous flow from the bell of a shrine,
Then a faraway mountain I see,
And my soul is in Canada's evening shine,
Wherever my body may be.

—From "*Old Man Savarin Stories*," by E. W. Thomson.
(S. B. Gundy.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

LIGHTING THE FIRE

PETER M'ARTHUR

"**E**BEN," said Mrs. Summersox in the tone of settled resignation which she adopted on the day they had moved into the country. "The cook has gone away to visit her mother, and you will have to look after the fires."

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Summersox brightly, without moving his paper.

"The kitchen fire went out while you were at the post office, and I don't understand that draught on the heater, and——"

"You don't tell me," said Mr. Summersox, putting down his paper, and taking up his rôle of spontaneous joy-maker. In order to square himself with his wife, the world, and his own conscience, he had to see the rosy side of everything."

"The fire is out, you say. Well. Now you mustn't think, my dear, I induced you to come out here to live without foreseeing just such little troubles as this. Nothing will please me better than to look after the fires. Fires are one of the few things I know all about. I have lit all kinds of them, from a clay pipe to a political bonfire. Lighting the fires will take me back to my happy youth when I used to light the wood fires every morning. Gee, it fairly makes me shiver

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

to think of some of the mornings I used to get up in, and I didn't wear pyjamas then, either. I remember lots of times when I left the kettle boiling on the stove when I went to bed, and got up to find it full of ice. Those were the happy days when I laid the foundations of my constitution. And the stove I used to light was no halter-broke coal stove, with all the modern improvements, but a rip-snorting, bucking high-oven stove, with a back draught that would blow out the kindling, and I never used coal oil to light it, either. Now you just watch me renew my youth with that fire."

"You had better light it now so that it will be ready to turn off when you go to bed."

"Nonsense, I'll lay the fire to-night, and to-morrow morning I'll pop out of bed, touch a match to it, and then rush back between the blankets as I used to when a boy."

"Very well," said Mrs. Summersox with a little sigh.

Taking up a lamp Mr. Summersox went down cellar and broke up a packing box for kindling. Then he returned to the kitchen, and while he slithered off slivers with the carving knife he sang "Old Dan Tucker," for his mind was in the past. Then followed much banging of the stove-lids and rattling of coal, while he laid the fire. When the task was done to his satis-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

faction he returned to the sitting-room, and took up the tale.

"I tell you this life just makes a new man of me. There is nothing like having to do things for oneself once in a while. It was the self-reliance that I cultivated when a boy in the country that made me get along so well in the city that we are now in a position to retire modestly. You just mark my words, Verbena, when you have been here a year you can't be hired to go back to the city to live."

Mrs. Summersox smothered a sigh, and her husband resumed his paper.

Next morning when the alarm clock went off at six o'clock the thermometer had lost its grip on the higher register. But Mr. Summersox was not to be daunted. Flinging back the blankets with an energy that uncovered his patient wife, he bounded out on the floor as well as the chalky deposits in his joints would allow.

"You'd better put on some clothes or you'll catch your death of cold," said Mrs. Summersox in a tone as crisp as the atmosphere.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Summersox as he groped his way towards the kitchen. Mrs. Summersox tucked the blankets into the small of her back, and awaited developments. Presently Mr. Summersox called in a restrained voice:

"Where in—in this igloo do you keep the matches?"

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"Under the pantry shelf."

"Under which shelf, Bezonian?"

Mr. Summersox rarely paraphrased Shakespeare except under the stress of deep emotion.

"Under the bottom shelf."

There was some stumbling, a gratified grunt as the matches were found, and after a pause a sharp exclamation of pain. Mrs. Summersox didn't need to be told what had happened. In spite of all her protests he would insist on lighting matches on his trousers, and now he had forgotten that all he had on was a thin pair of pyjamas. She stuffed a corner of the blanket in her mouth and began to take an interest in life.

"Did you light this fire last night?" came from the icy kitchen.

"Indeed, I did not," was the reply from the cosy depths of the blankets. The cheerfulness of her tone was not lost on Mr. Summersox.

"Well, it is burned out," he bawled.

"Hadn't you better come back and put on your clothes?" she asked in a choking voice. "Probably there was a live coal in the ashes and it started the fire after we went to bed. Do be sensible and come and put on your clothes."

If the world was one vast storehouse of fur-lined overcoats Mr. Summersox wouldn't have put on another stitch after realizing that she was laughing at

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

him. No, by thunder. He would show her. Disdaining to make any reply to her chirpy explanation of the calamity, he went down cellar for more kindling. For a couple of minutes he made a noise like a railroad wreck, and as he returned to the kitchen he was whimpering to himself:

"You needn't tell me! I don't believe C-Cook or P-Peary ever went to the P-Pole. B-r-r-r!"

In the darkness of the parlor bedroom Mrs. Summersox laughed a noiseless laugh. She hadn't had so good a time since she had left the city. She could already see visions of a detached house in Rosedale, with a subdued husband, who was thoroughly cured of his foolish hankering for the country. Meanwhile, the lids banged, paper rustled, and coal rattled. After a pause, during which he watched the lighted paper flare up and die out, he suddenly yelled in desperation.

"Where do you keep the coal oil?"

"In a wicker-covered carboy in the cellar entrance."

Once more the lids banged and Mr. Summersox splashed the contents of the carboy lavishly over the paper, kindling wood, and coal. Then he struck a match and applied it to the soaked paper. It spluttered once and went out. He lit another match. Same fate. As the last vestiges of his self-control were slipping away he lit a third match. He waited until it was

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

burning brightly and then plunged it into the midst of the paper and kindling. It went out quicker than the others. Then Mr. Summersox lifted up his voice and tore a passion into tatters.

"Confound the greedy, griping, soulless Standard Oil Company anyway. If I didn't want it to light that confounded oil would explode at the sight of the cook's red hair, and here I can't light it with a forced draught." Not being a swearing man, Mr. Summersox was greatly handicapped in dealing with so universal a sinner as the Standard Oil. Just as he was going to start on a second outburst his wife called softly:

"Eben, dear. Are you sure you didn't take the carboy of vinegar? It stands beside the coal oil."

"Vinegar, woman? Did you say vinegar?" He sniffed at the fluid, and then his whiskers began to bristle with rage.

"What in blazes do you think I am trying to do? To make a salad? If I didn't have more sense than to put the vinegar beside the coal oil I'd go and run a junk shop, instead of pretending to be a housekeeper."

Mrs. Summersox was altogether too happy to resent the attack. The cosy bed shook with her silent laughter. Meanwhile her husband put fresh paper under the kindling and poured on so much oil to neutralise the vinegar that when he touched a match to it it started with a blaze that singed off his eyebrows.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Banging the door shut he started for the parlor bedroom with chattering teeth, and feet so numb with cold that he hobbled rather than ran.

"Turn on the draughts on the heater," shouted his wife.

"It's out!" he snarled as he still approached rapidly like a runaway iceberg on the high seas. Mrs. Summersox was filled with a sudden alarm.

"Eben Summersox." Don't you dare to come bouncing into this bed and giving me my death of cold. If you touch me with your cold hands or feet I'll——" But she never told what she would do. With a wild, despairing scramble her husband clawed at the clothes with numb fingers, and then plunged between the blankets like a hunted thing.

"Well, I hope you are satisfied," said Mrs. Summersox tartly. "If this is the way the joys of your youth are going to turn out I should think this would cure you."

"W-what are y-you talking about? The whole trouble is that we tried to bring city conveniences with us to the c-country. A man needs a course in a technical college before trying to run one of those coal stoves. I am going down town to-day to get a couple of wood stoves, and I'll throw those confounded coal stoves on the scrap heap."

At this point Mrs. Summersox resumed her air of

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

resignation and sighed deeply. There was silence for a while, and then a knock sounded from the kitchen door. Mr. Summersox blazed with wrath.

"What miserable idiot is knocking at this hour of the morning? He can just knock till he is tired, and then come back at a reasonable hour." The knock sounded again, louder than before. Mr. Summersox sulked. His wife sighed once more and stirred as if about to get up, but was careful not to uncover herself.

"Oh, well, I suppose I must get up and see who it is."

Mr. Summersox threw back the clothes and went to the door intending to work off his wrath on the intruder. When he came back he was almost cheerful.

"It's the cook," he volunteered.

"Well, I am glad she had the kitchen fire lit when she came in out of the cold."

"She hadn't. It went out," snapped Mr. Summersox.

Then silence reigned in the parlor bedroom until the warmth from the newly-lighted heater began to take the chill off the air.

—From *"In Pastures Green,"* by Peter McArthur. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

JACQUES CARTIER

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE

IN the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in
May,

When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the west-
ward sailed away;

In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on
their knees,

For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered
seas;

And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and
pier

Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts
with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the
day

When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward
sailed away;

But no tidings from the absent had come the way they
went,

And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle
hearts with fear,

When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of
the year.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his
pride;

In the forests of the North—while his townsmen
mourned his loss—

He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and
cross;

And when two months were over and added to the
year,

St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to
cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the
lip,

And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early
ship;

He told them of the frozen scene, until they thrilled
with fear,

And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better
cheer.

But then he changed the strain—he told how soon are
cast

In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the wintry causeway, broken, is drifted out to
sea,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

And rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the
free;

How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to
his eyes

Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in
paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves, the hunters of
the wild,

Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her
child;

Of how, poor souls! they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;

Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him
to breathe upon,

And of the wonders wrought for them through the
Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to Ocean's briny
wave;

He told them of the glorious scene presented to his
sight,

What time he reared the cross and crown on Hoche-
laga's height,

And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his
perils o'er the sea.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

VILLAGE DIVERSIONS

"JANEY CANUCK"

JANEY CANUCK, in her book "Open Trails," takes us with her on her trip from Edmonton to Ontario.

(Her husband—whom she playfully calls "the Padre"—is also of the party.)

On the way she chats beguilingly of the scenes through which she passes, and points out tell-tale pictures of Western life and conditions.

Her sojourn at a village hotel en route gives us the following snapshot of a phase of life in the West. It is entitled "Village Diversions."

All last night I had an earache. It felt like a volcano in my head. It is quieter to-day, but still throbs sufficiently to keep me bed-bound. I quite agree with Martin Luther that earache is directly attributable to the great devil himself. The Padre delicately intimated this morning that while the malady is extremely painful it is not necessary fatal, except to those who have to wait on the patient. He contends that I am wholly illogical in attributing my misery to the hotel ventilation—or rather its lack of ventilation. He does not understand that I frequently go out bareheaded to

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

escape the smoke from the bar-room, the fumes of liquor, and the odour of cooking and stagnant air.

All the windows of this little country tavern have double sashes, and they are hermetically closed. I do not wonder that consumption, that insidious vitality vampire, makes such ravages in America. It is a house disease and can never be stamped out until people are put in jail for neglecting to air their apartments.

My room is immediately over the bar, and I can hear every sound through the thin floor. Its habitues are either drunk or farmers. There is a third class which takes them all in—drunken farmers. I am strongly of the opinion that whisky should be a luxury of the rich. In everything else I am a Socialist. Beer ought to be ten dollars a bottle, and other liquors priced in proportion. The labourer should not have it at all. At first blush, this might seem an unfair discrimination, but, as an actual fact the wheel of fortune would revolve so quickly that each generation would have its turn; the rich would become labourers and the labourers rich.

Below me, a man with a raucous, awful voice is seeking to bawl his associates dumb. He says he is the only "gen'l'man" in the place. Ah, well! no great man was ever modest.

Eight threshermen have driven up this single street of the village, and are alighting at our door. They

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

wear sheep-lined canvas coats, and the driver has one of Australian bearskin. It is mottled grey and white. I think it is the fur of the wombat. It makes him look like a big Percheron.

The men downstairs have turned their attention to theology. Next to grain and land values it is the favourite topic of this country. The priming for its proper consideration is extract of rye. One is saying he "don't hold with ritualism," and he swears profusely to enforce this view. He has a peculiarly greasy way of saying "God." He declares "Catholics is cannibals." Schiller said this same thing, but in a more refined way. He declared religious devotees to be "theophagi," or god-eaters. The landlord, who is a Catholic, is bringing arguments and statistics to bear on his patron's enthusiasms, and he does it well. He is better posted in church history and doctrine than any of them.

I listen with interest to these farmers "fighting out great issues in small places." You may read the same arguments and deductions in Hooker, Kip, or Van Oosterzee.

There goes the horse I tried to ride the other day—an unregenerate broncho that would have none of me. His owner told us he was a "fust rate saddle horse," but the thing would only go up and down, never forward. It even kicked and lay down. The owner, a

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

sun-reddened, erstwhile machine-agent, said, to soothe my feelings: "No woman ain't ever rid it yet," and also he said I was a "nervy skirt." I am still wondering why he wanted to kill me. It is after such an experience that one understands what William Blake meant when he wrote: "The stars are threshed and the souls are threshed from their husks." The Padre was in a black humour over it, and called the man a cuckoo; but I thought of a much worse name.

Further down the street a draggle-tailed woman is hanging clothes on the line. They freeze before she gets the pegs in, and the stockings dangle stiffly, like long, black pokers. W-h-e-w! but it seems a long way to where picture hats are drinking tea, and where women dance for the heads of men.

The draggle-tailed woman has twins.

"Them's twins, ma'am," explained the husband, a thin little man with a tobacco-stained chin and a voice to split one's ear drums—"third pair. Twins is like red hair; they run in families."

The air has become black with whiteness, and the snowflakes seem to boil, so furious is their haste. There is something wickedly defiant about this first storm of the season. I am not one of those who believe that God moves in the storm.

The dining-room girl has lighted my lamp, drawn my blind, and brought my supper. She has two sweet-

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

hearts, this girl—the bar-tender and the stableman. I could not decide which was most favoured but, yesterday, in one of the corridors, I saw him of the bar-room kiss her several times, with accuracy and at considerable length. People who are in love are nearly always unobservant. Their eyes and ears seem to be dulled ; but after all, there's no great harm in this.

My supper consists mainly of a prairie chicken which the Padre shot this morning, and which the cook—dear woman! has roasted for me. There is no skeleton at this feast except the chicken's. I pick the bones clean, and quite agree with those people—the Turks, I think—who maintain that taste is transmitted through the finger-tips. I hold a theory—perhaps fancifully—that if people never used forks they would not have dyspepsia.

The gang from the bar have gone home to supper and quiet once more reigns below stairs. The landlord slithers down the hall with that heavy, flat-footed sound peculiar to landlords and porters. May Providence bless him for the hot-water bottle he got me last night! May Providence let him live long for the bromo-seltzer! Brown be his head, bright his eyes and steady his slither for full fifty years! He is a patient, faithful man, this landlord, and serves the public in more ways than they dream of.

The station agent, John Smith, boards here. On

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

train mornings the landlord calls him at four o'clock, for the train goes through at four-thirty.

"Smith," he says, with a note of command, "get right up! It's four o'clock. Do you hear me, Smith?"

Smith hears. Fifteen minutes later the knock at Smith's door is more pronounced, and the voice is agonised:

"Are you up, Smith? *Do* get up this *very* minute."

Smith gets up, and, ten minutes later, makes a hurried dash for the station. I raise my blind to see if he gets his lamps lit before the express rounds the curve at the station. He has never missed yet. He is about twenty-four and is painfully shy. He hands me several telegrams daily, and then bolts away as if I had the plague. He sits opposite me at the table, but does not speak. He belongs to what is known as "the passive element"—that is to say, he graces the scene without enlivening it. If I were going to remain I would catch him in a corner and insist on his "making friends." I am sufficiently older to make it proper, and sufficiently heavier to make it effective. I think I will anyway. The thought pleases me much.

In the hall there are no panes of glass in the transoms, so you cannot fail to hear every sound from the other rooms. When I want to talk to the Padre, I get on a chair and throw one bedroom slipper through the two transoms, his room being directly opposite

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

mine. If I don't want him I throw two slippers. He comes, anyway, but will persist in laughing out loud when he sees the slippers coming.

If I have anything private to say to him—that is if I want to tell him that I have no inconsiderable liking for him, or that I have changed my mind about this—I have to get up very close to his ear and whisper it, else the base men down the hall will hear every word I say.

I think I have made out a case against this tavern.

—From "*Open Trails*," (J. M. Dent & Son.)

LIVING

CLARE SHIPMAN

JUST to smile a little while,
And hold the hand-clasp tighter;
Just to think with every mile
The sky is growing brighter.

Just to feel the world is true,
And choke the sobs back faster;
Just to know that you—just you—
Are meant to serve the Master.

Just to hope and trust and love,
And help the man beside you;
Just to look for strength above,
Where God awaits to guide you.

—By permission of the author.

THE FRECKLED BOY AT SCHOOL

THOMAS O'HAGAN

I REMEMBER well a freckled boy
Who used to go to school;
He wore a suit of corduroy,
And always broke the rule;
And whenever there was fighting
Upon the old school green,
The freckled boy was in it—
Fact, monopolized the scene.

The teacher "licked" him every day,
And sometimes twice and thrice,
And on special swell occasions
He'd get an extra slice;
But in spite of all this drubbing,
And his penitential life,
The freckled boy would fight again—
Just thirst for new-born strife.

I remember well the old seat
He sat upon in school,
'Twas chipp'd and marr'd with pocket knives—
Which was against the rule:

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

His freckled face shines out there yet
In wickedness and glee,
As it did in boyhood's morning
'Way back in seventy-three.

And then the game of marbles
Upon the old school ground—
If there was cheating to be done,
The freckled boy was round;
And if amid the stake at play
An alley rare was in it,
You could bet your dinner-basket
That the freckled boy would win it.

The teacher called him Edward,
But the boys all called him "Ed";
He sleeps now in "God's acre"
With the slab above his head,
Where the flowerets bud and blossom
'Neath the sky's vast chastely dome,
Where the games of life are over
And the freckled boy at home.

—From "*Songs of the Settlement and Other Poems*," by Thomas O'Hagan. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE PINK LADY

NELIE L. M'CLUNG

JOHN WATSON, with wife and family of nine, lived in a Manitoba town. Their first dwelling had been C.P.R. box-car No. 722, and it had been enlarged for the growing needs of the family by adding to it other car-roofed shanties. In a comfortable and commodious house in that same town lived Mrs. J. Burton Francis, rich in what Mrs. Watson lacked, but lacking the wealth of the home-children. Mrs. Francis was, nevertheless, much interested in children—in a literary way. Her favorite reading was Dr. Ernestus Parker on "Motherhood."

Mrs. Watson added to the family income by acting as washerwoman to Mrs. Burton and others; Jimmy Watson was milk-boy to the Burtons. Consequently in the Watson family Mrs. Burton was frequently mentioned but she was described as "The Pink Lady," and the twelve-year-old Pearlle Watson who mothered the younger members of the family in the enforced absences of Mrs. Watson, was accustomed to create an atmosphere of cheer by reciting wonderful tales of the generosity of "the pink lady."

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Let us now listen while Pearlie tells the story to the children one winter day when it is too cold for them to go out, and when they are restless at being shut in:—

“Once upon a time not very long ago, there lived a lovely pink lady in a big house painted red, with windies in ivery side of it, and a bell on the front dure, and a velvet carpet on the stair, a lovely pianny in the parlow, and flowers in the windies, and two yalla burds that sing as if their hearts wud break, and the windies had a border of coloured glass all around them, and long white curtings full of holes, but they like them all the better o’ that, for it shows they are owld and must ha’ been good to ha’ stood it so long. Well, annyway, there was a little boy called Jimmie Watson who used to carry milk to the lady’s back dure, and a girl with black eyes and white teeth all smiley used to take it from him, and put it in a lovely pitcher with birds flying all over it. But one day the lady, herself, was there all dressed in lovely pink velvet and lace, and a train as long as from me to you, and she sez to Jimmy, sez she, ‘Have you any sisters or brothers at home?’ and Jim speaks up real proud-like, ‘Just nine,’ he sez, and sez she, swate as you please, ‘Oh that’s lovely! Are they all as purty as you?’ she sez, and Jimmy sez, ‘Purtier if anything,’ and she sez, ‘I’ll be steppin’ over to-day to see yer ma,’ and Jim

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

ran home and told them all, and they all got brushed and combed and actin' good, and in she comes, laving her carriage at the dure, and her in a long pink velvet cape draggin' behind her on the flure, and wide white fer all around it, her silk skirts creakin' like a bag of cabbage and the eyes of her just dancin' out of her head, and she says, 'These are fine purty childer ye have here, Mrs. Watson. This is a rale purty girl, this oldest one. What's her name? and ma ups and tells her it is Rebecca Jane Pearl, named for her two grandmothers, and Pearl just for short. She says, 'I'll be for taking you home wid me, Pearlie, to play the pianny for me,' and then she asks all around what the children's names is, and then she brings out a big box, from under her cape, all tied wid store string, and she planks it on the table and tearin' off the string, she sez, 'Now, Pearlie, it's ladies first, tibby sure. What would you like to see in here?' And I says up quick — 'A long coat wid fer on it, and a handkerchief smellin' strong of satchel powder,' and she whipped them out of the box and threw them on my knee, and a new pair of red mitts too. And then she says, 'Mary, acushla, it's your turn now.' And Mary says, 'A doll with a real head on it,' and there it was as big as Danny, all dressed in green satin, opening its eyes, if you plaze.'

“ 'Daniel Mulcahey Watson, what wud you like?'

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

she says, and Danny ups and says, 'Chockaluts and candy men and 'taffy and curren' buns and ginger bread,' and she had every wan of them."

"'Robert Roblin Watson, him as they call Bugsey, what would you like?' and 'Patrick Healy Watson, as is called Patsey, what is your choice?' says she, and ——— but here the story breaks off unfinished, as Pearlle is interrupted by the return of her mother from her day's work.

One morning shortly after this when Jimmy brought the milk to Mrs. Francis's back door the dark-eyed girl with the "smiley" teeth let him in, and set a chair beside the kitchen stove for him to warm his little blue hands. While she was emptying the milk into the pitcher with the birds on it, Mrs. Francis, with a wonderful pink kimono on, came into the kitchen.

"Who is this boy, Camilla?" she asked, regarding Jimmy with a critical gaze.

"This is Master James Watson, Mrs. Francis," answered Camilla with her pleasant smile.

"He brings the milk every morning."

"Oh yes, of course I remember now," said Mrs. Francis, adjusting her glasses.

"How old is the baby, James?"

"Danny is it?" said Jim. "He's four come March."

"Is he very sweet and cunning James, and do you love him very much?"

"Oh, he's all right," Jim answered sheepishly.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"It is a great privilege to have a little brother like Daniel. You must be careful to set before him a good example of honesty and sobriety. He will be a man some day, and if properly trained he may be a useful factor in the uplifting and refining of the world. I love little children," she went on rapturously, looking at Jimmy as if he wasn't there at all, "and I would love to train one, for service in the world to uplift and refine." . . .

"Yes ma'am," said Jimmy. He felt that something was expected of him, but he was not sure what.

"Will you bring Daniel to see me to-morrow, James?" she said, as Camilla handed him his pail. "I would like to speak to his young mind and endeavour to plant the seeds of virtue and honesty in that fertile soil."

When Jimmy got home he told Pearlle of his interview with the pink lady, as much as he could remember. The only thing that he was sure of was that she wanted to see Danny, and that she had said something about planting seeds in him.

Jimmy and Pearlle thought it best not to mention Danny's proposed visit to their mother, for they knew that she would be fretting about his clothes, and would be sitting up mending and sewing for him when she should be sleeping. So they resolved to say "nothin'

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

to nobody."

The next day their mother went away early to wash for the Methodist minister's wife, and that was always a long day's work.

Then preparations began. Boots, stockings and pants were commandeered from the person of Bugsey Watson for the service of his younger brother. Other articles of wear were impounded from other sources. As Danny had never owned a cap and nothing suitable could be foraged from anybody else's scanty outfit, Mary suggested, "Wrap yer cloud around his head and say you as feart of the earache, the day is so cold." Then a blanket off one of the beds was pressed into service as an outer wrap for Danny and he was baled up in it and carried off.

When Pearlie and her heavy burden arrived at Mrs. Francis's back door they were admitted by the dark-haired Camilla, who set a rocking-chair beside the kitchen stove for Pearlie to sit in while she unrolled Danny, and when Danny in his rather remarkable costume stood up on Pearlie's knee, Camilla laughed so good humouredly that Danny felt the necessity of showing her all his accomplishments and so made the face that Patsey had taught him by drawing down his eyes, and putting his fingers in his mouth. Danny thought she liked it very much, for she went hurriedly into the pantry and brought back a cookie for him.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The savoury smell of fried salmon, for it was near lunch time, increased Danny's interest in his surroundings and his eyes were big with wonder when Mrs. Francis herself came in.

"And is this little Daniel!" she cried rapturously. "So sweet; so innocent; so pure! Did Big Sister carry him all the way? Kind Big Sister. Does oo love Big Sister?"

"Nope," Danny spoke up quickly, "just like chock-aluts."

"How sweet of him, isn't it, really?" she said, "with the world all before him, the great untried future lying vast and prophetic waiting for his baby feet to enter. Well has Dr. Parker said: 'A little child is a bundle of possibilities and responsibilities.'"

"If ye please, ma'am," Pearlle said timidly, not wishing to contradict the lady, but still anxious to set her right, "it was just this blanket I had him rolled in."

At which Camilla again retired to the pantry with precipitate haste.

"Did you see the blue, blue sky, Daniel, and the white, white snow, and did you see the little snow-birds, whirling by like brown leaves?" Mrs. Francis asked with an air of great childishness.

"Nope," said Danny shortly, "didn't see nothin'."

"Please, Ma'am," began Pearlle again, "it was the cloud around his head on account of the earache that

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

done it."

"It is sweet to look into his innocent young eyes and wonder what visions they will some day see," went on Mrs. Francis dreamily, but there she stopped with a look of horror frozen on her face, for at the mention of his eyes Danny remembered his best trick and how well it had worked on Camilla, and in a flash his eyes were drawn down and his mouth stretched to its utmost limit.

"What ails the child?" Mrs. Francis cried in alarm, "Camilla, come here."

Camilla came out of the pantry and gazed at Danny with sparkling eyes, while Pearlle, on the verge of tears, vainly tried to awaken in him some sense of the shame he was bringing on her. Camilla hurried to the pantry again, and brought another cookie. "I believe, Mrs. Francis, that Danny is hungry," she added, laughing.

"Really, how very interesting; I must see if Dr. Parker mentions this strange phenomenon in his book."

"Please, ma'am, I think I had better take him home now," said Pearlle. She knew what Danny was, and was afraid, that greater disgrace might await her. But when she tried to get him back into the blanket he lost every joint in his body and slipped to the floor. This is what she had feared—Danny had gone limber.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

"I don't want to go home," he wailed dismally. "I want to stay with her, and her; want to see the yalla burds, want a chockalut."

"Come Danny, that's a man," pleaded Pearlle, "and I'll tell you all about the lovely pink lady when we go home, and I'll get Bugsey's gum for ye and I'll——"

"No," Danny roared, "tell me now about the pink lady, tell her, and her."

"Wait till we get home, Danny man." Pearlle's grief flowed afresh. Disgrace had fallen on the Watsons, and Pearlle knew it.

"It would be interesting to know that mental food this little mind has been receiving. Please do tell him the story, Pearlle."

Thus admonished, Pearlle, with flaming cheeks began the story. She tried to make it less personal, but at every change Danny screamed his disapproval, and held her to the original version, and when it was done, he looked up with his sweet little smile, and said to Mrs. Francis, nodding his head, "You're it! You're the lovely pink lady." There was a strange flush on Mrs. Francis's face, and a strange feeling stirring in her heart, as she hurriedly rose from her chair, and clasped Danny in her arms.

"Danny! Danny!" she cried, "you shall see the yellow birds, and the stairs, and the chocolates on the dresser, and the pink lady will come to-morrow with

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

the big parcel."

Danny's little arms tightened around her neck.

"It's her," he shouted. "It's her."

—Adapted from "*Sowing Seeds in Danny*," by Nellie L. McClung.
(*Wm. Briggs.*)

THE VIOLET TO THE ASTER

ROBERT NORWOOD

S AID the Violet to the Aster
All on a summer's day:

"Your colour is the same as mine,
Come marry me, I pray;
Your bridesmaids shall be lilies,
A rose the vested priest,
And harebells ring the changes
To call us to the feast."

Said the Aster to the Violet:

"What shall the dowry be,
And what my stated fortune,
If I should marry thee?"

"Your fortune?" sang the Violet,

"The fragrance of my breath!"

The Aster swayed and murmured:

"I will be yours till death!"

—From "*The Piper and the Reed*," by Robert Norwood.
(*McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.*)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE TALE OF A SHIRT

R. K. KERNIGHAN

THEY call it "Sunny France,"
But br-r-r— it's getting cold.
Sometimes the wind, keen as a lance,
Doth whistle, scream and scold.
But thus so far I've got no hurt,
I'm comfy as can be:
My Tildy made a famous shirt
And sent it out to me.

That shirt's as warm as pie,
That shirt's as strong as mail.
No bullets ever make me sigh,
Although they fall like hail.
The Germans all their powers exert
To set my spirit free,
But I'm immune inside the shirt
That Tildy made for me.

The day we didn't shovel dirt
And I was sort o' free
I went to work and washed that shirt,
And hung it on a tree.
The charge was sounded sharp and curt,
And then in agony—

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I rushed away to get the shirt
That Tildy made for me.

"Whither away?" the captain cried
(A gallant soldier he)

"Hitherto you've been the pride
Of this fair company."

My legs, my feet, became inert,
My voice was weak and wee.

I said, "I go to get the shirt
That Tildy made for me."

"Give me that shirt!" the captain roared
(It filled my soul with woe).

He flung it in the air; it soared,
And fell—amongst the foe.

The captain stood erect and pert.

"Go, get your shirt!" quoth he.
And so I went and got the shirt
That Tildy made for me.

I fought ten thousand men alone,
I scattered them like chaff.

With every blow, I broke a bone;
It made the captain laff.

And back I comes, without a hurt,
And bore aloft in glee

Six German standards and the shirt
That Tildy made for me.

—By permission of the author.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE INDIGO BIRD

ETHELWYN WETHERALD

WHEN I see,
High on the tip-top twig of a tree,
Something blue by the breezes stirred,
But so far up that the blue is blurred,
So far up no green leaf flies
'Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,
Then I know, ere a note be heard,
That is naught but the Indigo bird.
Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high,
And naught so blue by the breezes stirred
As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird.
When I hear
A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear,
As though of some airy jest he had heard
The last and the most delightful word;
A laugh as fresh in the August haze
As it was in the full-voiced April days;
Then I know that my heart is stirred
By the laugh-like song of the Indigo bird.
Joy on the branch and joy in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high;
And naught so glad on the breezes heard
As the gay, gay note of the Indigo bird.

—From "Canadian Poets," Chosen and Edited by John W. Garvin,
B.A. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE SOWER

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ABROWN, sad-colored hillside, where the soil
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-line,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil,

Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil; and though small joy
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind,
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
This plodding churl grows great in his employ:—
Godlike, he makes provision for mankind.

—From "*Canadian Poets*," Chosen and Edited by John W. Garvin
B.A. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

THE FLIGHT OF THE GEESE

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

I HEAR the low wind wash the softening snow,
The low tide loiter down the shore. The night,
Full filled with April forecast, hath no light.
The salt wave on the sedge-flat pulses slow.

Through the hid furrows lisp in murmurous flow
The thaw's shy ministers; and hark! The height
Of heaven grows weird and loud with unseen flight
Of strong hosts prophesying as they go!

High through the drenched and hollow night their
wings

Beat northward hard on winter's trail. The sound
Of their confused and solemn voices, borne
Athwart the dark to their long Arctic morn,
Comes with a sanction and an awe profound,
A boding of unknown, foreshadowed things.

—From "Canadian Poets," Chosen and Edited by John W. Garvin,
B.A. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Limited.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER
FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON I.

(*Dec. 15, 1840*)

SIR J. H. HAGARTY

COLD and brilliant streams the sunlight on the
wintry banks of Seine;

Gloriously the imperial city rears her pride of
tower and fane;

Solemnly with deep voice peaeth Notre Dame, thine
ancient chime;

Minute guns the death-bell answer in the same deep,
measured time.

On the unwonted stillness gather sounds of an advanc-
ing host,

As the rising tempest chafeth on St. Helen's far-off
coast;

Nearer rolls a mighty pageant—clearer swells the
funeral strain,

From the barrier arch of Neuilly pours the giant burial
train.

Dark with eagles is the sunlight—darkly on the golden
air

Flap the folds of faded standards, eloquently mourning
there;

O'er the pomp of glittering thousands, like a battle-
phantom flits

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Tatter'd flag of Jena, Friedland, Arcola, and Austerlitz.

Eagle-crown'd and garland-circled, slowly moves the
stately car

'Mid a sea of plumes and horsemen—all the burial
pomp of war.

Riderless, a war-worn charger follows his dead master's bier ;

Long since battle-trumpet roused him—he but lived to
follow here.

From his grave 'mid ocean's dirges, moaning surge
and sparkling foam,

Lo, the Imperial Dead returneth ! lo, the Hero dust
comes home !

He hath left the Atlantic island, lonely vale and willow
tree,

'Neath the Invalides to slumber, 'mid the Gallic
chivalry.

Glorious tomb o'er glorious sleepers ! gallant fellowship
to share—

Paladin and peer and marshal—France, thy noblest
dust is there !

Names that light thy battle annals, names that shook
the heart of earth :

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Stars in crimson War's horizon—synonyms for martial worth!

Room within that shrine of heroes! place, pale spectres of the past!

Homage yield, ye battle-phantoms! Lo, your mightiest comes at last!

Was his course the Woe out-thunder'd from prophetic trumpet's lips?

Was his type the ghostly horseman shadow'd in the Apocalypse?

Gray-hair'd soldiers gather round him, relics of an age of war,

Followers of the Victor-Eagle, when his flight was wild and far:

Men who panted in the death-strife on Rodrigo's bloody ridge,

Hearts that sicken'd at the death-shriek from the Russian's shatter'd bridge;

Men who heard the immortal war-cry of the wild Egyptian fight—

"Forty centuries o'erlook us from yon Pyramid's gray height!"

They who heard the moans of Jaffa, and the breach of Acre knew,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

They who rushed their foaming war-steeds on the
squares of Waterloo;

They who loved him, they who fear'd him, they who
in his dark hour fled,

Round the mighty burial gather, spell-bound by the
awful Dead!

Churchmen, princes, statesmen, warriors—all a king-
dom's chief array,

And the Fox stands, crowned mourner, by the Eagle's
hero clay!

But the last high rite is paid him, and the last deep
knell is rung,

And the cannons' iron voices have their thunder-
requiem sung;

And, 'mid banners idly drooping, silent gloom and
mouldering state,

Shall the trampler of the world upon the Judgment-
trumpet wait.

Yet his ancient foes had given him nobler monumental
pile,

Where the everlasting dirges moan'd around the burial
isle;

Pyramid upheaved by Ocean in his loneliest wilds afar,
For the War-King thunder-stricken from his fiery
battle-car!

—From "*A Wreath of Canadian Song*," by Mrs. C. M. Whyte-
Edgar. (Wm. Briggs.)

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

BUSHEL FOR BUSHEL

PETER MCARTHUR

THIS is the story of Neil McAlpine of Fingal, the pioneer patriot, who saved the Talbot settlement when it was threatened by famine. It was my privilege to hear it told by Neil McAlpine's grandson, my friend, Dr. Hugh A. McCallum. It was told in a pioneer house such as Neil McAlpine knew, and I only wish that I could tell it to-day so that it would thrill you as it thrilled me. My version is only an echo of that splendid telling, but I am giving it because the hope of Canada and the Empire, and, possibly, of humanity, lies in such men as Neil McAlpine.

Neil McAlpine was one of the early settlers in the neighborhood of Fingal. Being a man of means he farmed somewhat extensively for those days, and when market prices did not suit him he was in a position to hold his products until another season. One year the frost killed all the wheat in the Talbot settlement. Neil McAlpine had three thousand bushels in his granaries. At first he exulted in the prospect of selling the wheat profitably, but one day when he was in St. Thomas he suddenly saw matters in a new light. Word was brought to him that the local miller wished

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

to see him. When McAlpine went to the mill, the miller said:

"You have some wheat, haven't you?"

"I have three thousand bushels."

The miller made him an offer which startled McAlpine.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "that is more than you can get for it after it has been ground into flour. What are you going to do with the wheat?"

"I am going to sell it for seed grain to the settlers."

It dawned on Neil McAlpine what that would mean, and as he told about it afterwards he said that the cold sweat broke out on him. His grain might be used to extort blood-money from the struggling settlers who were threatened by the menace of famine. His mind was made up at once. He hurried home and developed his plan. The next day being the Sabbath, and he being an elder of the Kirk, he dressed and went to church early. Standing beside the gate he whispered to each pioneer as he passed through:

"You can get seed grain at my place—bushel for bushel. For each bushel you take at seedtime you will bring me back a bushel after harvest."

He made this offer to every member of the Presbyterian church. When he went home after the service he remembered that he had made his offer only to the Presbyterians. In the settlement there were many

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

people belonging to other churches, so he put his sons on horseback and sent them to the others—to the Baptists, Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Methodists. A young man stood by the gate of each church and whispered to the worshippers as they entered:

“You can get seed grain from my father—bushel for bushel. For each bushel you take now you will bring back a bushel after harvest.”

On Monday morning the settlers thronged to Neil McAlpine's. The boys were in the granary measuring out the wheat and filling the bags, and as each settler with his precious store of seed grain came past the house, Neil McAlpine (he was called Captain Storms) would hold up his cane and ask:

“How many bushels?”

When they told him the amount he would add:

“Remember now, bushel for bushel! For every bushel you are taking you are to bring me back a bushel after harvest.”

For three days the procession passed Neil McAlpine's door to the granary and back until all the grain was distributed and every family in the settlement had seed wheat. This great-souled act accomplished the good man's purpose and to this day there are old people in the neighborhood of Fingal who are saying:

“It happened so many years before or after Neil McAlpine saved the settlement.”

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

Some years ago Dr. Hugh McCallum was called to Shedden, a village in the Talbot settlement, on a consultation. When returning home he was walking up and down on the railway platform waiting for the train, when he noticed a little old man keeping step with him and looking at him curiously. The big doctor stopped and said kindly:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

The little old man shook his head, then exclaimed in a brogue which I shall not attempt to reproduce:

"If I didn't know that he was dead, I would think that you was Captain Storms."

"You mean Neil McAlpine," replied the doctor. "Well, I am his grandson, and they say that I resemble him."

"You are the dead spit of him."

It then occurred to the doctor that he had a chance to hear the story of how Neil McAlpine saved the settlement from one who was alive at the time, so he asked him:

"Do you remember the time when Neil McAlpine saved the settlement?"

"I do that."

"Come and sit down and tell me all about it."

The old man then told how his father had come from Ireland with a large family of young children

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

and took a farm in the wilderness. The first year he was only able to clear a small piece of land in which he planted turnips, and all the following winter his family had nothing to eat but turnips. The old man, who was telling the story, was a young boy at the time and he remembered well how his father got the seed grain from McAlpine. When he got home with it he had also a bag of flour that Neil McAlpine had given him so that his children might have bread.

He also had a jug of buttermilk that Neil McAlpine's wife had given him so that their mother might make scones, and a jug of molasses for the children to eat with the scones. The old man told how his mother baked at once, and he added :

"I ate so much that I was so sick at four o'clock in the morning that they gave me a dose of castor oil. Oh, I will never forget the time when Neil McAlpine saved the settlement."

He also went on to tell that on the next day the priest came to their house in the wilderness. His mother was a proud woman when she was able to place before him the wheaten bread. When the priest saw it, he exclaimed :

"Woman, woman! where did you get the wheaten bread?"

She told him how Neil McAlpine had given them the seed grain and the flour. As the priest seated himself

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

at the table he crossed himself and said reverently:

"God bless that old heretic, Neil McAlpine!"

This remark struck Dr. McCallum and he said to the man:

"You were Catholics, were you not?"

"We were."

"But Neil McAlpine was a Presbyterian."

Drawing himself up to his full height, the little old man exclaimed:

"On Sundays he was a Presbyterian, but on week days he was a neighbor."

—From The Globe.

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

I'LL NIVER GO HOME AGAIN

ARTHUR STRINGER

I'LL *niver go home again,
Home to the ould sad hills,
Home through the ould soft rain,
Where the curlew calls and thrills!*

For I thought to find the ould wee house,
Wid the moss along the wall!
And I thought to hear the crackle-grouse,
And the brae-birds call!

And I sez, I'll find the glad wee burn,
And the bracken in the glen,
And the fairy-thorn beyont the turn,
And the same ould men!

But the ways I'd loved and walked, avick,
Were no more home to me,
Wid their sthreetes and turns av starin' bric,
And no ould face to see!

And the ould glad ways I'd helt in mind,
Loike the home av Moira Bawn,
And the ould green turns I'd dreamt to find,
They all were lost and gone!

And the white shebeen beside the leap
Where the racin' wathers swirled

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

And the burnin' kelp-shmoke used to creep—
'Tis now another world!

And all thrampled out long years ago
By feet I've niver seen
Are the fairy-rings that used to show
Along the low boreen!

And the bairns that romped by Tullagh Burn
Whin they saw me sthopped their play—
Through a mist av tears I tried to turn
And ghost-like creep away!

*And I'll never go home again!
Home to the ould lost years,
Home where the soft warm rain
Drifts loike the drip av tears!*

—From "Irish Poems," by Arthur Stringer. (Mitchell Kennerley).

CANADA TO BRITAIN

JOHN BOYD

I

UNCHALLENGED mistress of the boundless sea,
Whose name is known to all the winds that
blow,
Mother of liberty!
Bulwark of the free!
They erred who thought that thy great day was o'er,
Palsied thy arm and shorn of its might

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

The voice that roused thy sons in days of yore
To battle for the cause of truth and right.
Little they reckoned nor thy prowess knew,
For brighter yet shall rise
'Fore all men's wondering eyes
The light of that great beacon lit by thee.

II

Time passes, ages end and men depart,
Still stands the unshaken whole,
Real symbol of a people's soul.
The fond desire of thy true mother-heart—
A world-power built on freedom's base,
Sheltering every race.
Now whilst the whole world hails thy name,
Pays tribute to thy fame,
Our nation shares thy glory in this day,
Rejoicing in thy sway.

—By permission of the author.

THE BLOOD-RED CROSS

NORAH SHEPPARD

SOLDIER, saint, martyr. Raise his banner high
(A blood red cross upon a field of white)
Down through the ages, heartened by the cry
"Saint George!" men have gained courage in the fight.
Soldier, saint, martyr. Let us not forget
Heroes of old in this great hour of need,

STANDARD CANADIAN RECITER

May memories of the past live with us yet
Inspiring us to many a noble deed.

The red cross of Saint George our fathers bore
Into the din of battle; and to-day
Where'er the fight is fiercest, as of yore
We find it floating high above the fray.
Honoured by every race and nation now,
It succours men who wounded, racked with pain,
Cold sweat of agony upon the brow,
Look to the cross for aid, nor look in vain.

—By permission of the author.



130
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